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March 1919

# THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

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Hughes, Clarence Budington Kelland, and Helene D...



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DU PONT

# Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By David M. Roth

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.



DAVID M. ROTH

his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out what it was that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of \$5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from \$20 to \$100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a letup and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

"Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method, is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson."

Then C. Louis Allen, who became President of the Pyrene Company at 32, and who is now President of the Allen Sales Service, Inc., New York City, said:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory in a week and have a good memory in six months."

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business \$100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple. You get the method of obtaining an infallible Memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have

thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

"Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every valuable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts."

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

## FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

## Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. R-363 119 West 40th Street New York

Please send me the Roth Memory course of seven lessons. I will either return the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

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Red Book 3-19



## The story of two men who fought in the Civil War

FROM a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War. Each of them had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for success were equally good.

One man accumulated a fortune. The other spent his last years almost entirely dependent upon his children for support.

He "had hard luck," the town explained. He "never seemed to catch hold after the war."

But the other man did not "lose his grip." He seemed to experience no difficulty in "catching hold" after the war.

The difference in the two men was not a difference of capacity but a difference in decision. One man saw the after-the-war tide of expansion, trained himself for executive opportunity, and so swam with the tide. The other man merely drifted. The history of these two men will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of lives in the next few months.

**After every war come the great successes—and great failures**

IS your future worth half an hour's serious thought? If it is, then take down a history of the United States. You will discover this unmistakable truth:

Opportunity does not flow in a steady stream, like a river—it comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after

Civil War; and then came the panic of 1873. There was a high tide after the Spanish War; and then came the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now; and those who seize it need not fear what may happen when the tide recedes. The wisest men in this country are putting themselves now beyond the reach of fear—into the executive positions that are indispensable.

**Weak men go down in critical years—strong men grow stronger**

IF you are in your twenties, or your thirties, or your early forties, there probably never will be another such critical year for you as this year, 1919.

Looking back on it, ten years hence, you will say: "That was the turning point."

Thousand of the wise and thoughtful men of this country have anticipated the coming of this period and prepared for it.

They have trained themselves for the positions which business cannot do without, thru the Alexander Hamilton Institute Modern Business Course and Service.

The Institute is the American institution which has proved its power to lift men into the higher executive positions.

**These men have already decided to go forward**

AMONG the 75,000 men enrolled in the Institute's Course; 13,534 are presidents of corporations; 2,826

are vice-presidents; 5,372 are secretaries; 2,652 treasurers; 11,260 managers; 2,626 sales-managers; 2,876 accountants.

Men like these, have proved the Institutes power: E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; William D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Co., and scores of others.

Men, who have trained themselves to seize opportunity, will make these after-war years count tremendously.

You, too, can make them count for you.

**Send for this book. There is a vision in it for you of your future**

TO meet the needs of thoughtful men, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 112-page book "Forging Ahead in Business." It is free; the coupon will bring it to you.

Send for your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" now, while your mind is on it. You could not seize the chance that came after '65 or '98. But it will be your fault if ten years from now you say: "I could have gone on to success with 75,000 others, and I did not even investigate. Fill in the coupon and mail."

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We can assure all subscribers that their copies are being mailed as early as heretofore, in fact, earlier; any delay in delivery will, therefore, result from causes entirely beyond our control, which not only affect magazine deliveries but delivery of shipments of every description.

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Vol. XXXII, No. 5

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

MARCH  
1919

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. Art Section, Beautiful Women

## The Best Serial Novels of the Year

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**TERMS:** \$2.00 a year in advance; 20 cents a number. Foreign postage \$1.00 additional except on subscriptions for soldiers overseas on which there is no extra postage charge, the price for the subscription being the same as domestic subscriptions, viz.: \$2.00 per year. Canadian postage 50c. Subscriptions are received by all news-dealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittances must be made by Post-office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter, or by Postage Stamps of 3-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE:**  
Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

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Photograph courtesy The Chicago Tribune  
Mr. McCutcheon in his library.

## George Barr McCutcheon

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*The April Issue of*

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DRAMATIC  
STAGE  
PHOTO-PLAY  
AND  
DANCE ARTS

# How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By Martin M. Byron

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you talk to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about anything?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning \$40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? That incident marked the turning point of my life. I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the worst talker."

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting \$40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly,

so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's

job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

## SEND NO MONEY

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## *As beautiful as your hair can be!*



DO YOU know how beautiful your hair can be? Probably not, unless you make a regular confidante of Packer's Tar Soap at shampoo time.

It is fine to have a clean, healthy scalp, of course. But after all, it's the hair you're thinking of. You want it to be at its best now and all the time—naturally.

If you will follow the simple directions that ac-

company each cake of "Packer's," you may gain a glimpse of what nature intended your hair to look like, at its best. Your scalp feels cleaner—indeed, it fairly tingles! Your hair, too, is softer, prettier—yes, even after your *first* shampoo with "Packer's."

Think, then, how beautiful your hair *can* be made to look, if you give Packer's Tar Soap a chance to work its helpful effect on your scalp. *Send 10 cents for sample half-cake.*

Our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," contains 36 pages of practical information. A post-card request brings you a copy.

## PACKER'S TAR SOAP

*"Pure as the Pines"*

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle, 10 cents.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Dept. 87Y, 81 Fulton St., New York City

azine

# Beautiful Women

Mary Servoss  
Ina Claire  
Eleanor Henry  
Christy Walker  
Helen Menken  
Julia Sanderson  
Mabel Julienne Scott





MARY SERVOS  
in "Watch Your Neighbor"  
Photograph Copyright by Strauss-Peyton,  
Kansas City, Mo.



INA CLAIRE  
in "Polly With a Past"  
Photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago



ELEANOR HENRY  
in "The Cohan Revue"  
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



CHRISTY WALKER  
Film Play Star  
Photograph by Moody, New York



HELEN MENKEN  
in "Three Wise Fools"  
Photograph by Campbell Studio, New York



JULIA SANDERSON  
in "The Canary"  
Photograph by Campbell Studio, New York



MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT  
Film Play Star  
Photograph by Lumiere Studio, New York

# And a Dog Runs Out and Barks

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

**S**TRANGE how a sound will sometimes set the chords of memory to vibrating.

It may be a woman's laugh, or a snatch of song, or even the barking of a dog at twilight.

The other night I left the train two stations away from home, and started to walk the rest of the way across the hills. It began to snow after a little. From the houses along the road lights flickered through the haze; and as I rounded a curve, a little dog ran out and barked.

In an instant my mind leaped back twenty years or more, to the days when I carried a newspaper-route in Boston. I remembered how long the way used to seem—two miles out and two miles back—and how dark it was, in winter, when the sun had gone. And how I hated one newspaper that used to issue a great edition of twenty-four pages on Saturday evenings! The editors must be heartless creatures, I thought to myself; surely they had never been boys and compelled to travel a paper-route.

In a big house up on the hills, in the district where rich men lived, there were two dogs that every night barked at me.

"Oh, they wont bite," said the owner. "They bark, but they're perfectly good-natured."

How serenely confident every man is that *his* dog is perfectly good-natured!

**E**VERY night I had to gird up my courage to start out on that route, thinking of those two dogs that would run out and bark. I was just a little fellow, in short pants, and the space between my knees and my ankles seemed pathetically unprotected—just made for dogs to bite.

The owner caught them snapping at me one night; and I remember yet how he laughed. It seemed to him a bully joke—a little boy worried by two big barking dogs.

I shall never forget that owner—nor the man whose house stood next to his.

It was the night before Christmas. Snow was coming down, and it seemed more dark than usual, and the papers more heavy and the route more long.

**I** HAD just come out of the yard of the man with the dogs, and as I stepped onto the porch of the next house, suddenly the door opened, and a big jolly-faced man stood smiling in the lamplight.

"Hello, kid," he cried jovially. "I've been waiting for you. Do you know what day to-morrow is?"

"Yes sir," I answered. "It's Christmas."

"Right you are," he shouted. "And here's something from Santa Claus." He opened his hand, and there was a big silver dollar.

I do not know his name; I have not seen him in twenty years; but last night, walking home in the snow, I remembered him with a warm feeling around my heart. And I fell to thinking that I must be pretty nearly as big now as he was when he gave me that dollar, and about as old.

And I wondered how I look to the kid that brings my paper and the other kids I meet, and whether I am the kind of man that is always too busy to take time to be kind to them—or whether I am the kind that they would sort of like to run into, when it's cold, and the route is long, and the burden is heavy.

And a dog runs out and barks.

Bruce Barton will write for you next month on this page another common-sense editorial "On Meeting an Insignificant Man."



AND now little Mary Louise has acquired the proud privilege of washing her own rosy face and hands, without a bit of help from mother.

She finds it's lots of fun to chase the big floating cake of Ivory Soap around the wash bowl, making just mountains of fragrant cleansing suds to rub into her radiant cheeks. And mother knows that no matter how vigorously daughter scrubs, this pure mild lather can not irritate her tender skin.

Even though the rinsing be rather hurried—because of the reward to follow—there will be left no trace of soapy smell or unsightly gloss. Firm pink cheeks will be sweetly clean, ready for mother's kiss.

IVORY SOAP . . .



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MARCH, 1919  
Vol. XXXII, No. 5

26.20

THE  
**RED BOOK**  
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN  
Editor

HERE begins the first of a new series of complete short stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs in which he will describe the future exploits of

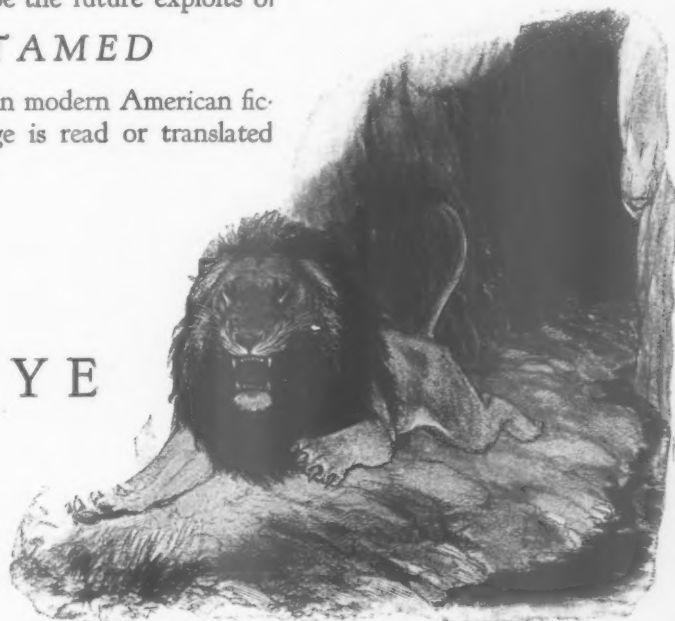
TARZAN The UNTAMED

Unquestionably the most astonishing creation in modern American fiction and known wherever the English language is read or translated or the films are shown.

An  
EYE FOR an EYE

By  
EDGAR RICE  
BURROUGHS

Illustrated by  
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



HAUPTMANN FRITZ SCHNEIDER trudged wearily through the somber aisles of the dark forest. Sweat rolled down his bullet head and stood upon his heavy jowls and bull neck. His lieutenant marched beside him, while Unterleutnant von Gosse brought up the rear, following with a handful of Askaris the tired and all but exhausted porters whom the black soldiers, imitating the example of their white officer, encouraged with the sharp points of bayonets and the metal-shod butts of rifles.

There were no porters within reach of Hauptmann Schneider, and so he vented his Prussian spleen upon the Askaris nearest at hand, yet with greater circumspection since these men bore rifles and bandoleers of cartridges—and the three white men were alone with them in the heart of Africa.

Ahead of the Hauptmann marched half his company, behind him the other half; thus were the dangers of the savage jungle minimized for the German captain. At the forefront of the column staggered two naked savages, fastened to one another by neck-chain. These were the native guides impressed into the service of *Kultur*, and upon their poor, bruised bodies *Kultur's* grand was revealed in divers cruel wounds and bruises.

Thus even in darkest Africa was the light of German civilization beginning to reflect itself upon the undeserving natives just at the same period, the fall of 1914, it was shedding its glorious effulgence upon benighted Belgium.

It is true that the guides had led the party astray; but this is the way of most African guides. Nor did it matter that ignorance rather than evil intent had been the cause of their failure. It was enough for Hauptmann Fritz Schneider to know that he

was lost in the African wilderness and that he had at hand human beings less powerful than he who could be made to suffer by torture. That he did not kill them outright was due to a faint hope that they might eventually manage to extricate him from his difficulties.

The poor creatures led on through a dismal forest along a winding game-trail trodden deep by the feet of countless generations of the savage denizens of the jungle. Here Tantor the elephant took his long way from dust-wallow to water. Here Buto the rhinoceros blundered blindly in his solitary majesty, and by night the great cats paced silently upon their padded feet beneath the dense canopy of overreaching trees toward the broad plain beyond, where they knew they would find the best hunting.

It was at the edge of this plain which came suddenly and unexpectedly before the eyes of the guides that their poor hearts beat with renewed hope. Here the Hauptmann drew a deep sigh of relief, for after days of hopeless wandering through almost impenetrable jungle, the broad vista of waving grasses dotted here and there with open parklike woods and in the far distance the winding line of green shrubbery that denoted a river, appeared to the European a veritable heaven.

The Hun smiled in his relief, passed a cheery word with his lieutenant and then scanned the broad plain with his field-glasses. Back and forth they swept across the rolling land until at last they came to rest upon a point near the center of the landscape and close to the green-fringed contours of the river.

"We are in luck," said Schneider to his companions. "Do you see it?" The lieutenant, who was gazing through his own glasses, finally brought them to rest upon the same spot that had held the attention of his superior.

"Yes," he said, "an English farm. It must be Greystoke's, for there is none other in this part of British East Africa. God is with us, Herr Captain."

"We have come upon the English swinehound long before he



Little Manu the monkey saw him pass. Long had it been since he had thus beheld the great Tarmangani naked and alone hurtling through the jungle. To his dim old eyes came the fire of recollection of those days when Tarzan of the Apes had ruled supreme, Lord of the Jungle.

can have learned that his country is at war with ours," replied Schneider. "Let him be the first to suffer from the iron fist of Germany."

"Let us hope that he is at home," said the lieutenant, "that we may take him with us when we report to Kraut at Nairobi. It will go well indeed with Herr Hauptmann Fritz Schneider if he brings in the famous Tarzan of the Apes as a prisoner of war."

Schneider smiled and puffed out his chest. "You are right, my friend," he said. "It will go well with both of us, but I shall have to travel far to catch General Kraut before he reaches Mombasa. These English pigs with their contemptible army will make good time to the Indian Ocean."

It was in a better frame of mind that the small force set out across the open country toward the trim and well-kept farm buildings of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke; but disappointment was to be their lot with their arrival there since neither Tarzan of the Apes nor his son was at home.

Lady Jane, ignorant that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Germany, in fact that any of the European nations were at war, welcomed the officers most hospitably and gave orders through her trusted Waziri to prepare a feast for the black soldiers of the enemy.

Far to the east, Tarzan of the Apes was traveling rapidly from Nairobi toward the farm. At Nairobi he had received news of the world war that had already started, and anticipating an immediate invasion of British East Africa by the Germans, he was

hurrying homeward to fetch his wife to a place of greater security. With him were a score of his ebon warriors, but too slow for the ape-man was the progress of these trained and hardened woodsmen.

When necessity demanded, Tarzan of the Apes sloughed the thin veneer of his civilization and with it the hampering apparatus that was its badge. In a moment the polished English gentleman reverted to the naked ape-man. His mate was in danger. For the time that single thought dominated. It was no member of the House of Lords who swung swiftly and grimly through the tangled forest or trod with untiring muscles wide stretches of open plain—it was a great he-ape filled with a single purpose that excluded all thoughts of fatigue or danger.

Little Manu the monkey, scolding and chattering in the upper terraces of the forest, saw him pass. Long had it been since he had thus beheld the great Tarmangani naked and alone hurtling through the jungle. Bearded and gray was Manu the monkey, and to his dim old eyes came the fire of recollection of the days when Tarzan of the Apes had ruled supreme, Lord of the Jungle, over all the myriad life that trod the matted vegetation between the boles of the great trees or flew or swung or climbed in the leafy fastnesses upward to the very apex of the lofty terraces.

And Numa, lying up for the day close beside last night's successful kill, blinked his yellow-green eyes and twitched his tawny tail as he caught the scent spoor of his ancient enemy.

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Nor was Tarzan senseless to the presence of Numa or Manu or any other of the many jungle beasts he passed in his rapid flight toward the west. But however keen the senses of the ape-man, however swift his progress through the wild country of his adoption, however mighty the muscles that bore him, he was still mortal. Days it took for his journey, even though he lay up at night for but a few hours and left to chance the finding of meat directly on his trail. If Wappi the antelope or Horta the deer chanced in his way when he was hungry, he killed and ate, but he paused only long enough to make the kill and cut himself steak.

But at last the long journey drew to its close, and he was passing through the last stretch of heavy forest that bounded his estate upon the east; then this was traversed and he stood upon the plain's edge looking out across his broad lands toward his home.

But at the first glance his eyes narrowed and his muscles tensed. Even at that distance he could see that something was amiss. A thin spiral of smoke arose at the right of the bungalow where the barns had stood, but there were no barns there now; and from the bungalow chimney from which smoke should have arisen, there arose nothing.

Once again Tarzan of the Apes was speeding onward, this time even more swiftly than before, goaded now by a nameless fear that was more the product of intuition than of reason, for, even as the beasts, Tarzan of the Apes seemed to possess a sixth sense. Long before he reached the bungalow, he had sensed what he was to find there, had almost pictured the scene that finally broke upon his view.

Silent and deserted was the vine-covered cottage. Smoldering embers marked the site of his great barns. Gone were the patched huts of his sturdy retainers, empty the fields, the pastures and the corrals. Here and there, before his eyes, vultures were rising and circling slowly above the carcasses of men and beasts.

It was with a feeling as nearly akin to terror as he had ever experienced that the ape-man finally forced himself to enter his home. The first sight that met his eyes set the red haze of hate and blood-just across his vision, for there, crucified against the wall of the living-room, was Wasimbu, giant son of the faithful Luwiro and for over a year the personal bodyguard of Lady Jane.

The overturned and shattered furniture of the room, the brown pools of dried blood upon the floor and prints of bloody hands on walls and woodwork evidenced something of the frightfulness of the battle that had been waged within the narrow confines of the apartment. Across the baby-grand piano lay the corpse of another black warrior while before the door of Lady Jane's boudoir were the dead bodies of three more of the faithful Greystoke servants.

The door of this room was closed. With drooping shoulders and dull eyes Tarzan stood gazing dumbly at the insensate panel which hid from him what horrid secret he dared not even guess.

Slowly, with leaden feet, he moved toward the door. Gropingly his hand reached for the knob. Thus he stood for another long minute, and then with a sudden gesture he straightened his giant frame, threw back his mighty shoulders and with fearless head held high, swung back the door and stepped across the threshold into the room which held for him the dearest memories and associations of his life. No change of expression crossed his grim and stern-set features as he strode across the room and stood beside the little couch and the inanimate form which lay face downward upon it, the still, silent thing that had once been Jane Clayton, Lady Greystoke.

No tear dimmed the eye of the ape-man, but the God who made him alone could know the thoughts that passed through that still half-savage brain. For a long time he stood there gazing down upon the dead body of his mate; then he stooped and lifted her in his arms, and as he turned the body over and saw how horribly death had been meted to her, he plumbed, in that instant, the uttermost depths of grief and horror and hatred.

Nor did he require the evidence of the broken German rifle on the outer room or the torn and blood-stained service cap upon

the floor to tell him who had been the perpetrators of this horrid and useless crime.

In silence, in love and in reverence, he buried them in the little rose garden that had been her pride and her love—the white and beautiful lady beside the great black warriors who had given their lives so futilely in her protection.

At one side of the house Tarzan found other new-made graves, and in these he sought final evidence of the identity of the real perpetrators of the atrocities that had been committed there in his absence.

Here he disinterred the bodies of a dozen German Askaris and found upon their uniforms the insignia of the company and regiment to which they had belonged. This was enough for the ape-man. White officers had commanded these men, nor would it be a difficult task to discover who they were.

Returning to the rose garden, he stood among the Hun-trampled blooms and bushes above the grave of his dead mate—with bowed head he stood there in a last, mute farewell. As the sun sank slowly behind the towering forests to the west, he turned slowly away upon the still distinct trail of Hauptmann Fritz Schneider and his blood-stained company.

His was the suffering of the dumb brute—mute, but no less poignant. At first his vast sorrow numbed his other faculties of thought—his brain was overwhelmed by the calamity to such an extent that it reacted to but a single objective suggestion: She is dead! She is dead! She is dead! Again and again this phrase beat monotonously upon his brain, a dull, throbbing pain; yet mechanically his feet followed the trail of her slayer while, subconsciously, his every sense was upon the alert for the ever-present perils of the jungle.

Gradually the labor of his great grief brought forth another emotion so real, so tangible that it seemed a companion walking at his side. It was hate, and it brought to him a measure of solace and of comfort, for it was a sublime hate that ennobled him as it has ennobled countless thousands since—hate for Germany and Germans. As the thought took firm hold upon him, he paused and raising his face to Goro the Moon, cursed with upraised hand the authors of the hideous crime that had been perpetrated in that once peaceful bungalow behind him.

Stripped as he was of all the outward symbols of civilization, Tarzan had also reverted morally and mentally to the status of the savage beast he had been reared. Never had his civilization been more than a veneer put on for the sake of her he loved, because he thought it made her happier to see him thus. In



reality he had always held the outward evidences of so-called culture in deep contempt. Civilization meant to Tarzan of the Apes a curtailment of freedom in all its aspects—freedom of action, freedom of thought, freedom of love, freedom of hate. Clothes he abhorred. He had a keen admiration for a well-muscled, well-proportioned body, whether lion or antelope or man, and it had ever been beyond him to understand how clothes could be considered more beautiful than a clear, firm, healthy skin, or coat and trousers more graceful than the gentle curves of rounded muscles playing beneath a flexible hide.

In civilization Tarzan had found greed and selfishness and cruelty far beyond that which he had known in his familiar,

savage jungle, and though civilization had given him his mate and several friends whom he loved and admired, he had never come to accept it as you and I, who have known little or nothing else; and so it was with a sense of relief that he now definitely abandoned it and all that it stood for and went forth into the jungle once again, stripped to his loin-cloth and weapons.

The hunting knife of his father hung at his left hip, his bow and his quiver of arrows were slung across his shoulders, while around his chest, over one shoulder and beneath the opposite arm was coiled the long grass rope without which Tarzan would have felt quite as naked as would you, should you be suddenly thrust upon a busy highway clad only in a union suit. A heavy war spear which he sometimes carried in one hand and again slung by a thong about his neck so that it hung down his back completed his armament and his apparel. The diamond-studded locket with the pictures of his mother and father that he had worn always until he had given it, as a token of his highest devotion, to Jane Clayton before their marriage was missing. She always had worn it since; but it had not been on her dead body, so that now his quest for vengeance included a quest for the stolen trinket.

Toward midnight Tarzan began to feel the physical strain of his long hours of travel and to realize that even muscles such as his had their limitations. His pursuit of the murderers had not been characterized by excessive speed, but rather more in keeping with his mental attitude, which was marked by a dogged determination to require from the Germans more than an eye for an eye and more than a tooth for a tooth, the element of time entering but slightly into his calculations.

Having dedicated his life to vengeance, vengeance became his natural state and not an emergency; therefore he took his time in pursuit. That he had not rested earlier was due to the fact that he had felt no fatigue, his mind being occupied by thoughts of sorrow and revenge; but now he realized that he was tired, and so he sought a jungle giant that had harbored him upon more than a single other jungle night.

Dark clouds moving swiftly across the heavens now and again eclipsed the bright face of Goro the moon and forewarned the ape-man of impending storm. In the depth of the jungle the cloud shadows produced a thick blackness that might almost be felt—a blackness that to you and me might have proven terrifying with its accompaniment of rustling leaves and cracking twigs and its even more suggestive intervals of utter silence in which the crudest of imaginations might have conjured crouching beasts of prey tensed for the fatal charge; but through it Tarzan passed, unconcerned yet always alert. Now he swung lightly to the lower terraces of the over-arching trees when some subtle sense warned him that Numa lay upon a kill directly in his path, or again he sprang lightly to one side as Buto the rhinoceros lumbered toward him along the narrow, deep-worn trail, for the ape-man, ready to fight on necessity, avoided unnecessary quarrels.

When he swung himself at last into the tree he sought, the moon was obscured by a heavy cloud, the tree-tops were waving wildly in a steadily increasing wind whose sighing drowned the lesser noises of the jungle. Upward went Tarzan toward a sturdy crotch across which he had long since laid and secured a little platform of branches. It was very dark now, darker even than it had been before, for almost the entire sky was overcast by thick, black clouds.

Presently the man-beast paused, his sensitive nostrils dilating as he sniffed the air about him. Then, with the swiftness and agility of a cat, he leaped far outward upon a swaying branch, sprang upward through the darkness, caught another, swung himself upon it and then to one still higher. What could have so suddenly transformed his matter-of-fact ascent of the giant bole to the swift and wary action of his detour among the branches? You or I could have seen nothing, not even the little platform that had been just above him an instant before and which now was immediately below; but as he swung above it, we should have heard an ominous growl, and then, as the moon was momentarily uncovered, we should have seen both the platform, dimly, and a dark mass that lay stretched upon it—a dark mass that presently, as our eyes became accustomed to the lesser darkness, would take the form of Sheeta the panther.

In answer to the cat's growl a low and equally ferocious growl rumbled upward from Tarzan's deep chest—a growl of warning that told the panther he was trespassing upon the other's lair; but Sheeta was in no mood to be dispossessed. With upturned, snarling face he glared at the brown-skinned Tarmangani above him. Very slowly Tarzan moved inward along the branch until he was directly above the panther. In the man's hand was the hunting knife of his long-dead father, the weapon that had first given him his real ascendancy over the beasts of the jungle; but he hoped not to be forced to use it, knowing as he did that more jungle battles were settled by hideous growling than by actual combat, the law of bluff holding good in the jungle—only in matters of love and food did the beasts usually close with fangs and talons.

Tarzan braced himself against the bole of the tree and leaned closer toward Sheeta.

"Stealer of Balus!" he cried. The panther rose to a sitting position, his bared fangs but a few feet from the ape-man's taunting face. Tarzan growled hideously and struck at the cat's face with his knife. "I am Tarzan of the Apes," he roared. "This is Tarzan's lair. Go, or I will kill you." Though he spoke in the language of the great apes of the jungle, it is doubtful that Sheeta understood the words, though he knew well enough that the hairless ape wished to frighten him from his well-chosen station past which edible creatures might be expected to wander sometime during the watches of the night.

Like lightning the cat reared and struck a vicious blow at his tormentor with great, bared talons that might well have torn away the ape-man's face had the blow landed; but it did not land—Tarzan was even quicker than Sheeta. As the panther came to all fours again upon the little platform, Tarzan unslung his heavy spear and prodded at the snarling face, and as Sheeta warded off the blows, the two continued their horrid duet of blood-curdling roars and growls.

Goaded to frenzy, the cat presently determined to come up after this disturber of his peace; but when he essayed to leap to the branch that held Tarzan, he found the sharp spear-point always in his face, and each time as he dropped back he was prodded viciously in some tender part; but at length, rage having conquered his better judgment, he leaped up the rough bole to the very branch upon which Tarzan stood. Now the two faced each other upon an even footing and Sheeta saw a quick revenge and a supper all in one. This hairless ape-thing with the tiny fangs and the paws talons would be helpless before him.

The heavy limb bent beneath the weight of the two beasts as Sheeta crept cautiously out upon it and Tarzan backed slowly away, growling. The wind had risen to the proportions of a gale so that even the greatest giants of the forest swayed, groaning, to its force and the branch upon which the two faced one another rose and fell like the deck of a storm-tossed ship. Goro was now entirely obscured; but vivid flashes of lightning lighted up the jungle at brief intervals, revealing the grim tableau of primitive passion upon the swaying limb.

Tarzan backed away, drawing Sheeta farther from the stem of the tree and out upon the tapering branch where his footing became ever more precarious. The cat, infuriated by the pain of spear-wounds, was overstepping the bounds of caution. Already he had reached a point where he could do little more than maintain a secure footing, and it was at this moment that Tarzan chose to charge. With a roar that mingled with the booming thunder from above he leaped toward the panther, who could only claw futilely with one huge paw while he clung to the branch with the others; but the ape-man did not come within that parabola of destruction. Instead he leaped above menacing claws and snapping fangs, turning in mid-air and alighting upon Sheeta's back, and at the instant of impact his knife struck deep into the tawny side.

Then Sheeta, impelled by pain and hate and rage and the first law of nature, went mad. Screaming and clawing, he attempted to turn upon the ape-thing clinging to his back. For an instant he toppled upon the now wildly gyrating limb, clutched frantically to save himself and then plunged downward into the darkness with Tarzan still clinging to him. Crashing through splintering branches, the two fell. Not for an instant did the ape-man con-



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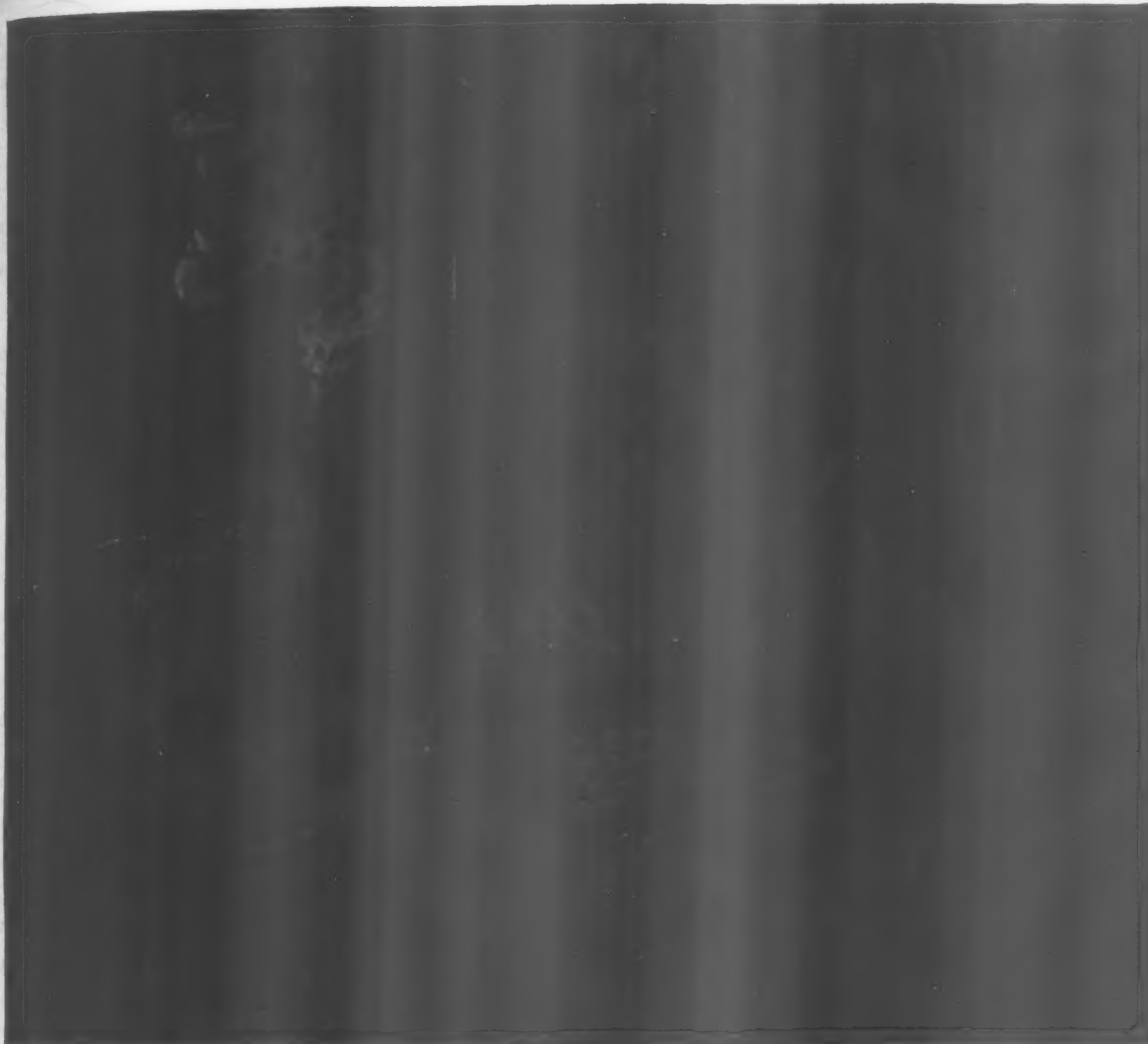
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As the moon was uncovered, a dark mass took the form of Sheeta the panther. Sheeta was in no mood to be dispossessed. With upturned, snarling face he glared at the brown-skinned Tarmangani above him. Tarzan braced himself and leaned closer toward Sheeta.

sider relinquishing his death hold upon his adversary. He had entered the lists in mortal combat, and true to the primitive instincts of the wild,—the unwritten law of the jungle,—one or both must die before the battle ended.

Sheeta, catlike, alighted upon four out-sprawled feet, the weight of the ape-man crushing him to earth, the long knife again imbedded in his side. Once the panther struggled to rise; but only to sink to earth again. Tarzan felt the giant muscles relax beneath him. Sheeta was dead. Rising, the ape-man placed a foot upon the body of his vanquished foe, raised his face toward the thundering heavens and as the lightning flashed and the torrential rain broke upon him, screamed forth the wild victory cry of the bull ape.

Having accomplished his aim and driven the enemy from his lair, Tarzan gathered an armful of large fronds and clambered to his dripping couch. Spreading a few of the fronds upon the poles, he lay down and covered himself against the rain with the others and despite the wailing of the wind and the crashing of the thunder fell immediately asleep.

The rain lasted twenty-four hours, and much of the time it fell in torrents so that when it ceased the trail he had been following was utterly obliterated. Cold and uncomfortable, it was a savage Tarzan who threaded the mazes of the soggy jungle. Manu the monkey, shivering and chattering in the dank trees, scolded and fled at his approach. Even the panthers and the lions let the growling Tarmangani pass unmolested.

When the sun shone again upon the second day and a wide,

open plain let the full heat of Kudu flood the chilled, brown body, Tarzan's spirits rose, but it was still a sullen, surly brute that moved steadily onward into the south where he hoped again to pick up the trail of the Germans. He was now in German East Africa, and it was his intention to skirt the mountains west of Kilimanjaro, whose rugged peaks he was quite willing to give a wide berth, and then swing eastward along the south side of the range to the railway that led to Tanga, for his experience among men suggested that it was toward this railroad that German troops would be likely to converge.

Two days later, from the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, he heard the boom of cannon far away to the east. The afternoon had been dull and cloudy, and now as he was passing through a narrow gorge, a few great drops of rain began to splatter upon his naked shoulders. Tarzan shook his head and growled his disapproval; then he cast his eyes about for shelter, for he had had quite enough of the cold and drenching. He wanted to hasten on in the direction of the booming noise, for he knew that there would be Germans fighting against the English. For an instant his bosom swelled with pride at the thought that he was English, and then he shook his head again viciously. "No!" he muttered. "Tarzan of the Apes is not English, for the English are men and Tarzan is Tarmangani;" but he could not hide even from his sorrow or from his sullen hatred of mankind in general that his heart warmed at the thought it was Englishmen who fought the Germans. His regret was that the English were human and not great white apes, as he again considered himself.

"To-morrow," he thought, "I will travel that way and find the Germans." Then he set himself to the immediate task of discovering some shelter from the storm.

Presently he espied the low and narrow entrance to what appeared to be a cave at the base of the cliffs which formed the northern side of the gorge. With drawn knife he approached the spot warily, for he knew that if it were a cave, it was doubtless the lair of some other beast. Before the entrance lay many large fragments of rock of different sizes, similar to others scattered along the entire base of the cliff, and it was in Tarzan's mind that if he found the cave unoccupied, he would barricade the door and insure himself a quiet and peaceful night's repose within the sheltered interior. Let the storm rage without. Tarzan would remain within until it ceased, comfortable and dry. A tiny rivulet of cold water trickled outward from the opening.

Close to the cave Tarzan knelt and sniffed at the ground. A low growl escaped him, and his upper lip curved to expose his fighting fangs. "Numa!" he murmured. But he did not stop. Numa might not be at home—he would investigate. The entrance was so low that the ape-man was compelled to drop to all fours before he could poke his head within the aperture; but first he looked, listened and sniffed to each direction at his rear—he would not be taken by surprise from that quarter.

His first glance within the cave revealed a narrow tunnel with daylight at its farther end. The interior of the tunnel was just light enough for the ape-man to see that it was untenanted at present. Advancing cautiously, he crawled toward the opposite end, imbued with a full realization of what it would mean if Numa should suddenly enter the tunnel in front of him; but Numa did not appear, and the ape-man emerged at length into the open and stood erect, finding himself in a rocky cleft whose walls rose almost sheer on every hand. The gulch was some hundred feet in length and about fifty in width and appeared to have been worn from the rocky cliff by the falling of water during long ages. A tiny stream from Kilimanjaro's eternal snow-cap still trickled over the edge of the rocky wall at the upper end of the gulch, forming a little pool at the bottom of the cliff from which a small rivulet wound downward to the tunnel through which it passed to the gorge beyond. A single great tree flourished near the center of the gulch, while tufts of grass were scattered among the rocks of the gravelly floor.

**B**ONES of many large animals lay about—among them several human skulls. Tarzan raised his eyebrows. "A man-eater," he thought, "and apparently he has held sway here for a long time. To-night Tarzan will take the lair of the man-eater, and Numa may roar and grumble upon the outside."

The ape-man had advanced well into the gulch as he investigated his surroundings, and now as he stood near the tree, satisfied that the tunnel would prove a dry and quiet retreat for the night, he turned to retrace his way to the outer end of the entrance that he might block it with boulders against Numa's return; but even as he thought, there came something to his sensitive ears that froze him into statuesque immobility with eyes glued upon the tunnel's mouth. A moment later the head of a huge lion framed in a black mane appeared in the opening. The yellow-green eyes glared, round and unblinking, straight at the trespassing Tarmangani; a low growl rumbled from the deep chest, and lips curled back to expose the mighty fangs.

"Brother of Dango!" shouted Tarzan, angered that Numa's return should have been so timed as to frustrate his plans for a comfortable night's repose. "I am Tarzan of the Apes, Lord of the Jungle. To-night I lair here—go!"

But Numa did not go. Instead he rumbled forth a menacing roar and took a few steps in Tarzan's direction. The ape-man picked up a rock and hurled it at the snarling face. One can never be sure of a lion. This one might turn tail and run at the first intimation of attack—Tarzan had bluffed many in his time—but not now. The missile struck Numa full upon the snout, —a tender part of a cat's anatomy,—and instead of causing him to flee, it made him an infuriated engine of wrath and destruction.

Up went his tail, stiff and erect, and with a series of frightful roars he bore down upon the Tarmangani at the speed of an express train. Not an instant too soon did Tarzan reach the tree and swing himself into its branches, and there he squatted, hurling insults, while Numa paced beneath, roaring in rage.

It was raining now in earnest, adding to the ape-man's discomfort and disappointment. He was very angry; but as only direct necessity had ever led him to close in mortal combat with a lion, knowing as he did that he had only luck and agility to pit against the frightful odds of muscle, weight, fangs and talons, he

did not now even consider descending and engaging in so unequal and useless a duel for the mere reward of a little added creature comfort. And so he sat perched in the tree while the rain fell steadily and the lion padded round and round beneath.

Tarzan scanned the precipitous walls for an avenue of escape. They would have baffled an ordinary man; but the ape-man, accustomed to climbing, saw several places where he might gain a foothold—precarious possibly, but enough to give him reasonable assurance of escape if Numa would but betake himself to the far end of the gulch for a moment. Numa, however, notwithstanding the rain, gave no evidence of quitting his post, so that at last Tarzan really began to consider seriously if it might not be as well to take the chance of a battle with him.

**E**VEN as he turned the matter over in his mind, Numa turned and walked majestically toward the tunnel without even a backward glance. The instant that he disappeared, Tarzan dropped lightly to the ground upon the far side of the tree and was away at top speed for the cliff. The lion had no sooner entered the tunnel than he backed immediately out again, and pivoting like a flash, was off across the gulch in full charge after the flying ape-man; but Tarzan's lead was too great.

With the agility of a cat, Tarzan ran up the cliff-face for thirty feet before he paused, and there finding a secure footing, he stopped and looked down upon Numa, who was leaping upward in a wild and futile attempt to scale the rocky wall to his prey. Fifteen or twenty feet from the ground the lion would scramble, only to fall backward again defeated. Tarzan eyed him for a moment and then commenced a slow and cautious ascent toward the summit. Several times he had difficulty in finding holds, but at last he drew himself over the edge and strode away.

Finding an easy descent to the gorge, he was about to pursue his journey in the direction of the still booming guns, when a sudden thought caused him to halt and a half-smile to play about his lips. Turning, he trotted quickly back to the outer opening of Numa's tunnel. Close beside it he listened for a moment, and then began rapidly to gather large rocks and pile them within the entrance. He had almost closed the aperture when the lion appeared upon the inside—a very ferocious and angry lion that pawed and clawed at the rocks and uttered mighty roars that caused the earth to tremble; but roars did not frighten Tarzan of the Apes. At Kala's shaggy breast he had closed his infant eyes in sleep upon countless nights in years gone by to the savage chorus of similar roars. Scarcely a day or night of his jungle life—and practically all his life had been spent in the jungle—that he had not heard the roaring of hungry lions or angry lions or love-sick lions. Such sounds affected Tarzan as the tooting of an automobile horn may affect you—if you are in front of the automobile it warns you out of the way; if you are not in front of it, you scarcely notice it. Figuratively, Tarzan was not in front of the automobile; Numa could not reach him, and Tarzan knew it; so he continued deliberately to choke the entrance until there was no possibility of Numa's getting out again. When he was quite through, he made a grimace at the hidden lion beyond the barrier and resumed his way toward the east. "A man-eater who will eat no more men," he soliloquized.

**T**HAT night Tarzan lay up under an overhanging shelf of rock. The next morning he resumed his journey, stopping only to make a kill and satisfy his hunger. The other beasts of the wild eat and lay up; but Tarzan never let his belly interfere with his plans. In this lay one of the great differences between the ape-man and his fellows of the jungles and the forests. The firing ahead rose and fell during the day. He had noticed that it was highest at dawn and immediately after dusk, and that during the nights it almost ceased. In the middle of the afternoon of the second day he came upon troops moving up toward the front. They appeared to be raiding parties, for they drove goats and cows along with them, and there were native porters laden with grain and other foodstuffs. He saw that these natives were all secured by neck-chains, and he also saw that the troops were composed of native soldiers in German uniform. The officers were white men.

No one saw Tarzan, yet he was here and there about and among them for two hours. He inspected the insignia upon their uniforms, and saw that they were not the same as those which he had taken from one of the dead soldiers at the bungalow; and then he passed on ahead of them, unseen in the dense bush. He had come upon Germans and had not killed them; but that was explained by the fact that the killing of Germans at large was not the prime motive of Tarzan's existence; now it (Continued on page 25)

31.73

COSMO HAMILTON, master of social narrative, has never wrought more vividly or hewn more closely to the line of feminine nature than in this story of a young wife's confidence in a husband altogether human.

# The SAFE MISS SEATON

By

COSMO HAMILTON

Illustrated by

C. ALLAN GILBERT



Peggy received a short, pithy letter—a letter which put her, bag and baggage, on the Sunset Limited for New York.

ONCE by a happy accident, Dick Martin read Epictetus and came across the following piece of advice: "Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God."

He remembered this wise saying one raw December afternoon when, having rushed uptown to his apartment in answer to an urgent telephone-call from his pretty little wife, he went into her chaotic bedroom and received two huge surprises, the second being more mountainous than the first. "Dick, dear," she said, powdering her neat nose amid a wreckage of shoes, tissue-paper, blouses, stockings and trunks, "you must see me off to San Francisco by the five-thirty."

"San Francisco! Why?" "Just before I called you up, I had a telegram from Father. Dolly is on the verge of becoming engaged to a man he can't stand, and he wants me to go and make her see sense."

"All that way to endeavor to achieve the impossible! Give Dolly a telescope, and she wouldn't see sense. You know that." He picked his way over to the adorable mother of his two children and took her in his arms. "Write to Dolly. Send her a volume of maxims. Blow ten dollars on a grand sisterly telegram, but don't leave home and in Christmas for the babies and me."

She continued to powder a nose that was quite good enough to stand on its own merits. "I must go, Dicky dear—you know I must. There's Father alone, and poor Dolly sadly in need of advice from a woman of the world."

His little fluffy-minded, unpractical, untidy, naïve, charming baby-wife—a woman of the world! It was to laugh.

"Dolly—so pretty and willful and easily taken in! I feel responsible, Dicky, and if, with no mother to help her, she does anything to ruin her life, it will always be on my conscience. Think of Father, stamping up and down and saying sarcastic things and making her more pig-headed every time he opens his mouth. She needs the advice of a woman like me, who knows what marriage is and means."

Her gravity was superb, her sense of dignity profound. The knowledge that she was martyring herself upon the altar of sisterly affection was most satisfactory. And by this time her

nose was as white as a piece of Turkish delight, and Dick Martin's anger broke under an irresistible laugh.

"Well, go then," he said, kissing a soft place under her chin, "if you can catch the beastly train, which I doubt. But tell Dolly all the horrors of married life in time to come back and do the Christmas tree. And in the meantime three children are going to pay for your sister's idiocy by being very, very lonely and miserable."

She threw something else into an already bursting trunk. "You're a darling, Dicky," she said, trying not to let her tears



Peggy's first impulse was to burst into the room, order Mary Seaton out of the apartment, and tell Dick what she thought of him.

well up, "and I don't know anything about the horrors of married life, except from all the married people we've met. But you and the children won't be lonely. I've seen to that. It was a brain-wave, and you'll never call me fluffily-minded again."

Just for a moment Dick was seized with a spasm of nervousness. Peggy's brain-waves were usually followed by a strong undertow. "Tell me what it is," he said, "and I hope that I sha'n't."

Over Peggy's pretty dimpled face an expression of very real triumph spread. "Dicky, I've taken a step that will show you that I'm growing up and looking very sanely and quietly at life. When I telephoned to you, I also called up Mary Seaton, and when I asked her to come and look after you and the children during my enforced absence, she proved that I am a psychologist and a judge of character and agreed at once."

That was the mountainous surprise. It was then that Dick Martin hung to that saying of the wise Epictetus like a drowning man. To be angry with Peggy was as bad as being indifferent to a lovely day, but—Mary Seaton, of all women!

"My dearest baby," he said, "why Mary Seaton? If you must leave some one in charge, for the love of heaven, let me be good to look at!"

Whereupon Peggy bent over her dressing-case, ostensibly to put the bottles in their niches; in reality she did so to hide a little wise smile. She said to herself: "I love and trust you, Dicky dear, wholly and absolutely, but the reason I've chosen Mary Seaton is because she is not good to look at and is safe." Aloud she said: "Oh, but she's very attractive, Dick, in a distinguished sort of way—not merely pretty, of course, but artistic and Burne-Jonesy, and you'll hardly know she's here except when she plays the piano; and she's perfectly devoted to the children and will look after their feeding and everything and yours too. She's very domestic and practical. I can see that by her eyebrows and the way she crosses her t's. So I'm very happy about it and sha'n't worry while I have to be away half as much as I should if I hadn't thought of this good friend. Kiss me, Dicky, and don't be cross, and be as nice as you can to her, wont you?"

"I'll do my dam—my best," said Dick ruefully. Good Lord, to have that neutral-tinted, rather pathetic, Greenwich Village spinster sitting in Peggy's chair for dinner every night! The club for him, that was certain. He remembered with a shudder how she talked to him intimately, in undertones, at one of his wife's Sunday tea-fights, of Maeterlinck and Nietzsche and that sort of thing. Phew, he was in for it!

Peggy only just caught the train. She always only just caught things like that.

Dick Martin, feeling as though he had lost an arm or a leg, walked to the Harvard Club—sharply, because a keen east wind whistled round every corner and stung his eyes so that the became all blurred—at least, he put it down to the wind. Was a darling little soul Peggy was, with her big heart and her courage and ever-constant sympathy! What did it matter that she were untidy and scatter-brained and let the servants rule the roost and could never achieve a punctual meal, or if the children's toys were all over the apartment and the buttons off most of his under-things and his socks were never darned? She was his wife and the mother of his two delightful children, and he adored her. He thanked God that she was only lost to him for two or three weeks, and made up his mind that when Dick did finally get married, he would only give her a mere extra for a present.

He dined at the Club. He couldn't face Miss Seaton. Afterward, when he was glancing through the papers in the reading room, two of his very good friends came in—Burton Wiseman and Eliot Carbery. "Oh, hello, Dick," sang out Wiseman. "Look down in the mouth. Nothing wrong, I hope."

"No," said Dick. "Wife has had to go away—that's all. I shall be here most nights now, I guess."

"Fine!" said Carbery. "You can join us. No fun feeding alone, eh?"

"No," said Dick. "Still less with the good lady left in charge by Peggy."

"Oh! Has Peggy done that? Who is she?"

"You wouldn't know her. It's a Miss Seaton."

"Mary Seaton?"

"Yes. You've not met her, have you?"

"Once or twice."

It might have been a good thing if Dick had caught that extraordinary look which Carbery flung at Wiseman, and had seen the odd way in which Wiseman smothered a most peculiar laugh.

Feeling that he had played the game very badly by not going home to dinner and putting himself out to be "nice" to the poor soul who had not been born under a lucky star, Dick Martin left the Club before nine and took a taxi. The plunge had been made. It might as well be made quickly.

"Curious," he thought, as he took off his overcoat in the hall of the apartment. "Looks—different." Then he got it. The children's biplanes were not leaning up against the hat-closet as usual. Several pairs of rubbers were absent from various corners. The silver tray on the table in which cards were played had been emptied of tradesmen's circulars. There was an air of tidiness and well-being about that was rather strange and pleasant.

Martin went into his study, as he called it, treading carefully.

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smile, in such a dress—safe?  
That man by the piano—  
safe? What had she done!



William B. Ewing

from force of habit, in order to avoid flattening out stray tin soldiers or twisting his ankle on elusive marbles. Switching on the light, the first thing he noticed was a neat pile of his evening's mail on his desk, and the last edition of the paper. There were no crayons lying about, or pictures cut from magazines on the floor, or hairpins and a bedroom slipper of Peggy's on the sofa, with an open novel face downward. What was all this?

Before he had had time to find an answer to his astonished question, he heard some one playing the piano in the drawing-room. It was one of those old-fashioned apartments which contained regular rooms, not a modern one, all open and gaping in which one may stand in the hall and see through the sitting-room, the drawing-room, the library and the master's bedroom into the bathroom. He went out, his surprise growing minute by minute, and stood for a moment at the drawing-room door. It was his favorite air from "Madame Butterfly," played beautifully, by Jove. Um! He went in quietly, and there at the piano upon which Peggy sometimes almost achieved a fox-trot and the children extorted protests, was seated a dark-haired, picturesque, pale, quiet person with large green earrings and an artistic semi-evening-dress affair, a mixture of very nice blues and grays.



"Good-by," said Mary Seaton with a most ambiguous smile in her eyes. "A Merry Christmas!"

Miss Seaton saw him and rose with a smile that was like a beacon to a storm-tossed mariner.

Dick hurried forward. "I'm awfully sorry to be so late," he said, stumbling over a lame excuse. "No doubt Peggy told you that I had to dine with some men at the Club to-night?"

"No," said Miss Seaton, whose handshake was warm and complete. "But it didn't matter in the least. Please never consider me. I'm just here to look after the children and try and keep things as efficient as Peggy does."

"Thank you. You're very kind," said Dick. "Do go on playing. I like it."

"That's very nice of you. I adore music. It's such a solace. And she began the air again, bending slightly over the keys so that her center parting looked very straight and white in her sleek black hair.

Dick looked round, and when he got accustomed to the new cathedral lighting-effect of the room, which he liked, saw the pipe and a jar of tobacco on a small table at the elbow of the one comfortable chair, and what else was there? Scotch, Jove, and a siphon of soda-water! How homelike and, he had to confess, new. He sat down and loaded up both the pipe and the glass. When he had bought that piano during the early months of his married life, he had painted a mental picture of just that scene, with one difference. The player was Peggy. For she never practiced and so hardly ever got through more than half a tune! She had an excellent touch. She loved the phonograph, fast and loud. Poor darling! She must be just about to undertake the gymnastic feat of undressing in her section of that wretched train. What a price to pay for being a woman of the world! However, home seemed to be a little less unbearable without her than he had conceived it possible. Gee, but this Miss Seaton could play!

Quite soon, winding up with a most intriguing little sad thing that suggested broken hopes and loneliness, the girl who was never to be considered closed the piano and sat down in a low chair. Her attitude was self-effacing but her ankle was very well shaped.

"Thank you," said Dick. "I enjoy that enormously."

"It's so refreshing to find a real man who cares for something that isn't merely popular." She gave him an odd little bow and a smile that seemed to ask a little timidly for his friendship. "Aren't the two children darlings? I heard their prayers to-night. They were very sweet." She made a long arm for a work-basket, and with deft fingers began to darn a sock.

"Oh, please don't bother about this," said Dick, triumphant at the prospect of being able to take a pair at random from a full but hitherto casualty-stricken drawer.

"Not at all! And now tell me about breakfast. I told Kathleen a quarter to eight sharp, grapefruit, porridge, scrambled eggs and coffee. Is that right?"

"Dead right," said Dick enthusiastically. "How do you guess? I generally don't get anything till quarter after, which makes me rush like the—like anything."

"I've had a few quiet and friendly words with Kathleen," she said with an upward glance.

Peggy was right. She had a sort of attraction, and distinguished was the word. He didn't know anything about the way she crossed her t's, but if long, thin arched eyebrows indicated practicality, she was certainly practical and domestic. Very foolish to jump to conclusions about people simply because, probably through sheer nervousness they talked Maeterlinck and Nietzsche. He wouldn't be a bit surprised if he dined at home every night, after all.

He found himself talking intelligently for an hour. It was surprising. She agreed with all his views and was quite sound about investments—the first woman he had ever found who looked upon four and a half per cent with respect. When she rose to go to bed, he was in quite good spirits. Dearest Peggy, for once a brain-wave of hers had washed up something good. And further, unbelievable as he found it, all three buttons were on his pajamas, and his brushes had been washed. Good old Epictetus! He had expected to go to bed angry and sore.

Days passed, several, and all was most excellently punctually and efficiently well. Dick Martin went to the office without using Marathon methods at breakfast which disturbed his peace of mind and digestion, carrying a night letter from Peggy in his pocket, sent off from Chicago. He knew it by heart and loved every word of it. It was delightfully Peggyan and ran like this, without any stops:

"Darling Dicky am thinking of you and the babies every minute but slept well last night breakfast was awful please Nannie to be sure and give Waddie his tonic without fail and who do you think is on the train Enid Taylor a girl I was at school with so fat now poor thing divorced her husband last week a very wicked man and please find my gold purse on the floor somewhere and put it in a safe place I wouldn't lose it for the world people are so careless it may be thrown away and you will be kind to Mary Seaton wont you she means so well and will not disturb the routine I know all love and kiss darling Waddie and sweet little Pops ever your Peggy." (Continued on page 29)

30.77



The good parson changed the subject. "Your uncle could not take his worldly goods with him across the border," said he. "Death must have been painful!" Tom sighed.

## The DRONE That PLAYED GADFLY

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Illustrated by GEORGE BAKER

IT was generally agreed in Hancock that Tom Seymour didn't amount to much. Hancock would have bitterly resented the statement that it thought he didn't amount to much because he stayed in Hancock, but that was what it really came down to. Tom's father had left him a little money, enough to live on, after a fashion; and Tom just lived. Of course, he was a merry wag, and he loved to get things up in the office of the Old Tavern, where the village gathered at night after the mail was distributed. But when all was said, he was really a loafer with a college education, and goose-hunting was the hardest work he did.

Tom wasn't, certainly, much like his uncle, old Isaac Seymour, owner of *The Hancock News-Courier* (he didn't edit it—there was that to his credit), owner of the sawmill, the Masonic Block, most of the stock in the water-company, half the farm mortgages in town, and maybe a lot more things nobody knew about. Isaac was a tower of opposition at every town meeting to any "squandering" of the town's money. Some called him a watchdog. His nephew called him a barnacle, when it wasn't something worse. "Some blood may be thicker than water," he said when the Reverend John Reed remonstrated with him over a remark about his uncle, "but Uncle Isaac's isn't."



Parker entered the office with his worried look accentuated. "Everybody's talking about the paper, Tom," he said. "Some of 'em are pretty mad. I'm afraid we went too far."

It was the Reverend John Reed who brought him the news of his uncle's sudden death, as Tom was turning in his half-unhinged gate on his return from a fishing trip. The minister, who had just come from the stricken house, where only an aged housekeeper was left to mourn, wore a long face and spoke to him solemnly.

Tom appeared to reflect. "Well," he said, "they haven't a single excuse any longer for not burying him."

It is to be feared that the Reverend Mr. Reed, whose salary had been paid to no small extent by the old gentleman's contributions, and whose tongue had been correspondingly tied, gave unseemly expression to a faint smile, quickly and decorously smothered.

"Tom! I'm amazed," he cried.

"No, you're amused," Tom answered. "I couldn't amaze you, for you expect the worst from me."

The good parson changed the subject. "Your uncle could not take his worldly goods with him across the border," said he in a tone of preparation for further revelations.

"Death must have been painful!" Tom sighed.

"In his last moments," the minister continued, "he whispered his regret that he had made no will. Evidently, being a masterful man, he had not questioned his ability to control the days of his life. There are such characters. He had intended to make a bequest to the First Church, I know—"

"See here; are you trying to tell me that I've inherited all my uncle's ill-gotten gains?" cried Tom.

"I fear so," said the other.

Tom leaned his fishing-rod against the porch-rail and mopped his brow.

"This is a hell—excuse me, a dickens of a note!" he cried.

"Do I get *The News-Courier* too?"

"It looks that way."

"Say, the church may have *The News-Courier*—here, take it; it's yours," said Tom. "You may have the water-company too. Maybe the exorbitant rates won't be so iniquitous when the church

is getting the revenue. I positively refuse to accept either of 'em."

"I hardly think the church could go into the publication business—" began the Reverend Mr. Reed, solemnly. But Tom checked him with a laugh.

"You're all right, Mr. Reed," he said. "I'm for you. You've hopped through the old man's hoops a long time, and you deserve a vacation. I'll see that the church gets its bequest, in A-1 securities, no strings attached. Now let me flock alone, and consider this extraordinary blessing which has fallen on my undeserving bean."

The minister, who had colored painfully at his words, withdrew with alacrity, and Tom went into the house.

He emerged presently wearing a stiff collar, causing the first man he met to remark: "Hi, Tom, goin' away?" To which he retorted: "Sure—to prayer-meeting!"—a jest nicely calculated to fit the humor of his accoster. As a matter of fact, he went up the village street to the more "correct" end, and turned in at the door of a large old-fashioned house which boasted one of the few front-yard flower-beds in town. The girl who greeted him wore a decorously grave face; he laughed.

"Wipe off the gloom, Kit," he cried. "Don't pull the conventional sympathetic stuff. You know my uncle thought I was a lost soul, and I knew he was. The point is, the old man

banked so on his power to boss

this town that he thought he held a mortgage from Death too, and could stand him off. He got fooled. The Lord's something of a humorist. I've got all the beans. I can put a nice, fat little foreclosure under your plate every morning, dearie, and you need never fear the iron heel of want while there's a farmer left in Hancock. When will you marry me?"

Miss Katherine Buck frowned, and bit her lip. "You seem to think I have refused to marry you, Tom, because you were poor. How low an opinion you have of me! It wasn't because you were poor, but because you were idle; and—and because you always talk in this irreverent way, too. You will be just as idle now. I—I couldn't marry you till you do something really useful."

"Idle! Do something useful!" Tom exclaimed. "Why, I'll be so busy now putting farmers off their farms if they vote wrong, and telling the minister what to preach, and soaking the town for water-rates, and generally following in my revered uncle's hallowed footsteps, that I'll be the busiest and most useful little guy in seven counties, and will have barely time each day to dash home at luncheon in my twelve-cylinder runabout and kiss your jeweled fingers. Come on—I'm respectable now; I'm useful; folks have begun to look up to me already—in short, I'm rich!"

"You are the same Tom Seymour," she retorted, shaking her head sadly. "I shall have to wait."

"Ah, but will you wait?"

"Why should you want me to?" she asked with a touch of coquetry that was not lost on him. After all, he was rich now!

"Upon my word, I don't know," said he. "You are a prim, conventional, even priggish, though extremely good-looking New England female with a small-town mind. It must be because I've never been able to get you, like the big trout in the pool that won't rise, and you go back for him day after day."

Katherine Buck flushed scarlet, and drew angrily away from him. Then he laughed, snatched her hand, kissed it and ran out, leaving her pale now, and biting her lip till it hurt.

Gadfly By Walter Prichard Eaton

Tom was seen no more in the office of the Old Tavern, and he went no more a-fishing, for several weeks. He was busy settling up his uncle's estate, with the aid of the lawyers.

"Well, Tom, how rich be yer?" asked Ben Tuckerman, the presiding genius of the Tavern bar, meeting him in front of the post office.

"Sh!" said Tom. "Don't tell a soul, but I think I can buy the drinks now, at least once an evening."

"Not if you've inherited your uncle's disposition," said Ben with a fat chuckle.

Actually, Tom found himself the possessor of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, counting *The News-Courier* as worth its paper value, twenty thousand dollars, which it wasn't. He held twenty thousand dollars in water-company stock, out of a total capitalization of thirty thousand dollars, and it paid as high as fifteen per cent. He had a block of local bank-stock, also good, a load of mortgages and a divided lot of railroad bonds. He was somewhat awed, and not a little uncomfortable. After some debate he took the bank-stock in his pocket, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars, and walked over to the Reverend Mr. Reed's house.

"Is this as much as my uncle planned to give you?" he asked. The poor minister gasped. "It—it—it's double, I'm sure," he said.

"Well, take it," said Tom, "and don't you dare preach about it, either! You see, I've inherited the hoop-holding habit too! I'm going to offer my water-stock to the town at par, and I'm going to edit *The News-Courier* till it's down and out completely, and then I'm going to beat the tar-and-leather gang one jump to the rear platform of the New York express."

"You're going to what?" cried the parson.

"I'm going to edit *The News-Courier*—shake some pepper into the mummy. I'm going to tell this town some truths. I'm going to be the Horace Greeley of Hancock. Talk about preaching! I'm going to put your job out of commission, and probably the paper too. In short, I'm going to have the time of my young and hitherto uneventful life."

The Reverend Reed gasped. "But why do you do this?" he said.

"Doesn't the paper pay?"

"Not much—and it will pay less, when I'm done. I've got to go through some of my fortune, to keep my reputation up, and that seems to be the quickest line of attack."

Tom laughed and went out. He went straight to the office of *The News-Courier*, which was in a small wooden building a story and a half high, just off the main street. He owned the building too; it needed paint. He walked into a small "counting room," which needed dusting; on a counter were samples of the job-printing work of the plant. Tom glanced at them and winced. He looked about, and saw a girl rising from a desk in the corner.

"What can I do for you?" she said.

Tom regarded her quizzically. She was a stranger to him, though he recalled having seen her in the street a few times of late. She was not over twenty or twenty-two, he judged, with

merry and keen gray eyes, a tilted nose, and hair parted on one side and pulled backward from her forehead. She certainly didn't resemble the Hancock type.

"Did you get that hair-arrangement out of the movies?" he asked.

"It's the way—what do you mean, sir?" said she, caught off her guard, and recovering.

"Almost got you," he laughed. "Well, ease it up a bit hereafter. It looks as if it were giving you a headache. Do we print this stuff here?" He gestured to the sample cards and posters.

"Are—are you Mr. Tom Seymour?" the girl gasped.

He nodded, enjoying himself.

"Mr. Smith—he's the head printer—was saying how he'd like some new type, but—but—"

The girl broke off, stammering and blushing.

"But he didn't suppose I'd ever be around to give it to him, eh? Well, I'm here. What's your job, and where do you come from, and how long have you been here?"

"I'm clerk and cashier, and I come on the trolley from Stoneham, and I've been here a couple of months," she answered in the same tone.

"I'll think about keeping you," said he with vast solemnity, while her gray eyes sought his face, trying to make him out. Then he walked into the tiny, littered, dirty room where the editor, who was also reporter, advertising solicitor, make-up man and office devil, sat at an old desk, piled high with dusty exchanges.

"Hello!" said Tom.

"Hello, Tom!" the editor exclaimed, getting hurriedly to his feet and dropping his shears.

Tom stooped quicker than the older man could, and picked them up. "Let me restore to you *The News-Courier's* most valuable reporter," said he.

"Well, I—I have to fill up as best I can," the man said humbly.

He was a smallish man, with gold-bowed spectacles and a little mustache. His clothes were shabby, and dirty from the dust of the office and the rubbing of the inky type-tables.

"Parker," Tom said, "what did my uncle pay you for your weekly efforts to keep Hancock from having any opinions—highly successful efforts too, Parker!"

"Sixty dollars a month, sir," said the little man tremulously.

Tom put out a strong hand and pushed the other man back into his chair. "My uncle was a dam' scoundrel, Parker," he said. "I'm raising you to a hundred a month—but there's a string to it, I'm sorry to say."

"I—I've learned to expect strings," said the editor, his eyes dimming with the shock of his good fortune.

"You're only going to be managing editor now. I'm going to edit the paper myself. You're going to be my trained and true helper, and we're going to give Hancock the surprise of its life."

"Oh, Tom, it—it will be quite a change!" gasped the other, his eyes lighting up.

Tom looked into them. "Nobody is dead, after all, till he's buried," he thought. But he said: "Can I get a paragraph into the next issue?"



"At least a hundred and fifty of 'em have been sent anonymous to Maria Judd. . . . Say, I wish you could have seen her when I give 'em to her. Mad? Oh, wow!"



Lucy brought forth a paper. "Here's a transcript of his letter. He demands that in return for protecting their interests at the Statehouse, they withdraw their ad from your paper."

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"Yes, yes—I can pull a little church squib out on page one—the other pages are printed. We were about to begin on page one."

"Out with the church, then!" cried Tom. "And give us pens, ink and paper!"

He sat at the desk and wrote the following paragraph:

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, some have the editorship of *The Hancock News-Courier* thrust upon them. We shall edit this paper to please ourselves, and we shall stick by our type-cases (there are three) to the last advertiser. When he goes, we shall revert to private life, possibly a wiser but certainly not a sadder man. This is not an announcement; it is a warning. The show starts next week.

PARKER read this over his shoulder, a worried look coming into his face; and shaking his head he hurried out with it to the composing room (which was also the press-room, stock-room, and mailing department). Tom withdrew to the front.

"Miss—what is your name, by the way?"

"Lucy O'Hara," said the girl.

"Well, Miss Lucy O'Hara, after a hard morning's work I am leaving for the day. If anybody calls to see me, tell them I shall be here sometime between seven A. M. and six P. M. to-morrow. Good day."

"Good day, sir," said she, her eyes twinkling into his.

He went out. Lucy turned, to see Parker standing in the doorway. They contemplated each other in mute amazement.

"It—it's going to be different here, I guess," she finally said.

"It is," said Parker, "—very different. I am already a—little alarmed."

Tom met Katherine Buck that afternoon.

"Oh, Tom, I'm so delighted at what you've done!" she cried.

"Oh, you've seen the paper?"

"Paper—no; I never read the old thing. I mean about the church. I didn't know you cared so much for the church—and carrying out your uncle's wishes, too!"

"Oh, that!" Tom replied. "I hoped for a minute you were glad I had decided to take the editorial helm of that molder of popular opinion and palladium of the peepul's rights, *The News-Courier*. Bless you, I don't care anything about the church, and less for my uncle's wishes. But he'd made a promise to Reed; and besides, I wanted to do what I could to buy back the poor man's self-respect, which he'd sold to my uncle. He can preach my heresy he wants, now—I won't kick. Will you marry me?"

The girl stamped her foot. "Oh, Tom, you take such an ingratiating way to make me!" she exclaimed. "Why won't you be like other folks?"

"That's an awful price to pay," he groaned, "but I'll try. You watch the paper next week."

There was more than one person in Hancock watching the paper next week. In fact, there was scarcely a person who hadn't. The first conspicuous change was a modern type-dress for the headings. The next conspicuous thing was a heading,

#### THE HIGH COST OF LOVING.

THE town read the text under this immediately. What was Tom Seymour going to say? What he did say was extremely serious. Years ago Hancock had produced a famous man—at least, he had been born in Hancock, and Hancock took the credit. In his memory his family had given the town a small memorial hall, endowed it and caused it to be managed by a self-perpetuating body known as the Fraternal Union. Over the door of the hall was the motto "*Love one another*," for the famous man had been that kind. Inside the hall were seats, screwed to the floor; and a few times a year the endowment income was used to bring lecturers to Hancock, to enlighten the people as to the evils of intemperance, the customs of China or the methods of extracting anthracite coal. The rest of the time it was closed.

"Last year," said *The News-Courier*, "we had eight lectures of this stimulating variety. The hall and endowment represent roughly fifty thousand dollars. Interest at five per cent on that sum is \$2,500. Therefore each lecture costs \$312.50, in addition to what we pay at the door." And Tom went on to urge that the fixed seats be taken out, movable ones substituted, and the hall be put to all sorts of community uses, for dances, socials, discussions, political forums. He even affirmed that he could give his neighbors quite as well dancing with them as listening to their company to the follies of intemperance.

This article was read by Hancock with great interest. The Fraternal Union directors were scandalized and indignant. The young folks were delighted. Opinion was split; but nobody read with indifference. And everyone turned the page of the paper with more expectation than ever before in its history. There, in the midst of local items of unimpeachable dullness, they came upon such paragraphs as this:

The trustees of the Public Library have canceled the library subscription to the American comic weekly which made C. D. Gibson famous, on the ground that it is immoral. But if the trustees can keep up this pitch of humor, we sha'n't need a comic paper.

Not all of Tom's paragraphs had a sting in the tail. He told, for instance, how, in a heavy thunderstorm the week before, a pine tree had fallen across the bungalow of Simon Luce, at the lake, "inflicting a compound fracture of the kitchenette." Wherever he could, he had injected some life into the dull routine of village news and gossip; and surveying the results in the proofs, he was not wholly dissatisfied with himself, either.

"It will do for a starter," he told his assembled force, consisting of Parker and Lucy; he had intrusted to Lucy the reading of all proofs, finding that she alone could spell. "We can't explode too much on the first charge."

Parker looked worried, but there was a light of battle in Lucy's Celtic gray eyes.

"I'd like to see you come out for suffrage," she said.

"A good idea!" Tom cried. "I'll interview you to-morrow!"

ON the morrow Parker entered the office with his worried look accentuated.

"Everybody's talking about the paper, Tom," he said. "Some of 'em are pretty mad—the Fraternal Union directors especially. And I hear some of the library trustees are going to cancel their subscriptions. I'm afraid we went too far."

"Well, we'll go a little farther this week, Parker," Tom answered, "especially as Miss Lucy reports we've had only two copies returned unsold. We've used up our entire edition, and I'm printing two hundred extra this coming Friday. I think I'm going to like being an editor, though it cuts into one's fishing something scandalous."

The following Friday *The News-Courier* carried an interview with Lucy O'Hara, headed: "Why Our Cashier, Secretary, Mailing Clerk, Stenographer and Chief Office Adornment Wants the Ballot." It may be admitted that Lucy was somewhat surprised when she read certain things she was said to have said. She came into the little office with the proofs.

"Oh, Mr. Seymour, I never said that!" she pleaded, pointing to this paragraph:

When asked by the bashful *News-Courier* reporter why she was not content to wield that potent indirect influence residing in her gray-blue eyes, Miss Lucy replied substantially as follows:

"That the sex attraction existing between male and female for the single purpose of preserving the race through the union of lovers, and resulting in the highest emotional delight and happiness known to man, should be used for other purposes,—for political ends, for instance,—is contrary to the scheme of creation, to common sense and common decency. It is the anti-suffragists who are threatening the sanctity of the home, because they are debasing the function of sex attraction; they are substituting goo-goo eyes for the ballot."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" Tom demanded. "I'm certain I heard you say it, in those very words. You're not trying to deny it now, are you?"

Lucy laughed. "But everybody'll know I couldn't say things like that, and laugh at me."

"Aren't you willing to be laughed at for the Cause?"

"For the cause of the paper, I am," she answered, just lifting her eyes to his for the briefest second.

"Here," cried Tom, "none of your indirect influence round here!"

But he watched her with considerable interest as she went out, and he noted especially how well she carried her head.

"That's a smart girl, Parker," he said. "Few girls in Hancock could give *The News-Courier* such an interview."

"Few would, at any rate," Parker replied. "You don't think it will make trouble for—for her?"

Tom laughed. "Parker, you poor old Anglo-Saxon, how you dread trouble! But she's Irish—she'll love it. I think I must have had an Irish grandparent myself. Now, where's that letter from Maria Judd?"

"Oh, you're not going to print *that*? You know how she objects to publicity!"

"Yes, I know," said Tom, "and that's why it's going to be printed. If that old fossil is kept as secretary of the Public Library Board, at least this paper is going to make it lively for her. Parker, she once removed Kipling's 'Drums of the Fore and Aft' with a pair of tongs, because there were cuss-words in it! That's the kind of people New England towns turn their libraries over to. Is it any wonder we have a spinster literature, and *Pollyanna* is our goddess?"

Tom took the letter, which was simply an indignant cancellation of her subscription because of the paper's "offensive and meddlesome paragraph" about the comic paper, the week before, and headed it:

#### OLD SUBSCRIBER DESERTS

But beneath it he wrote a paragraph of his own. "Is our library public, or is it not?" he asked. "If it is, comment upon its conduct, upon its choice of books and periodicals, is perfectly legitimate, and we propose to indulge in it whenever we see fit. The library is largely supported by the dog-tax. We have three dogs. They don't read much, but they pay their bills annually. We are heartily sorry for the secretary of the library board. Self-deprived of America's second leading comic weekly, and now self-deprived of its first, she will have to read the editorials in *The New York Times* for her humor."

Tom rested with this paragraph, and sent the paper to press.

That issue the two hundred extra copies were all sold too. "And at least a hundred and fifty of 'em have already been sent anonymous through the mail to Martha Judd," chuckled the postmaster, as Tom was getting his mail that night. "Say, I wish you could have seen her when she come in here awhile back, and I give 'em to her in a bundle. Mad? Oh, wow!"

"I was kind of sorry to do it," said Tom.

"Yes, you were!"

"Honest, I was. I don't like to hurt people, and she's got no humor, and she's really hurt. But the Public Library, after all, is public, and it's time somebody woke up to the fact."

HANCOCK was certainly awake. It was buzzing. *The News-Courier*, in two issues, had assumed the rôle of a gadfly in its somnolent and placid life. The friends of Miss Maria Judd were scandalized at the incredible indecency of printing her letter, and of "attacking a woman"—and of course they said it was no more than was to be expected of a man who believed in woman suffrage. That set the whole suffrage debate into an upflare, and it was still going on in half the houses in town while Tom made ready his third issue.

Meanwhile he had called on Katherine Buck.

"Well, Kit, am I qualifying?" he demanded.

"So your secretary is an office adornment, and has gray-blue eyes," she said, "and talks indecately about sex-attraction! No wonder you are enjoying your work!"

Tom tipped back his head, and the stiff and staid Buck parlor echoed with unseemly mirth. "Dear Lord, I call You to witness, the woman is jealous!" he cried. "It's the first sign, the first gleam of hope. Oh, Kit, I shall kiss you in a second, and disarrange your utterly perfect coiffure!"

She drew herself up coldly. "Jealous!" she said. "Jealous of a—a person by the name of O'Hara! But I am not surprised that you find such a person attractive."

"Yes," said Tom, "she's deucedly attractive. She does her hair after some queen of the movies—Theda Bara or Pearl White or somebody. She's got a pug nose and a sense of humor; she's not a bit proper, not having any ancestors to curse her; and above all, she is devoted to me. She thinks I am a cross between Charles A. Dana and G. B. Shaw, or she would if she'd ever heard of either of 'em."

"I see," said Katherine. "Suppose you transfer your society to her, then."

"But she lives in Stoneham, and the trolleys make me sick," he answered, grinning at her. "Besides, I see Lucy all day, amid the grime and grind of the busy office. In the evening, exhausted with my day's labor, it is sweet to come out into the cool refreshment of this house of quiet refinement, where your tranquil presence soothes me like a cake of ice dropped into a boiling kettle."

The girl rose, her cheeks red. "This is intolerable!" she exclaimed.

"Kit," he said with sudden soberness, "I'm getting a little weary of asking. I used to have nothing else to do, but now I'm rather busy. Maybe I sha'n't have time again." (Continued on page 125)

## A Complete Résumé of the Opening Installment of "The Little Moment of Happiness"

KENDALL WARE was not sent to the firing-line in France; but he none the less went down to battle—the dramatic and life-shaking conflict between his American way of thought and action, and the wholly different French standards of behavior. What France did to young Captain Ware is perhaps a typical result of this war within war; and it forms the subject-matter of this most vital and timely novel of 1910.

On the voyage over, Ware had made friends, American-fashion, with Maude Knox, who was to be a canteen-worker; but when the ship landed, he said good-by to her with no special feeling: they had been pals for the voyage—nothing more. Ware went on to report in Paris for duty, and to his great disappointment was assigned to work in the capital instead of with a combat unit.

At the University Union where he found lodging at first, he met a college classmate, Bert Stanley; and in their leisure hours the two saw Paris—war-time Paris—together. Most prominent by far of all the myriad new impressions was that of the women, the so-different women of Paris: Annette, the waitress of the white teeth and busy chatter; the occasional girl of the streets who accosted them; other anonymous young women who saw nothing indecorous in a bit of casual talk on street-corner or park bench; Madeleine, the special friend of Bert Stanley; and—Andrée.

Ware and Stanley were sitting in a restaurant one evening watching the people at the other tables. One woman smiled in friendly fashion at Stanley, and Ware was much puzzled by it.

"But they look like *nice* women!" he exclaimed.

"They are nice," explained Stanley. "This isn't *Tout* Haute, son."

But as soon as Ware met one puzzle, another took its place. As Mr. Kelland remarks: "A people which can produce Joan of Arc and Robespierre, a St. Louis and a Louis the Eleventh, a Madame Roland and a Madame du Barry, a Clémenceau and a Caillaux—which is capable of an 1890 and of a 1914, of the Terror and of Verdun—is not one whose complexities can be solved by a twenty-six-year-old American in fourteen days. The American will make an impression on France, but France will make a profound impression on the American."

Finally, after some experience had taught Ware how friendly and how war-lonely many of these French girls were, he caught sight of the one destined to take such a prominent place in his life—Andrée. He saw her first in a restaurant, a very pretty and petite young woman dressed in white and wearing a white tam-o'-shanter; and for some reason she intrigued his interest at once. So it happened that another day, when he saw her on the street, he ventured to speak to her.

Andrée did not repulse him, but she showed a reserve and a questioning spirit that led him to call her "*Mademoiselle Pourquoi*." One of the first questions she asked him was if he were married.

Andrée agreed to meet Kendall Ware again, but she would not allow him to escort her home. She was studying for the stage, he learned, and he took her to a theater. "Do you young men and young girls in America always marry?" she asked once, apropos of something in the play.

"Yes."

"It is very strange. Not so in France—no."

"What then?"

"A yong man love a yong girl, and a yong girl love a yong man. They marry, maybe. That is well. But maybe they do not marry. It is expensive to marry. Then they see each other very often, and he gives her money so she can live. That is well, because they are *fidèle*."

Kendall gasped mentally. What would Detroit, what would his mother, think of such a theory of life as this?

# The LITTLE MOMENT of HAPPINESS

By CLARENCE  
BUDINGTON  
KELLAND

Illustrated by  
R. F. SCHABELITZ

## CHAPTER V

**K**ENDALL WARE and Bert Stanley went early to *petit déjeuner* in the dining-room of the Union, for they had decided to move before the day's work began. The waitress laid out order-slips on the table, and as she did so, Kendall noticed that her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and that it was with difficulty that she restrained her sobs.

"Mademoiselle is sad this morning," he said sympathetically.

"Oui, monsieur—very sad. Oh, it is my brother. The word came in the night. The riches have killed him."

"Poor kid!" said Kendall. It was his first direct contact with the sadness of war, and it affected him strongly. Evidences of this had been all about him, but this was so close.

"He was the last," she said, finding comfort in his sympathy. "There were three brothers—"

"It's rotten," Kendall said when she moved away. "Rotten! These poor women—"

Bert made no reply. He was not the sort to voice sympathy if he felt it; nor was he the sort to be moved as Kendall was moved. He was more objective, less emotional—a trifle boisterous and blustering, and not at all given to peering below the surface of things. It was his motto to take what came and to make the best of it. On the whole he was a careless, buoyant, thoughtless young American whose two great objects in life were to get on in the world and to have a good time. He had none of the scruples and inhibitions that made Kendall Ware more complex—not that he was unscrupulous, not that he was not an ordinarily square, able, decent sort of boy, but there did not reside in him that meticulous ethical sense that Kendall had inherited from his mother, and which had been softened and made finer by inheritances from his father.

"Four sons out of one family," said Kendall, "and there are thousands of such cases, I suppose." He stopped. "And every man killed is not a loss to his mother and sisters alone—but to the girl he was going to marry or had just married. After this war, Bert, where in thunder are the girls of France going to find enough husbands to go around?"

"They aren't," Bert said, and then he grinned. "That's why the American army is so popular with them. Every one of us is a possible husband; so look out, young fellow."

"A million, maybe two million, girls with nobody to marry!"

"It's up to us to do our best to keep them from worrying about it," said Bert characteristically. "Come on; we've got to hustle."

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Andrée seated herself on the threadbare chair. "Behold! Regard me! I am a queen, is it not? It is that you should kneel. Here! At once!"

They loaded down a taxicab with their trunks and rolls and were driven to their new home. The concierge, naively proud of having two American officers as her tenants, bustled about them in genuine motherly welcome. Kendall liked the brightness of her smile—it was so brisk, so alert; he liked her looks as a whole. Why, she might have been his aunt, he thought. She had the look of an aunt, the sort of aunt a nephew would delight to visit.

"I have your *cuisinière*," she said. "I recommend her. She will please the *messieurs*. But she is large, *une bonne femme*. She comes to-morrow, and she is called Arlette. All things may be left to her, do you understand? Yes, yes! Arlette will see to all, to the marketing and the accounts—if *Messieurs les Officiers* desire. Shall you dine at home to-morrow evening?"

Bert looked at Kendall.

"I had an engagement with Madeleine. Don't see why we shouldn't dine here, though."

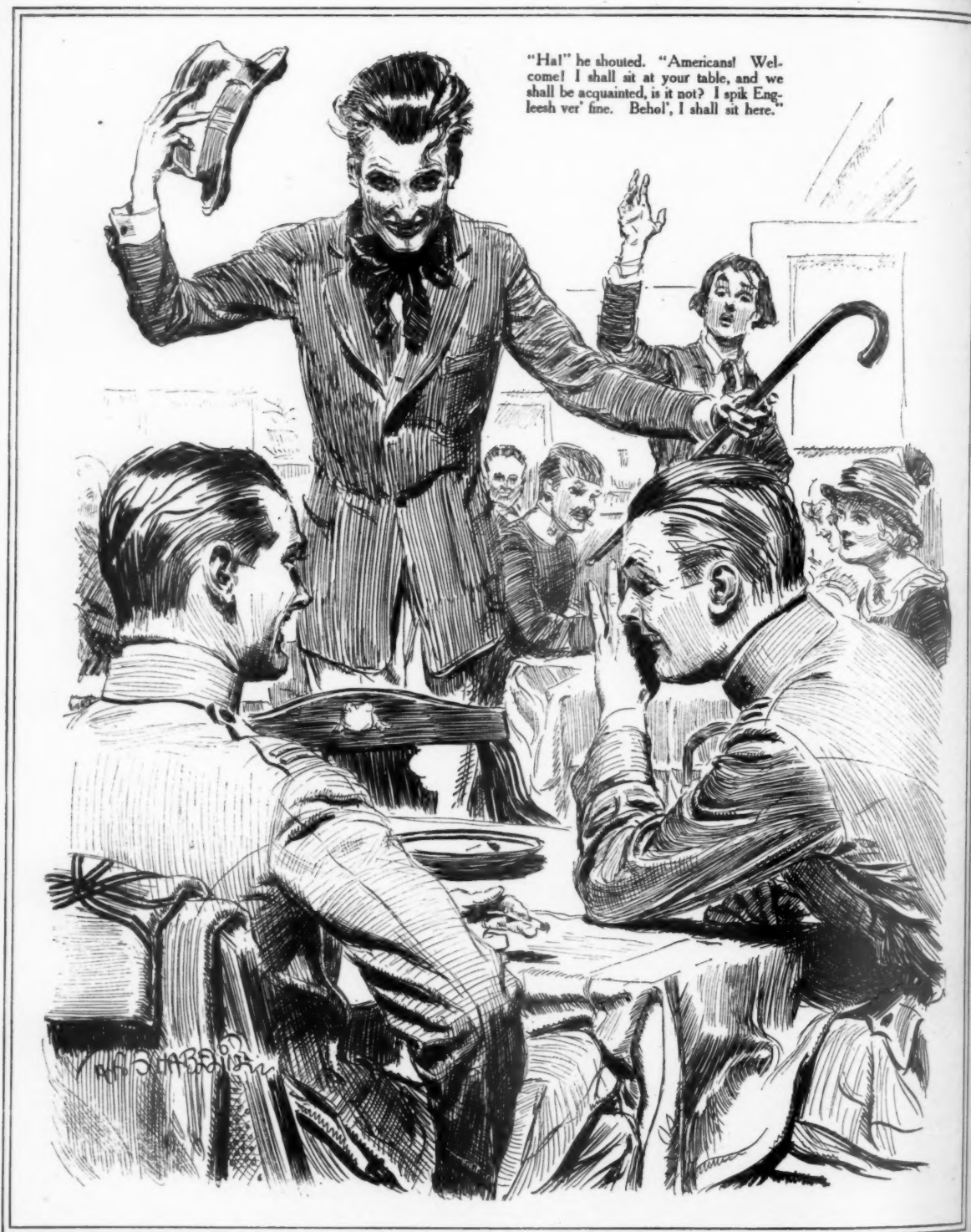
"Why," Kendall said hesitatingly, "Andrée said she wanted to meet you and Madeleine—and to see the apartment. We might—" He was still reluctant, but Bert settled the thing for him out of hand. "Dinner for four, if you please. At seven-thirty."

"A nice dinner," Kendall added rather apprehensively. "There will be ladies."

He watched the concierge's face to see how this news would affect her. Apparently it did not affect her at all. "Of a surety," she said. "Arlette shall be notified."

The young men disposed of their traps temporarily and walked to their offices.

"I heard of a bully place to eat," said Bert. He was always finding new and excellent and quaint cafés. "Up on the Rue de Richelieu. Marty's, they call it. A French officer told me about it—says it's mostly patronized by actors from the *Comédie* and artists and newspaper men. Suppose we take a look."



"Ha!" he shouted. "Americans! Welcome! I shall sit at your table, and we shall be acquainted, is it not? I spik Engleesh ver' fine. Behol', I shall sit here."

"Suits me," said Kendall. "Meet you in the Union at seven."

Kendall was more anxious to see Marty's café than he would have admitted to his friends; as soon as Bert mentioned the fact that its habitués were actors, he wanted very badly to go to the place. He wanted to see what French actors were like—and actresses. In his whole life he had never seen an actor off the stage, had never been especially curious about them, but now it was different. Andrée was going to be an actress if she could, and he wanted to see for himself what sort of creature she would be when she achieved her ambition.

Since he left Andrée the night before, he had been filled with uneasiness. Again and again he reviewed his conversation with her and found it disturbing. He had rather lost his head, he perceived. He had told her he loved her, when, so he declared to himself, he did not love her in the least; and the fact that she had made light of his declaration and had refused to believe in the possibility of a so-sudden affection, helped the situation very little.

Andrée was a foreigner. She was not American, but of another race, speaking another language. Therefore the idea of marriage

did not occur to him as of the possibilities. He could not imagine himself marrying a foreigner. Here his mother functioned without hindrance. She had been against all foreigners. To her a foreigner had been a sort of freak of nature, a distressing accident. Anybody who was not English had been guilty of some sort of obscure offense against nature. Of course, there were degrees of foreignness,—some, like the Chinese, were more guilty than others,—but it was a difference in degree, and that was all. This was a basic fact to her, a part of her; and without consciously instructing Kendall, she had impressed upon him her way of thinking until it was his own. He did not think of marriage with Andrée any more than he would have thought of eating a rose.

But he was vaguely uneasy. At half-past seven Kendall and Bert entered Marty's somewhat diffidently, as young men do when they go to a place where they are uncertain just how they should behave. It was a dingy little café, poorly lighted and rather crowded with things. One passed a sort of bar upon which were piled *langouste* and melons, and behind which was Madame, very fat and capable, surrounded by bottles of various kinds, and keeping an efficient eye on her patrons and upon the finances of the institution. A half-partition of glass separated the bar from the rest of the room, which was filled with tables in parallel rows, with a narrow aisle down the middle. When filled to capacity, the café might contain as many as thirty persons.

MADAME welcomed them with a smile and a "*Bon soir!*" and motioned them to a table. They sat down and looked about. Only a few persons were present, but before a stout waitress dressed in black had taken their order, a considerable party entered and took seats directly opposite.

There were four men and two women. Almost simultaneously the fifth young man entered noisily. He waved his cane in the air as he hobbled in, for he had an artificial leg, and shouted greetings to everybody. He was rather tall and very thin and pale, but exceedingly jaunty. His felt hat, a disreputable affair, was askew on his head, and there was something rakish even about his limp. With many gestures and apparent great excitement he rushed from one table to the other, shaking hands with everybody, and once in a while stooping to kiss a girl on the cheek. Everybody laughed with him and at him. At last his eyes perceived Kendall and Bert, and he came lunging across to them.

"Ha!" he shouted throatily. "Americans! Welcome! I shall sit at your table, and we shall be acquainted, is it not? You see I speak English ver' fine. Behold, I shall sit here."

"Have nothing to do with him," a handsome young man called Kendall in French. "He thinks you have sugar!" And everybody laughed.

The young man leaped to his feet, waved his arms above his head and glared at his accuser. "Bah!" he shouted explosively. "You are nothing!" And he sat down suddenly, apparently forgetting the whole incident, for he leaned over the table to Kendall and said: "It is an argument—yes. You shall decide, is it not? Foolish argument! Behold: if there is a king in Siam—eh, you observe?—and he is rich, oh, ver', ver' rich. You understand? Yes? Also, if there is a—what you call—a electric button here—" He turned wildly and shoved his thumb against the partition as if he were ringing an electric bell. "If I could so to press this button—do you understand?—and the king in Siam is dead—oh, quick, sudden, like thees!" He caught a long thumb-nail against his upper teeth and snapped it. "So! Now, then, if I am so to push the button and thees king is dead, and all his money is mine—the argument, messieurs, is—shall I do it? *Voilà!*" He leaned back and regarded them gravely.

"Give it a push," said Bert.

"Ah, you theenk!" He leaped again to his feet and extended his hand across the table to Bert, who took it and shook hands rather embarrassedly.

"I am Jacques," said the young man. "We must to know one another. You are named—ah, Monsieur Bert. . . . Monsieur Kendall. Ha! All my frien's there, regard! Messieurs Bert and Kendall—my frien's! My frien's—Messieurs Bert and Kendall. Now we are acquaint', is it not? So! You see that yong man who spill soup on his coat. He is Monsieur Robert, great comedian of the Comédie Française. *Oui*, he make the first prize at the académie one year ago. That other, with the hair so. He is a *pagnol*. *Oui!* Also an actor, but not a comedian. He does so." Jacques illustrated by scowling horribly in imitation of the tragic method. "He also make the first prize at the Académie before

two year. They are ver' clever." Both young men so described got to their feet and came across to shake hands. "Those others," continued Jacques in full voice, "are jus' boys an' girl'. You understand? Not anybody. That one who look so jealous at thees girl—he make the dress for ladies. *Oui*. He have much money, but no brains." At this *not* everybody shouted with laughter, and the girl who accompanied the maker of dresses disentangled herself from him and came across to sit down by Kendall, putting her cheek up to him.

"She wants you should kees," said Jacques; and Kendall shamefacedly planted a hurried kiss on her cheek. "And now you shall see—thees yong man with her, he is ver' jealous. Perhaps he shall beat her w'en they arrive at home. *Oui!*"

KENDALL proffered a cigarette to Jacques, and then extended his case toward the young actors across the aisle. They were real American cigarettes, one of which will do more to carry you into the good graces of a *poilu* than many bottles of *vin ordinaire*. Both young men came across, not too eagerly, and helped themselves. Monsieur Robert, the younger, and a very handsome, boyish, pleasing young man, seated himself in the chair the dressmaker's companion had just vacated. He understood a word of English, but dared not venture to speak it; he was, however, exceedingly cordial in French. Kendall managed to understand most that he said. It was a very laughable but somewhat *risqué* account of a conversation he had essayed with an Englishwoman during a recent engagement in London, carried on through the agency of a dictionary. Purely through accident, the young man's finger had pointed to a certain word when it should have been directed to quite another—with the result that he received a sound box on the ear. He told the thing with such boyish delight, and with such naïve joy in the outraged prudery of the Englishwoman, that Kendall laughed as he had laughed at nothing for months. This pleased the young actor. If Kendall had been diplomatically angling for Monsieur Robert's friendship, he could not have contrived better.

Suddenly he remembered Andrée. "You must know a famous actor," she had commanded him. Andrée desired the good offices of an actor in her effort to enter the Académie—and this young gentleman had carried off the first prize in that national institution but a year before. Kendall regarded Monsieur Robert with new interest.

While Kendall and Monsieur Robert made merry if difficult conversational progress, Bert was instructing Jacques in colloquial American in a manner to which his rather grotesque sense of humor was peculiarly adapted. "If you meet a lady," he was saying, "and she bids you good afternoon, the thing to say if you want to be polite is: 'Go jump in the lake.' Of course, you don't say this to a lady the first time you meet her, because it is rather friendly, but possibly the second time. Do you understand?"

"But surely! 'Go jump in the lake.' Ah, it has a sound, has it not? I like that." He stood up, placed his hand on his heart and bowed to Bert profoundly. "Ah, madame," he said in honeyed tones, "you should go to jump in the lake. Is it so you say it? It is a phrase. I shall remember it. And what does one say if—"

Kendall lost the next lesson, for Monsieur Robert arose and shook hands warmly. "I hope you shall dine here often," he said. "Me, I always dine here. So we shall become better acquainted."

OTHERS of the company departed for their theaters or with their actor companions, or to write their criticisms; and as they went out laughing and jostling, each stopped at the table of the Americans to shake hands. It was all very genial and companionable, a sort of family affair,—but very un-American and droll.

Kendall and Bert took their departure soon afterward. The evening was rather hot, but they determined to walk home, a distance of a couple of miles. As they were passing the Hotel Wagram, Kendall glanced inside and saw, standing just within the lobby, the Miss Knox who had been his playmate on the voyage across the Atlantic.

"Wait a minute. Here's a girl I know," he said to Bert, and led his companion inside.

"Well, Captain Ware!" she exclaimed. "I was wondering if I should ever see you again. What have you been doing? Have you been to the front?"

"No. I'm anchored in Paris. And you?"

"I've been down at Tours, but now I've been ordered to report at headquarters here. I don't know where I shall be sent."

"Better get assigned to Paris," he said rashly. "Then we can play around together."

"I don't know. I'd rather be nearer things. It's more interesting."

"Anyhow, you'll be here a day or two. Can't you take dinner with me to-mor—" He stopped, hesitated, got a bit red, and finished lamely, "—soon?"

"It looks as if I might have competition as a playmate," she said dryly. "Is she nice? Who is she? Red Cross or Y. M. C. A.?"

"Neither."

She laughed. "And your French is so miserable!" she said. "How do you talk to her?"

"She speaks some English," said Kendall, falling into a trap which had not been set for him, and Bert and Maude Knox laughed as he reddened with embarrassment.

"Is she pretty?" Miss Knox demanded of Bert.

"I don't think so," Bert said solemnly. "He keeps her under cover. She must be homely, or he'd let her be seen."

"Now I won't buy you a dinner," Kendall said.

"When I am so hungry!" she said dolefully.

"Don't blame Ken," Bert said. "She hardly lets him have an evening to himself."

"Well," said Miss Knox, "if you do get a night off, I'll be glad to see you. Probably I won't be here but a couple of days, though. You come too, Captain Stanley, if you like."

"And pay for half of the dinner," said Bert. "That's fair. Half the young lady, half the dinner-check. Simple justice."

"Now I've got to run up to my room. I think—mind, I only think—I'm going to have a bath. If the bathtub is still there, and if the water hasn't stopped running, and if a few other things haven't happened to the plumbing. Good night. Don't think of coming, Captain Ware, if it will make any trouble with your friend."

The two young officers walked on up the street. Kendall did not feel like talking. He was thinking about Andrée and comparing her with Maude Knox. He was wondering what Andrée would think of Maude, and what Maude would think of Andrée. Also he wondered a bit what Maude thought about him, and what sort of affair she believed him to be carrying on with Andrée. Not that it mattered to him in the least what she thought; but—

At last they stood before the building in which their apartment was located. Bert pulled the bell, and presently the lock clicked. They pushed open the huge door and stepped into the blackness of the court, lighting matches to find the light-button. It was a climb of four flights to their rooms, which they entered with some pride of possession, and sat down to have a final smoke before going to bed.

"I wonder what the concierge will say to our bringing the girls here for dinner to-morrow night," Kendall said, for the point still worried him.

"Young man," said Bert drowsily, "you aren't in Detroit. Go to the window and reassure yourself. This is Paris."

## CHAPTER VI

KENDALL was awakened next morning by the sound of some one shuffling about his room. It was a woman, and she was moving toward the door with his shoes in her hand, and for an instant he wondered if he were in the presence of some new sort of burglar. The woman was short and very fat, with a large head scantily covered by that colored hair which does not turn white at sixty. Her face was broad; her nose was broad, and had a peculiar and laughable up-tilt; her mouth was broad, and her eyes were very large and kindly. She had one generous double chin and a quite respectable growth of whiskers. Her eyes and her nose were the most notable features. One liked her eyes, and one could not help laughing at her nose. As a complete figure she was droll.

She saw that he was awake and grinned timidly.

"*Bon jour, monsieur*," she said, and then, wagging his shoes, followed her greeting by a torrent of French in which the word *cire* occurred frequently. She spoke very rapidly and was unintelligible to Kendall.

"Arlette?" he asked.

"*Oui, je suis Arlette*," she said with a broad grin of delight, and then scudded through the door suddenly as if she had been overtaken by a fit of embarrassment.

Kendall got out of bed and called Bert, who was still asleep.

"Hey, somebody's swiped my shoes," he heard presently.

"Shut up," said Kendall, going into his friend's room. "It's Arlette. I saw her sneaking out with mine when I woke up."

"Arlette? Oh, she's here, eh? What's she want with my shoes? I've heard these French cooks could—"

But just then Arlette pushed the door open, regardless of the state of her young employers' toilets, and deposited the shoes on the floor, carefully cleaned and polished.

The boys looked at each other, weighing this event in the light of their experience with American domestics. It was so surprising as to be upsetting.

"Seventy francs a month—including shines," said Bert.

"And seventy francs is fourteen dollars."

"And my mother pays her cook twelve a week—and has another girl to wait on the cook! Come to France to solve the domestic-servant problem! I wonder if she bathes us."

THEY hurried into their clothes and went to the dining-room, where a great pitcher of chocolate stood in the center of the table, flanked by a pot of jam and a basket of rolls. On each plate was a bowl—not a cup. Arlette entered and stood against the table's edge, from whence she looked first at the food and then at her employers. She pointed accusingly at the *confiture* and said: "*Abricot!*"

"Apricot, eh? *Très bien.*"

"*Mais non, messieurs. Mais non!* It is not well. Oh, the price—it is terrific, it is wicked! Of a surety, you are robbing us. We shall have no more. *Messieurs les Officiers* shall not so be robbed. I shall see well to it. But I was directed to procure *confiture!*" She crossed her pudgy hands on her ample stomach and rolled her eyes to heaven, calling upon Divinity to witness that apricot jam at four francs a jar was a thing to excite horror in any well-regulated and economical mind.

Kendall strove to comfort her, but it was impossible. No quantity of assurances that it was *très bien* could remove her mind from the enormity of the cost of that delicacy, and she went on shaking her head and muttering and sniffing a trifle. In a moment she reëntered to ask what was desired for dinner. It was the first and the last time she made such an inquiry. In the future she made suggestions herself, but never did she ask outright what these strange young savages would have to eat.

"*Poulet*," said Bert. "Chicken."

Arlette rested her hands on her hips and stared at him again. She repeated the word after him as if unwilling to believe that a thing had been mentioned in her presence. "*Poulet? Poulet? Non, non, non!* But no. It is too dear. The cost, consider the cost! Veal, perhaps, but never pullet."

"Young ladies are coming, and we wish a suitable dinner," said Bert.

"But pullet—oh, no! There shall be a suitable dinner, but there shall not be pullet. It is a thing unthinkable—at the price! Before the war—yes; but now! *Mon Dieu*, do the American officers consider what price is demanded for pullet?"

The American officers did not; nor did Arlette enlighten them, but she continued stubbornly to refuse to procure it. Kendall shrugged his shoulders. "It looks as if we were going to be disappointed," he said ruefully.

Bert laughed. "Anyhow, we get no chicken. I wonder if we can have a salad."

Yes, a salad was thinkable, and even string beans or cauliflower or peas—but pullet! Arlette's mind refused to be diverted from pullet.

"Very well, then," Bert said. "Whatever you want, Arlette. You're the boss. But get enough for four."

Arlette turned around and made for the door again, but paused on the threshold to turn and stare at them unbelievably, before to utter in a voice of anguish the word "*poulet.*"

AS Kendall left the dining-room and went for his shoes, he saw a tiny, big-eyed face suddenly whisk out of sight around the corner of the hall which led to the kitchen. It had been the merest glimpse, such as a believer in the occult might hope some day to catch of a fairy.

"Hey, there!" he called in English, for he had a way with children, and children had a way with him. There was no response, so he gave chase. The fairy had scudded into the kitchen and was standing close to Arlette, concealing herself in the woman's ample skirts. Arlette gazed at him with some apprehension as he came into the little kitchen, wondering, doubtless, whether these barbarians would do to her for bringing a child into the lair, but a sight of his face reassured her. And she smiled at him dubiously and placed her pudgy hand on the little girl's head.

Kendall got down on one knee and held out his hand graciously. "Bonjour, mademoiselle!" he said.

"And what is your age?"  
Kendall asked the child.  
"Eight years, monsieur."  
"And no husband! Would  
you like an American husband,  
mademoiselle?"



"Bonjour, monsieur," she said with the cunningest little lisp, her face very sober and a little frightened, and she shook hands with him primly.

"How is your husband and all the family?" Ken asked.

Her eyes opened wide,—blue and sweet they were,—and she looked up at Arlette before replying. "But, monsieur, I have not a husband."

"No? That is bad. You must find a husband. What, at your age! Oh, la, la, la, la! And what is Mademoiselle's age?" Kendall asked the child.

"Eight years, monsieur."

He shook his head. "And no husband! Would you like an American husband, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. The Americans, they are very nice."

She was the tiniest of mites, with such a creamy-pink complexion as Ken had never seen. Her face was oval, and beautiful with a fairylike childish beauty that deserved to be immortalized by some master of the brush and canvas. He looked from her to Arlette, and was unwilling to admit a relationship between them, or the possibility that this sprite could ever grow with the weight of years and labor to resemble the old woman. He wanted to kiss her; he wanted to kiss her on those little lips, parted a

trifle now in her interest, but usually resting so lightly the one upon the other with the merest pursing which seemed to say they were made for kisses. He drew her to him, and she came diffidently but not bashfully, and he lifted her to his knee. She seemed almost to be without weight.

"How do you name yourself?" he asked.

"Arlette," she said.

"My granddaughter," the elder Arlette explained. "Her father is a prisoner of war in Germany—in consequence of which her mother is dead."

"*Pauvre mignon!*" he said, and drew her close to him.

She looked up into his face briefly, and then, for the first time, she smiled.

"You will come often to see me," he said. "We must be friends—and then, who knows, but I may have to take you to America with me. You have no husband; I have no wife. I shall, perhaps, ask your grandmother for your hand."

"Yes, monsieur, I shall come often if Monsieur permits. And I shall sing for Monsieur."

"I shall like that. And now let me see your hand. Something is the matter with it." He examined her palm gravely, then placed a franc upon it and closed her fingers tightly. "There, that will cure it, I think. And you will not forget me—and you will think about going back to America with me?"

"Yes, monsieur," she said very gravely.

KENDALL rejoined Bert, and they walked together to the Etoile and down the Champs Elysées to the hotel which sheltered the huge office staff of the American Expeditionary Forces in Paris.

"I hope everything goes off right to-night," said Kendall, who was still a trifle dubious despite Andrée's expressed desire to meet Bert and his friend.

"Sure! We'll make it a regular party," Bert said confidently. "What's worrying you?"

"You never can tell how strange girls will get on together."

"Fiddlesticks! Madeleine will get on with anybody. See you at the house at seven."

Promptly at seven Kendall was awaiting Andrée at the entrance to the Metro in the Place de la Concorde, and promptly at the hour she appeared, walking leisurely, as she always seemed to do, and with an air of not seeing him at all until she was very close to him—an air which he came to associate with their meetings. There was something diffident about it, something modest and maidenly that he liked. Then she would pause, always hesitatingly as if she rather doubted her welcome, and look up into his face without the vestige of a smile, expecting him to extend his hand; and then she would shake hands very gravely. It was always so.

"You have made much work to-day? You are *fatigué*?" she asked.

"But no. And you?"

"I have been—what do you say?—*ennuyée*?"

"Bored."

"Yes, yes, bored. Have you thought of me?"

He had intended to be most circumspect, to make no repetitions of his half-joking declaration of their last meeting, but with her delightful presence beside him, with that half-veiled, appealing glance from her darkly shadowed eyes, resolutions were forgotten.

"I've thought of nothing else," he said, and was near the truth.

"But no," she shook her head childishly, "you have not thought of me at all. It is not possible."

"I thought of you when I got up; I thought of you all the morning; I thought of you at noon, and all the afternoon—and I am thinking of you now."

She laughed quietly. The drollery of his protestation pleased her and made her gay. Thereafter it became a formula, a sort of ritual. She would ask him if he had thought of her, and he would recite: "When I got up, all the morning, at noon, all the afternoon." And always she would laugh as if it were very new and very funny and very delightful.

"Where do we go?" she said, as he took his place by her side.

"To dine with Arlette."

"With Arlette! Who is this Arlette?"

"My cook," he said.

"At your apartment?"

"Yes."

"I do not know—"

"Bert and Madeleine are coming too. You said you wanted to know them."

"Yes—yes. I will know them. And this young girl, this Madeleine, does your friend love her?"

He spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know?"

"He has not told you? He is your friend and has not told you?"

"No."

"Have you told him about me?"

"A little, not much."

"*Pourquoi*?"

"*Mademoiselle Pourquoi!* Oh, because you were none of his business."

"Oh, I do not understand, I do not understand." She clasped her hands together with mock despair, and with the quaintest expression of bafflement on her face. "I do not understand. It is ever so difficult, ver' difficult!"

"Shall we take the Metro or a taxi?"

"The Metro, of a certainty. It arrives, does it not? And the taxi, oh, it is very dear."

"You're a great little economist," he said laughingly, but nevertheless wonderingly. American girls had never been so careful to choose the less expensive of two methods.

AS they were descending into the Metro, they came suddenly face to face with Maude Knox, and Kendall felt himself blushing hotly, and was ashamed of himself for it; so he blushed even more hotly than before. He stopped determinedly, and held Andrée's arm.

"Miss Knox," he said, "I want you to meet Mademoiselle—He hesitated, for he did not know Andrée's family name. This piece of ignorance had never presented itself to him before. She had been Andrée to him, and nothing more. She had needed no other name. "I want you to meet Mademoiselle Andrée," he finished rather defiantly.

The girls looked at each other, Miss Knox with a humorous twinkle in her eye, but nevertheless with a glint of keen appraisal. Andrée rather timidly, as if she would like to hide behind Kendall as little Arlette had hidden behind her grandmother's skirts the morning, and peer out big-eyed at this woman of another race.

Maude Knox extended her hand. "Delighted!" she said, and smiled.

"Mademoiselle is very agreeable," said Andrée, but she did not smile; instead she studied Miss Knox's face intently and gravely.

"There's our train," said Kendall, at a loss how otherwise to proceed with the conversation, and he snatched Andrée away before another word could be exchanged. Maude Knox stood looking after them with a smile that had in it a hint of something that was not humor, that mingled curiosity with pique.

Andrée and Kendall alighted from the Metro at the Etoile and walked to the apartment. He was rather taken aback to see the concierge sweeping the walk in front of the entrance, for he had hoped subconsciously to smuggle Andrée in without being seen. He could hardly have explained this had he been asked. He need not have been apprehensive. The concierge stopped and peered at Andrée keenly for a second, then smiled and bade them good day. Kendall did not know it, but Andrée had been inspected and had passed the inspection handsomely. Andrée, however, was well aware of it.

BERT and Madeleine had not arrived, and Kendall showed Andrée into their *salon* with something of a flourish. She stood looking about her at the massive gilt furniture, at the large bronze statue of Diana with a bow in her hand which stood on a pedestal in a corner, and at the bronze monstrosity depicting Ceres which, half life-size, overweighed the mantel. Her little nose was curling.

"Oh," she said in disappointment, "thees is not good. No, it is ver' bad."

"It is sort of fussy," said Kendall, more than half afraid that she would take fright at so much wretched taste on exhibition and refuse to remain. She seemed of a mind to beat a retreat. "But don't blame me for it," he hastened to say. "It isn't my furniture, you know. This is a furnished apartment, *meuble*, you know. I don't like these gimcracks any better than you do, but I couldn't help it."

Andrée continued to shake her head dolefully; then her eyes spied a sort of throne between the windows, a fearful example of what a piece of furniture can be, and clapped her hands with childish delight. "Oh, it ees for me. See!" She ran to it and seated herself on the threadbare chair, her tiny feet dangling above the floor. "Behold! Regard me! I am a queen, is it not? You have not the manners. It is that you should kneel. Here! At once!"

Laughingly he humored her whim, (Continued on page 41)

ONLY rarely is it given a magazine to publish a story that plumbs the depths of human nature—the real human nature behind, and below smug conventional respectability, such as this by an author we may call our own.

# The DERELICT

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by  
WILLIAM OBERHARDT

JUDGE VENABLE slept peacefully—that is to say, he was at peace as he slept. The peace was all his own, for it did not extend to anyone within reach of his deep-mouthed snores. The rooms on either side of his bedchamber, therefore, were unoccupied at night. And the wife of his bosom slept three rooms off. Otherwise this story would not be written.

Judge Venable slept peacefully because he had stolid nerves and a splendid digestion and no man's-size worries and a fat bank-balance—and because, also, his conscience was white-clean.

For nearly three hours he had slumbered thus to-night, his classic face in icy repose, his powerful body lax, his echoing snores reverberantly rhythmic. To-morrow was to mark the opening of

the fall term of his court. It would be a busy day. Judge Venable had gone to bed early, in preparation for it.

Across the deep and placid pool of his somnolent peace brushed a ripple. And from the bottom of that restful pool Judge Venable's soul rose a few inches into the troublous strata of dreams! He was a schoolboy again, and the academy bully was trying to force a sickeningly pungent apple down his protesting throat. His jaws were locked shut, and the half-rotted apple smeared wetly his lips and nose. Its reek filled his nostrils, and it nauseated him.

As the fumes crawled to his brain, Venable grew dizzy. Then the dream melted, and once more he slept like the dead. But presently, dreams began to vex him again—annoying dreams,



Judge Venable was perched on a heavy chair. His wrists were strapped to the chair-arms. In front of him lounged a man. In one hand he dangled a revolver. "Well?" said Judge Venable sharply. "Well, Phil, old friend?" suavely returned the other.

wherein unseen giants were hauling him about, lifting him from the springy softness of his bed out into the damp chill of the night—doing bothersome things to his hands and feet.

Judge Venable drowsily summoned his iron will-power and bade it shake him free of his dream-tormentors. But so deep was he mired in the slough of sleep that at first his will fought for him in vain. Then the chill of the night began to bite into his silk-pajamaed body. And he knew he must have kicked off the bed-coverings. A pettish anger jogged his mist-hung brain, clearing it. With a final effort of will he opened his eyes wide. And at what he saw, the sleep-haze vanished, leaving him alert and wide awake.

Apart from a sickish sensation in the pit of the stomach and a slight whirling of the brain, Judge Venable was wholly himself. So entirely was he master of his faculties, indeed, that his subconscious mind was able to take in, not only every detail of the scene before him, but also the fact that a vague applelike fragrance hung in the air—an odor he recognized as that of chloroform.

To his right stood the bed, its covers jumbled into a snarled

heap at its foot. The night-light above its headboard had been switched on, throwing the details of the room into dim visibility. On the floor lay a sodden lump of handkerchief, still damp with chloroform. The window over the veranda-roof was wide open—it had been left three parts shut,—and a gust of wind was eddying in.

Judge Venable himself was perched in extreme discomfort on a heavy chair, in the middle of the room. His first motion showed him his wrists were strapped to the chair-arms, and his ankles to its stout lower rung. He was quite helpless.

Directly in front of him, in a lighter but far more comfortable chair, lounged a man. The man sat complacently facing the Judge, and waiting for that eminent jurist to recover his sleep-and-drug-dazed senses. The visitor was shabbily dressed. A foul-looking derby rested on the back of his head. His collar was dirty and frayed; he wore no tie; his clothes were rumpled, shiny, ill-fitting. His boots were patched; their soles were caked with mud. A blob of mud also marred the white woodwork of the sill of the open window.

The intruder himself was large and gaunt. His complexion had the pasty look known to sociological writers as "prison pallor," and he stood in gross need of a shave. His eyes were deep-set and haggard. In one dirty hand he dangled across his knee a serviceable-looking revolver, the long barrel of which glistened blue in the half-light—and which the Judge recognized as a weapon he always kept at night on the stand beside his bed.

For a long minute Venable's blinking eyes focused bewilderedly upon his guest. The latter returned the dull gaze with bland amusement.

But as the Judge's throat-muscles tightened, preparatory to a shout for help, the intruder's deep-set eyes lost their smile. The loose-held revolver was pivoted toward Venable's chest. The shout died stillborn.

"Well?" said Judge Venable sharply, fighting back his fear, yet unconsciously speaking in an undertone.

"Well, Phil, old friend?" suavely returned the other in the same low-pitched voice. "You seem surprised at my call."

And for a moment surprise actually did hold Judge Venable mute. Except for his wife, there were not three people left on earth who nowadays called him "Phil." Moreover, this shabby invader of his home spoke with the English and the intonation of an educated man, not with the slurring diction of a slum-dweller. More in perplexity than in fright, the Judge peered closely into the gaunt, unshaven face.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Why," answered the shabby man carelessly, "just for the present, let's say I'm a Disappointment. I'm a Disappointment to several people—most of all, to myself. But we'll come to that presently. Among others, I'm a Disappointment to my kind hosts at the local jail. Because my trial was set for to-morrow, they moved me, to-night, to another tier, to a cell with such an absurdly old-fashioned lock that it would have been a crime against Opportunity not to break out. Yes, I'm afraid I'm a bitter Disappointment to the jail-people—as they are due to find out, in the morning."

"Then you're a—"

"A Disappointment," supplied the man. "I'm a Disappointment to the district attorney too, I suppose. For the case against me was so clear that even a small-city prosecutor could hardly fail to get a conviction. I'm a Disappointment to the attorney they assigned to me, too, I'm afraid. He had worked up a beautiful appeal to the jury. He rehearsed it to me yesterday, in the counsel-room, and coached me as to the place where I was to dissolve into tears of remorse. Most of all—except to myself—I'm a Disappointment to you, Phil. For I'm sure you had counted on a night's sleep. You were snoozing so vocally and merrily when I came in! And it must be a Disappointment to have your own artillery turned



"Dear?" said the woman's voice outside, "is anything the matter? I heard you moving around your room. Shall I come in and read till you're drowsy again?" . . . Barret jammed the pistol-muzzle against the Judge's abdomen.

against you, as I've had to turn this gun—and to be doped with chloroform from your own medicine-chest, poured on one of your own silk handkerchiefs. You'll note I've used four more of those luxurious big silk handkerchiefs from your chiffonier drawer to tie you to the chair. It must be a Disappointment, too, for a judge to be arraigned, like this, before a housebreaker. I was to have come before you for trial to-morrow, you know."

"To-morrow?" queried Judge Venable, breaking in upon the satirical narrative. "Then you must be Jonas Derrick, the forger."

"Alleged" forger, my dear Phil," gravely corrected the visitor. "Alleged" forger. Why, man, where is your judicial temperament? Where's your knowledge of law? Don't you know it's distinctly libelous to refer to a man as a forger until a jury of his peers has formally convicted him of the crime? More than one newspaper has lost a heavy libel-suit through just such carelessness. But I didn't expect that kind of a blunder from a judge—least of all, from a judge as renowned for uprightness and fairness as the Honorable Philip Augustus Venable. It's a sad commentary on the frame of mind you were going to bring to bear on my case to-morrow. Really, Phil, I'm pained. At heart you haven't changed an atom in thirty years. Or is it twenty-nine years? My memory for details is not as good as it was."

"You speak as if you had known me before," said Judge Venable, interest in his visitor surmounting fear. "Did I defend you, as a young man?"

"No," replied the shabby man, "you didn't. That's why I'm here to-night. In fact, that's why I was in jail to-night. That is why a number of things have happened to me, that ought not to have happened. You didn't defend me. You were on the other side."

"I was prosecutor?" queried the Judge. "That must have been in—"

"No," was the drawlingly cryptic answer, "you were not the prosecutor. You were the criminal."

Judge Venable's broad white forehead puckered. Apparently, this man was a lunatic or else a pointless joker. Venable's flash of curiosity died away. Indeed, he wondered that he could have forgotten, momentarily, his own parlous plight, so far as to yield to the odd feeling of interest his caller had inspired in him. At dead of night, he, an honored judge, was sitting tied to a chair, threatened by an armed man who confessed himself a jailbreaker. It was assuredly no time for bandying idle questions. And yet—He stared more closely at his wholly unaccountable visitor. But the latter's face was hazy in the half-light. Venable clearly recalled the crime for which the escaped prisoner was to have stood trial before him on the morrow. It was a peculiarly daring and clever bit of forgery, involving a fairly large sum.

There had been a gang of swindlers. They had operated among rich farmers on the outskirts of this county seat in which Venable lived. They had secured the signatures of one such farmer to a contract promising to pay for a set of "installment" books, and the document had been skillfully altered—allegedly—by this Jonas Derrick, into a sight draft for five thousand dollars. Derrick had been arrested when he presented the draft for payment at the local bank. His accomplices had gotten away.

"Yes," resumed the shabby man, "you were the criminal, Phil. Not the prosecutor. It was you who first turned me into a Disappointment—a Disappointment to the mother who loved me, and to the girl I wanted to marry. My mother didn't live long enough to suffer as much as she might, and the girl seems to have gotten over her disappointment. In fact, she married, within a year: she married a clever young lawyer from hereabouts, a promising young legal sprig, Philip Augustus Venable, by name."

The Judge started violently—so violently, indeed, that the silken bonds cut painfully into his ankles and wrists.

"That is the only bright spot in the whole silly tragedy," went on the drawlingly sardonic voice. "She married you, and she grew

fat and grenadierlike. And she became a social uplifter and a speechifier and all that. You see, I've read of her, from time to time, and studied her pictures in the papers. Yes, I'm glad I didn't marry her—mighty glad, Phil, if you'll pardon me for saying so."

But Judge Venable did not answer. He did not hear. His head was thrust forward, turtlelike. He was gazing into the dim-seen, sneering face of the visitor.

"Jack Barret!" he sputtered at last, unbelieving. "Jack Barret! You're not—you can't be Jack Barret?"

"No," denied the other, his thin lips writhing, "I'm not. I'm Jonas Derrick. I haven't been Jack Barret for twenty-odd years—thanks to you!"

"Jack Barret!" mumbled the Judge again, dumfounded.

"I used to share this room with you, that time my mother was in the hospital," remarked Barret, scarce observing his host's amazement. "Do you remember? It was your room, even in those days, and you showed me how you got in and out of here, late at night, when you wanted your parents to think you'd gone to bed at nine—by the trellis work, up the veranda post, where you had screwed the lateral iron bars to the wood, underneath the vines, to make an invisible ladder for you. I suppose it's a good many years since you used that ladder, Phil. But in case you ever need to use it again, it's still in good shape. I know, for I came in that way. And that's the way I'm going out after—after I do what I came to do. You won't know it then, perhaps. So I tell you, now."

"What do you mean?" demanded Judge Venable, stirred by the vague hint.

Steady his voice as he would, it still shook perceptibly.

"Let's talk of something pleasanter—for you," politely urged Barret, waving one unwashed hand in deprecation.

"—about the dear old boyhood days, for instance. That's what I came here to talk about. By the way, Phil, you've been too well-bred to comment on it, but you must have noticed that I'm pretty dirty and disreputable and badly dressed. You see, the public bath in the jail was more than I could stand. And they wouldn't let me have a razor. Besides, my clothes are the ones I wore when I was trying to impress the honest grangers, and so they weren't much to look at, even before they'd been slept in so often. I don't like to look like this, especially at a reunion with a dear old chum. Will you excuse me for a few minutes? And in the meantime," he added, almost in a tone of tender caress, "will you please try very hard to remember that I'll blow a hole in the top of your pompous head if you cry out or make any kind of noise?"

CARRYING the long-barreled revolver with him, "Jonas Derrick" crossed to the adjacent bathroom and switched on its light. Presently the listening Judge heard the rush of water in the tub, followed by a guarded but joyous splashing. Later the rub-rub-rub of a rough towel over wet flesh reached Venable's ears, and then the slapping sound of a razor against a stroop.

Ten minutes afterward, a whitish body reentered the bedroom, accompanied by an odor of bath-salts and witch-hazel.

"Still keep your underclothes in the bottom drawer of your chiffonier, Phil?" cheerily questioned Barret, fumbling with the drawer. "Oh, yes, here they are. And silk, too! Just as they used to be! Lord, but it will feel good to be in silk underclothes and silk socks again! Just as it feels good to have a hot bath and a rubdown and a clean shave once more. Isn't it lucky we are so near of a size? This excellently tailored suit on the frame here will fit me almost as well as it fits you. I can't say I admire your taste in ties; I never did. But they're better than none. And the shoes are good enough to make up for the ugly necktie."



As he talked, he had been dressing rapidly. And in another minute or two he stood clothed from head to foot in Judge Venable's own irreproachable attire. The man stretched himself in lazy comfort and viewed his changed appearance in the pier-glass. Nodding approval of what he saw there, he moved over to the wall-desk, pulled open one of its drawers and groped for the handle of a smaller drawer concealed behind the first.

Judge Venable strained again at his bonds, and his mouth opened sharply. But realizing the futility of speech, he snapped shut his jaws once more and balefully watched the looting of his desk.

From the inner drawer Barret extracted a thick wad of bills. Instead of pocketing them, he laid them on a table and turned back to his captive.

"You see, I haven't forgotten the old hiding-place, Phil," he observed. "An ordinary thief might have hunted for an hour without finding that drawer. See what a grand thing it is to have had early advantages."

"You crook!" snarled the impotent Judge. "You'll do ten years for this—this outrage!"

"No," denied Barret in a tone of friendly argument. "I think not. You see, you are the only witness against me, Phil. And you—well, you will hardly be in a position to testify."

**A**GAIN, at the pleasantly uttered threat, Judge Venable felt a chill run down his spine. The visitor's offhand manner, its dearth of bluster or of menace, produced on the helpless listener a far more potent effect than fierce bravado could have achieved. The man was not swaggering or cheaply impudent, despite the trend of his talk. He seemed actuated by a careless sincerity that left no room for affectation.

Barret felt in the pockets of the Judge's suit and drew forth a gold cigar-case. Taking out a cigar, he lighted it, put the case on the table and reseating himself, crossed his legs.

"I've been looking forward to this night, for a good many years, Phil," he said, blowing smoke lazily through his nostrils in the pauses of his talk. "By the way, you still smoke good cigars. At least, this one tastes good, after weeks of smokelessness. A trifle heavy, perhaps, to be smoked by a man with a neck like yours, but all right if you smoke them in moderation."

"Yes," Barret went on, "I've looked forward to this, for a long time. At first, just to amuse myself, I used to visualize the meeting. I worked out its details, sometimes, when I couldn't get to sleep. It wasn't till I broke out of jail to-night, that it occurred to me I could really put it into effect. I stopped, on my way here, to see some good friends of mine—not people you are ever likely to meet, except in court, but good pals, none the less. They begged me to make a clean get-away and not risk such a visit. They even offered to stake me, though they were all but broke, themselves. But the temptation was too great. So I came. All I'd consent to take from them was a little present for you. It's in a handbag they gave me. I left it outside the window, on the veranda roof. I'll bring it in, presently, though it won't take any hurt from the rain."

"I suppose you know it's a rainy night, Phil. I see you know it's cold. You're fairly chattering with the chill. Or is it because you're scared? Silk pajamas aren't the best protection for a stormy October night—except in bed. . . . Well, as I was saying, I've looked forward to this."

He paused to examine his cigar. It had gone out. He threw it away, reached for the gold case on the table and helped himself to another, which he lighted.

"In vaudeville shows," he began, when his cigar was fairly alight, "one member of a team says to the other: 'I'll tell you the story of my life!' And then the other partner falls to the stage in a faint of anticipated boredom, and the bass drum is whanged. But you can't fall to the floor, Phil—because you're tied. So you're going to listen to the story of my life. I'll make it as brief as I can. It won't amuse you; perhaps it won't even interest you, for you've heard the same thing from the bench a hundred times. But I'm going to tell it to you, just the same—not that I like to, but on the principle that makes a prosecutor recount every detail of the crime a prisoner is charged with. I am the Prosecutor; you are the prisoner. You have a right to a fair trial. I am going to give you one. After that I shall add to my rôle of prosecutor the duodecimal rôle of jury, and then of judge. And later—of executioner."

There was no abatement of the man's easy manner. Only, in the dim light, his deep-set eyes seemed to reflect a cold blue glint from the pistol barrel.

"You and I were chums, Phil," he said after an instant's pause. "We were at school together, at college together, before you

went into the law and I went into old man Brill's collection agency. You were about the rapidest youth in town, here; and I was the slowest—at least, you used to say so. Do you remember? And do you remember how you used to guy me and call me a mollycoddle and a milk-guzzler and a mamma's boy? Those were just a few of your pet names for me. Lord, how you used to guy me, Phil! Just because I'd promised Mother I'd never take a drink, and that I'd respect all women for her sake. Your favorite joke was that I was tied to my mother's apron-string—as if a mother's apron-string isn't the safest and stanchest life-rope that a poor world-battered dub of a man can cling to! You used to say it would 'humanize' me, if I could once get drunk and forget the idea that all women were angels. Grand talk! Man-talk! Remember, Phil?"

**V**ENABLE shifted uneasily. He could not keep his mind on Barret's words. He could only remember the hints of mortal danger to himself. In vain he sought to rally his startled mind to evolving a way out of his peril. But the glinting eyes, in the half-light, held him, hypnotically and seemed to forbid lucid thinking.

"It got on my nerves by and by," continued the visitor after a reflective tug or two at his cigar, "and I was ashamed of myself. Yes, I was ashamed that I was sober, that I was chaste, that I had a feeling of panic-horror whenever a woman, accosted me in the street. I was ashamed of all that. Ashamed of the things that made me a man created in God's own clear image. It was you and your incessant guying that made me ashamed of my own decency. I began to wonder if you were right, after all, and if I were really a milksop and only half a man. Oh, I was in a sweet state of mind—thanks to you, Phil!"

He drew again at his cigar, and then went on more rapidly:

"Do you remember the evening you met me just outside of Brill's Agency? I had come back from a day's collecting, and I had a little over two hundred dollars in my pocket that I was going to turn in, from my day's work. My watch was slow, and when I got there, the agency was closed for the night. I met you outside the door. I was dead tired, and I'd had no lunch—nothing to eat since breakfast, and on my feet all day. I told you I was all done up. You said a drink of whisky would put me in shape. I wouldn't have one. And you began guying me again. I was worn out; and I got mad when you made fun of me. I said I'd prove I was as much of a man as you were; and to prove it, I'd have a drink, or a million drinks, with you. You laughed a lot at that; and you told me I was almost human, after all. Remember?"

"N-no," faltered the Judge.

"Probably not," said Barret. "But I do. I've better reason for recalling it. It just seemed a huge joke to you and a triumph too. You'd at last badgered the mollycoddle, into 'making a man of himself.' You took me around to Kate Howard's place. I'd never been there. And I didn't know anything about it. You said it was a private restaurant—the town was dry, in those days, you know—where drinks were served on the sly. One of her tribes brought us some whisky. It tasted horrible, and I had to clench my teeth to keep from gagging, as I swallowed it. But you slapped me on the back, and you said I was going to be a he-man, at last. And the girl offered me another. I choked it down, and then another. I was bound you should see I could drink as easily as any toper. I don't know how many drinks I had at what became of you. The girl was there, I know, long after you had gone. And by and by everything got confused and misty. And the next thing I knew, it was broad daylight. I got out of the place as best I could—all sick and shaky and damnably disgusted with myself. Lord, but I was disgusted! I was in a horror of shame. It was hell, to think of meeting my mother again. Next time I did meet Mother, by the way, was in my cell at the station-house."

**T**HE cigar had gone out. Barret let it fall to the rug. His eyes were hot and glowing, now. His voice was as sharp as a knife-edge.

"I stopped at Brill's on the way home," he said, "to turn in my two-hundred-dollar collections. My wallet was empty. I ran all the way back to Kate Howard's and demanded the money. Kate laughed at me. And she said if I didn't stop raising a row she'd call a cop and have me pinched for blackmail. I went back to Brill's and made a clean breast of the whole affair. I offered to pay back the cash out of my wages. Old Man Brill just ran up police headquarters: that was his answer. I was arrested and tried and sent to prison for two years." (Continued on page 45)

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IF YOU are a wife, read this story aloud to your husband. If you are a husband, read it quietly to yourself. There's something in it for each of you—and both.

# The BLUSH

By  
WILL PAYNE

Illustrated by  
RICHARD CULTER

PETER PEMBERTON JOHNSTONE, widower, aged forty-eight, was missing. He had left his office abruptly about eleven o'clock Tuesday morning, without saying where he was going. A clerk had seen him jump into his car, which stood in the alley beside the office, and drive away. It was now half-past one Thursday, and neither the people in his office nor the two black servants in his house had seen or heard from him since Tuesday forenoon.

True, leaving the office abruptly without saying where he meant to go was not extraordinary. He was rather more apt to leave in that manner than in any other. His friends were well enough acquainted with his impetuosity. But an unexplained absence of fifty hours was extraordinary, and some friends were getting anxious.

Mrs. Kilgore, especially, was concerned. A fortnight before this, a lawless white element over at Yarrowdale had set out to chasten its black neighbors. A alley, with three dead, had been required to restore order. There was bad blood over in that neighborhood. And Mrs. Kilgore had conceived an illogical, alarming notion that Peter's disappearance was somehow a sinister aftermath of the Yarrowdale episode.

This Thursday forenoon Mrs. Kilgore had called her husband up at the bank to inquire if any word of Peter had come in, and to ask if he didn't think the police and the newspapers should be notified. When the banker came home to luncheon, shortly after noon, his wife met him with a troubled face and began arguing—with the illogical persistence of a fond and frightened woman—that the police be called in and a general alarm sounded. That irritated Kilgore. He was Peter Pemberton Johnstone's lifelong and most intimate friend. He felt an acrid certainty that nothing whatever had happened—except that the hopelessly irresponsible man had run off on some fool errand or other, forgetting his obligations, leaving his business at sixes and sevens, and his friends to worry their hearts out. That would be exactly like Peter, the banker told himself—vengefully.

Ever since Kilgore had had a home, that home had been wide open to Peter, who was often there. Since the children could keep the words, they had called him "Uncle Peter." The banker had wished this—up to a certain point. But to the male being certain possession is so intimately, so sacredly his own, that instincts bristle against any hand that seems to reach even carelessly in that direction. For some time Kilgore had been troubled by a thought—a thought as maddening as a mosquito that buzzes and buzzes, no matter how one fights it off. The instant his defensive hand ceases beating the air, there it is again at



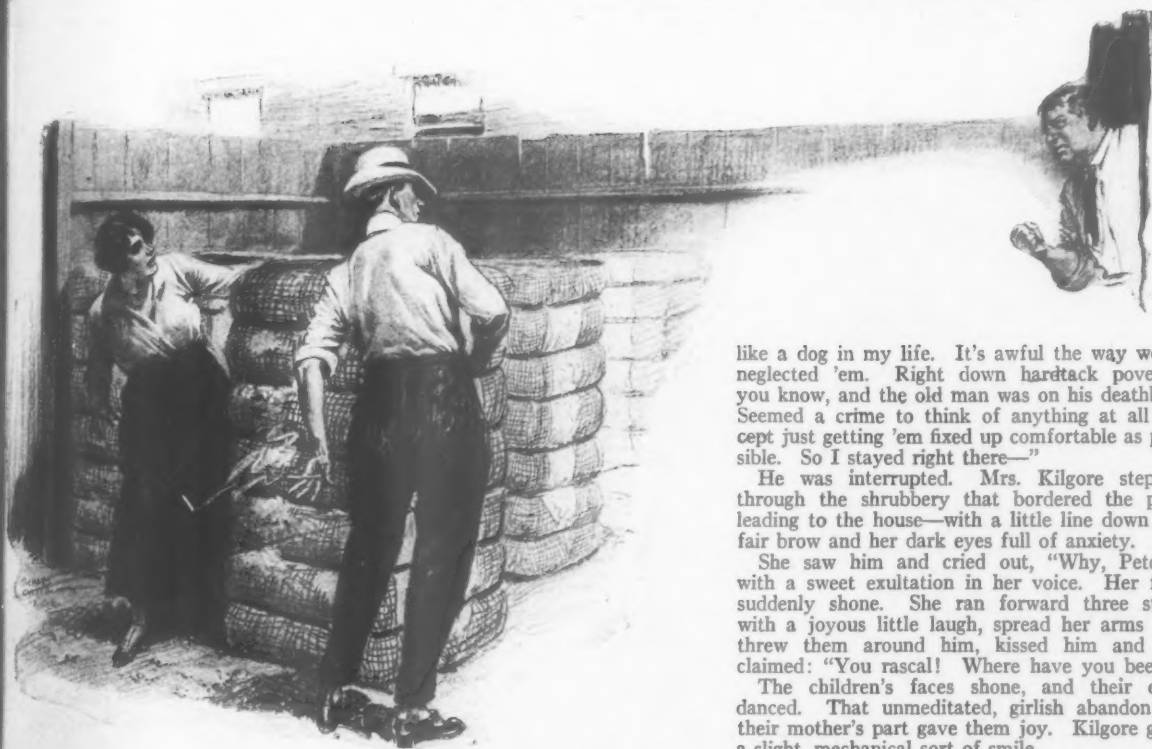
"There's a bad fire downtown, Frank," she said. "They've been fighting it an hour."



Mrs. Kilgore cried, "Why, Peter!" with exultation in her voice. She ran forward with a joyous little laugh, kissed him and exclaimed: "You rascal! Where have you been?"

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Miss Washington gasped and made an exit much in the manner of a plump, frightened duck. Chester started, lost color and in a panic flung away his cigarette, a bare half-second before a purple-faced man appeared in the rear doorway, breathing destruction.



ne's ear, buzzing, buzzing. The thought was that Peter Pemberton Johnstone and Mrs. Kilgore were fonder of each other than was seemingly or respectfully to him.

At half-past one Thursday the banker stood on the broad and every lawn of his spacious new home in the shade of a great oak. Near by were his daughter, aged twelve, and his son, aged eight. His wife—fifteen years younger than himself—was still in the house.

A mud-spattered car wheeled in between the granite pillars of the gate, barely missing one of them, rushed up the winding roadway and stopped with a jerk. A tall, burly man in a travel-stained linen dust-coat, with a plaid cap pulled tight over his skull, sprang out.

The children shouted, "Why, it's Uncle Peter!" and ran to meet him. Peter, laughing, stooped and gathered a child in each powerful arm, kissed them both, lifted them bodily from the ground and stood beaming at their upturned merry faces. Releasing them, he flung off the tight cap and held out a hand to Kilgore, crying: "Hello, Frank!"

Pulling off the cap made the fine reddish hair stand up grotesquely over his big head. He wore a heavy mustache, slightly streaked with gray; nose and chin jutted out; his twinkling eyes were round and bold as a hawk's. His bronzed face shone as he clasped his friend's hand; then he gurgled like a shameless infant caught at a jam-jar and said: "I expect you're sore at me."

Age, griefs and misfortunes seemed helpless against him. They struck at his inexhaustible vitality and his irrepressible geniality as uselessly as sword-thrusts at sunshine. He looked a veteran, much-buffed by life, yet as eager for the next day's chance as a boy. One apprehended that experience could teach him nothing, because his headlong, sanguine temper ignored it.

"Guess I ought to have sent you word," he confessed, gurgling. "You see, I heard Tuesday that old Major Wilson was mighty sick. You know the old man—out Arlington way. By George, I ain't looked him up in two or three years, and he was one of my father's best friends. Scandalous how we neglect people. I was ashamed of myself, so I hopped into the car and beat it out there. Thirty miles, but I thought I'd surely get back by dinner-time. Well, sir—'twould have broken your heart, Frank. I'd no idea the old man was so hard up. And there was his wife, too—seventy-four, and he three years older. I never felt more

like a dog in my life. It's awful the way we've neglected 'em. Right down hardtack poverty, you know, and the old man was on his deathbed. Seemed a crime to think of anything at all except just getting 'em fixed up comfortable as possible. So I stayed right there."

He was interrupted. Mrs. Kilgore stepped through the shrubbery that bordered the path leading to the house—with a little line down her fair brow and her dark eyes full of anxiety.

She saw him and cried out, "Why, Peter!" with a sweet exultation in her voice. Her face suddenly shone. She ran forward three steps with a joyous little laugh, spread her arms and threw them around him, kissed him and exclaimed: "You rascal! Where have you been?"

The children's faces shone, and their eyes danced. That unmeditated, girlish abandon on their mother's part gave them joy. Kilgore gave a slight, mechanical sort of smile.

When children act impulsively, they are unaware of it. The stuff in their minds is a seamless fabric which they haven't learned to separate into instinct and reason. But at thirty-three one has the habit of criticizing and repressing instincts. So Mrs. Kilgore, having acted on pure instinct, immediately suffered a touch of reaction and self-consciousness. The faint, dusky rose in her cheeks heightened to a delicate pink. The reaction affected Peter Pemberton Johnstone also; for an instant he was embarrassed, and a warmer tinge came into his bronze cheeks. The slight, mechanical smile faded from Kilgore's face. A gate in his heart closed with a snap.

Peter repeated the explanation of his absence. "Don't know as I'd have come home to-day," he added, "only Jim and Martha have set their hearts on going over to Jefferson to a picnic this afternoon. I told 'em they could go and stay all night. They have some kin over there. I suppose they wouldn't have sense enough just to go off and leave the house to itself. I'm going to beat it home now and send 'em off."

"But come into the house and get a bite of lunch," said Mrs. Kilgore.

"No, thank you, Nell," he replied with a laugh. "It's not food that interests me now, but sleep. I ain't had my clothes off for two nights. I'll beat it home and go to bed and put in the time between now and morning trying to catch up. So long." He turned away and with a hand on the car door called: "See you to-morrow, Frank."

A few minutes later Kilgore walked back to the house, climbed into the waiting car and was driven downtown.

The spacious new home was up on the hill, two miles from the business center. Some rich Northerners, looking for attractive winter homes, had first developed this higher, remoter region for residence purposes. In recent years a few opulent natives had settled themselves up there, deserting the old aristocratic residence district which lay on the flat land immediately at the other side of the business center.

This was the latter part of September, and downtown it was hot. The pavement and the cement flagging gave off forbidding little shimmers of heat, and the white marble façade of the First National Bank Building stabbed at one's eyeballs. Kilgore passed through the long, handsome banking-room to his private office at the rear. Coming from the withering glare outside, it was gratefully dim and cool there. The silence and solitude were pleasing.

Closing the door behind him,—a sign that he didn't care to be disturbed,—he moved about the room with a kind of restrained restlessness—a tall, lean man with a longish face, thick iron-gray hair and remarkably steady blue eyes, which looked at one fixedly with a cool neutrality. If one happened to be applying for credit and stretching one's statements a bit here and there, the coolness made one nervous. Poised, imperturbable, their gaze seemed to sink through the foolish little haze of falsehood.

Across the back of the room were three tall, narrow windows protected by bronze bars on the outside. The shades were drawn over two of them. Kilgore presently moved to the other and stood looking out.

A Northerner, abruptly placed at that window, might have exclaimed: "Why, it's been snowing!" for across a back yard the window looked down upon the cotton district, where thousands of bales, overflowing from crammed warehouses, stood out in the open—an ocular effect like a new, unsmudged fall of snow. Kilgore knew to a dot how many thousands of bales there were in the warehouses and outside, for lending money on cotton was an important part of his business. He knew also that since this mad European war had burst upon a dazed world seven weeks ago, there was really no market for cotton.

Peter Pemberton Johnstone was a cotton-broker, operating upon a considerable scale, and always just at the point of making a million dollars out of it. When he felt bullish,—and he practically always felt bullish,—he would have bought all the cotton in the world at the drop of a hat if he could have found the money to pay for it. For more than twenty years his lifelong friend Kilgore had been holding a bit in his mouth—frequently preventing him from ruining himself, and once in a while preventing him from making the million dollars which was always just an inch beyond the ends of his sanguine fingers.

Peter now owned many thousands of those fleecy bales and owed the First National Bank a great deal of money on them. Kilgore proposed to call the loans in the morning. As cotton affairs then stood, that would utterly ruin Peter.

Between the cool, self-contained, calculating man and the warm, effusive, impulsive one there must always have been a certain friction—the orderly man's natural impatience with the other's disorder, the shrewd, capable man's irritation over the other's headlong blundering. A deep-rooted affection had outweighed all these differences. Just now the affection was canceled.

Time out of mind, Peter had made himself free of his friend's sagacity and energy—free of his bank and his home, free of his family. Perhaps one got too much of that. For more than twenty years the banker had been holding Peter out of insolvency by main strength, as a boy holds a wriggling pup by the scruff of the neck. Perhaps one's arm got tired. Then the kiss, the blush—if one could claim anything in life as one's sacred own, it might well be a wife's kisses and blushes. It was high time to have a settlement with Peter. There was strong gall in the banker's heart—and the sting of a deadly anger.

Kilgore answered her at random, being busily engaged in pouring water on the fire in his own mind. A new element intruded—a muffled roar. "What could that be?" Mrs. Kilgore asked. "Evidently they're blowing up buildings in the path of the fire," he said.

Yet Kilgore's anger was perfectly deliberate and controlled. He would call Peter's loans. But he would keep himself countenance and wreak his vengeance with a plausible air. He would call some other loans besides Peter's and make it strictly like a matter of business.

He sat down to the telephone on his desk and directed assistant cashier, out in front, to telephone Mr. Samuel Yardley that Mr. Kilgore wished to see him at the bank immediately.

The firm was Yardley & Wyman, cotton factors. It occupied a small two-story brick building at the edge of the cotton district. There was a shabby general office in front, occupied by a stenographer, a couple of bookkeepers, and an office-boy; then came a small, equally shabby private office for the members of the firm and behind that a bare room which served mainly as a reception for whatever it was handiest to toss in there.

The premises seemed by way of getting snowbound. Across the narrow alley that ran alongside stood tightly packed ranks of white-topped bales, and the small back yard was covered with little drifts and patches of stray fleece.

In the private office, just before five o'clock that afternoon the two partners sat—overtaken by fate, dumfounded, staring at each other. They always characterized themselves as a small young concern, which was pleasanter than saying they had fifty thousand dollars between them and a limited credit. Fifty thousand, when it is all one has, seems considerable.

Sam Yardley sat at the battered desk—far down in the corner, seated chair, his long legs stuck straight out, tugging at his tan mustache with a foolish mechanical motion, a straw hat pushed back on his long head, a baffled surprise in his bright blue eyes—much as though he had been abruptly summoned to present himself before a firing-squad at sunrise.

Tom Wyman sat on a corner of the office table, plump and clasped around a chubby knee, his ruddy face puckered in a frown and sweating copiously. He had thrown off his light coat as he came in. His pod rolled out a little above his belt. A massive gold watch-fob, bearing a lodge emblem in blue and gold enamel, hung from his watch-pocket.

"But didn't Kilgore give any reason at all?" he asked more, anxiously and with an imperfectly muzzled rage—for he couldn't get over an intolerable feeling that if only he could get his hands on the reason for the preposterous situation in which they found themselves, all might yet be well.

"Just what I told you," Yardley repeated, with some annoyance at this pointless iteration. "He said the cotton had to be marketed, and called the loans. Of course, I tried to argue with him, but you know Kilgore."

Wyman's exasperation exploded like a bomb. "Why, by smoke! An idiot would know that if he begins throwing cotton on the market now, the price will go to plumb nothin'. An idiot would know that!" he repeated, his sweaty face puckering and He felt in danger of bursting with indignation, and exploded again. "It's just plain, cold-blooded murder!"



Yardley nodded and assented tonelessly: "That's what it is. But you know Kilgore. When he says a thing, that's the end of it. And if Kilgore won't carry us, nobody will."

In fact, since they had received the fatal summons from Kilgore, the partners had been hunting the town over for some one to take their loans off his hands, but in the strained situation which the war had created, nobody was likely to step into a breach which the mighty First National deserted.

The case seemed hopeless. Penetrated by its hopelessness, Tom Wyman lifted an afflicted face to the ceiling and wailed: "Us bein' busted like this—why, it's the damnest, most ridiculous thing I ever heard of!"

But in all its ridiculousness, there the thing stood immovably. That so absurd a thing should be perfectly true was what enraged him. No man could submit to it; yet a man had to submit.

"Let's see, now, just how much we owe him," he said—spurred by the need to make a pretense of doing something, when there was obviously nothing to be done. His sweaty face gathered in a frown, he slipped from the table, stepped to the desk and pressed a button.

Chester Bolling, office-boy, should have answered that summons; but no answer came. Wyman rang again. Through the thin partition they could hear the bell ringing in the front office, but no one responded.

That was quite too much. One might bear monstrous ill-fortune with some fortitude; but when on top of it came a derelict office-boy—

Wyman flew to the door and tore it open, objurgation boiling within him. A raging glance showed him that Chester Bolling was not in the front office—which was a touch beyond the ultimate, an insult after death. He banged the door shut with a violence that threatened to dislodge the shaky plaster on the partition and strode across to the door of the rear room, steam almost visibly escaping from his pores.

Chester Bolling, aged seventeen and of the color of new sole-leather, was over-tall for  
(Continued on page 130)



**HENNESSY** a grafter? Mike Hennessy? Certainly NOT. An honest man never peeled a boiled potato. But a little present now and then, sort of token of admiration and esteem—oh, that's quite different! But was it? To Hennessy? Let Peter Clark Macfarlane tell you as only he can.



"Who's drawing the plans?" inquired Tom Murphy. "No plans, begob!" boasted Hennessy. "I've got 'em in me mind. What the blazes do I want wid plans when I'm buildin' her meself?"

## HENNESSY'S HOUSE

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

**T**HE city is run be grafters. I'm an honest workin' man, the son of poor but Irish payrents. I'm a candidate for the common council. Will ye vote for an honest man? If ye send me to the council, I'll stop this thievin', bribe-takin' graftin' that's been goin' on, or Michael Hennessy is not me name." So Michael to the voters of the Nineteenth Ward, a sprawling, wind-swept collection of hills and hollows given over to the cottage and small-flat residences of workingmen.

The politically wise paid no attention to this candidacy of Mike's. No organization supported or was aware of him. But Michael, a simple, direct sort of soul, went about before and after working-hours, ringing doorbells and unblushingly proclaiming his purpose and his platform. He gave himself no airs; his clothes were the clothes that a man who worked with his hands could buy. His red, homely face and his stub of a pipe all combined to give Mike that smack of something genuine which winged his words with the force of strong appeal. And one day the newspapers, without a ripple of excitement, announced that the name of Michael Fitzgerald Hennessy had gone on the ballot by petition.

"The grafters is doomed!" announced Michael to Mary, his wife, walking into his humble house at four A. M. on post-election day.

"Oh, Pa! Ye're elected!" screamed work-wrinkled, time-faded Mary, and flung her arms around her husband.

At the same moment two squeals of delight echoed from rooms farther back, for the little shack was built at the rear end of the lot and on the general outlines of a freight car. Following the squeal, Michael's daughters Kate and Clare came bounding forth in nightgowns and embraced their sire with kisses and excited

Illustrated by  
IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

laughter. Clare, being a stenographer, wore her hair in curling-clips. Kitty, being school-teacher, did not.

While his women worshiped and attended to him, Michael sipped a cup of coffee, munched a fried-egg sandwich and gathered to him that dignity which becomes a Hennessy in moments of triumph.

"I was just thinkin'," Michael observed presently, breaking out of profound silence and gazing at the crude, unfinished work about him, "'tis no place for the councilman of the ward to be livin'—in a shanty like this. Wid the girls gittin' along in it too, and the lads buzzin' round them like bees—this young assistant district attorney fair makin' Kate's life miserable be his importunin's—"

"Yer mind runs quick, Michael," chided Mary.

"Get me the bank-book, wife," directed Michael. It was "Seven hun'er and twelve, and the lot free of incumbrance—except for this disreputable pile of slats at the back. And two hun'er a month from the city now, and no work to do except a few meetin's to attend. How much is the Buildin' and Loan Kitty girl?"

Kitty fondly brought the record of her frugality through seven years, Michael patting his comely and dutiful daughter affectionately on the arm as she came within reach.

"'Tis enough," declared Hennessy, glancing the page over. "With what we can borrow on that and me doin' the most of the work meself, we can have a foine house in no time. So it's lucky I'm that handy with a hammer and saw almost. I am wit' my own tools."

At this juncture Clare too produced a bank-book. "But, girl!" protested Michael, with that indulgent air reserved for younger daughters. "This is yer trousseau—money"

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"Do you think I want a trousseau till my father and mother have a decent roof over their heads?" inquired Clare with a sober proud look in her usually mischievous eyes.

"Oh, Clare! Wild girl that ye are and breakin' my heart every day with your willful ways, 'tis a soft heart that ye have, after all," crowed her mother.

"We'll have the house, God bless us, and it'll be a home to the girls and their husbands and their childer and whoever among the Hennessys needs a home as long as wan of us shall live and own it," trumpeted Michael, mortgaging the future of his unbuilt house with an imagination as free as the impulses of his heart were generous.

With daylight, life for Michael became just one reception after another. First his neighbors of the ward flocked in to congratulate him, and he received them all with easy dignity and words of cordial welcome. When they heaped encomiums upon him, Michael modestly shifted the subject of conversation.

"The city hall is full of graft," he postulated. "I'll stop it. They'll be layin' their wires now to graft on the new pesthouse, alias the Hospital for Contagious Diseases. Graft—graft! They're always findin' newer and slicker ways of graftin'; but I'll see, me fellow-citizens, that there is nothin' at all resemblin' graft where the eye of Michael Hennessy can penetrate."

"That's what ye will, Hennessy!" fawned the neighbors all, puffing his cigars, while Michael himself clung to that symbol of his despised democracy, the sawed-off pipe.

As the morning wore on, there were calls of other than neighbors. The reporters came and interviewed and took pictures. There also dropped in, during the course of the day and week, Tom Murphy, of Murphy Brothers Paving Company; Parkinson, the cement-contractor, whose uncle had been minister to Greece; Hedrick, the plaster-man; Steve Otis, of Otis Brothers Timber and Wrecking Company, who was wont to vapor about two of his ancestors having signed the Declaration of Independence; and Will Carrigan, owner of brick-kilns, who boasted that his product went into every structure the city put upon the ground. Such types as these but headed a diurnal flow of contractors, constructors, brokers, agents and purveyors of one sort or another, who did, or hoped to do, business with the city.

These callers consulted Hennessy gravely as to the city's interest in many things. They took him hither and yon in automobiles. They invited his wife, his daughters and himself to go upon motor-picnics and Sunday excursions into interesting wilds or to attractive resorts, with always abundance of gasoline, of food, of attention, of hilarity and just plainly human good times. Other members of the common council present and elect were encountered upon these jaunts, as well as officials of the city—the treasurer, the auditor, the chief of police and the mayor. Acquaintances ripened swiftly. Soon the more important of all these gentry were calling Hennessy Mike and he was calling them Tom and Bill and Joe.

"Aint it wonderful?" Michael confided to Mary. "Aint it surprisin' to find such a nice lot of lads hangin' round the City Hall when I could have sworn every one of 'em was grafters from the pistol-shot?"

"They might be yet, Mike," suggested Mary timidly.

"But look at them! Don't they prove every day they got nothin' but the city's best interests at heart? Look the way they're consultin' me at every turn, and they know, every one o' them, that Michael Hennessy's the blackest foe of graft that ever set down in a council-chair!"

To the more intimate and best liked of these new-made friends, Mike boastfully confided his intention of building a house.

"Tis not long ye'll be findin' me in this party," he vaunted. "I'm goin' to build me a house. Wid me own hands—me, a councilman, a member of the city government—will I build it," and he pointed to the outline of the foundations which he had already begun to dig. The friends approved warmly and admired greatly.

"Who's drawing the plans?" inquired Tom Murphy one day.

"No plans, begob!" boasted Hennessy, pushing his spade. "I've got 'em in me mind. What the blazes do I want wid plans when I'm buildin' for meself?"

"But you'll build some disjointed old patch-work of a Noah's ark that Mrs. Hennessy and

the daughters will be ashamed of all their lives, though they never tell you so to your face, Mike," warned Murphy.

"The mischief of it is, Tawm," confided Hennessy, emptying the spade, "I got to be careful about spendin' money."

"Money?" And Tom Murphy's face actually brightened at the word where it might have turned another set of features into gloom. "Why, say! Don't we all like you, Mike? Charley Hughes'll draw the plans in fifteen minutes with a lead-pencil and make you the prettiest house on the west side, and he wont charge you a cent. He's just finished up the plans and specifications for the new Hospital for Contagious Diseases, and it'll be a pleasant change for him."

"Do you think he would really enj'y doin' it?" speculated Mike, leaning on the spade. "I'll not obligate myself to a dommed one o' them."

"Sure not! You're wise there. Mike, my boy, let me give you one piece of advice now, right at the beginning of your experience with politics. Don't obligate yourself to a living soul, unless it's an obligation you expect to be willing to pay."

"Ye're right, Tawm—dead right. Old Mike'll never do that, ye can bet yer life!"

"And say, Mike," proposed Murphy in confidential tones. "You can get every piece of material that goes into this house at wholesale rates. Just mention what you want to any of the boys that handles the line, and they'll be glad to take care of you."

"D'ye mean that, Tawm?" demanded Michael with an excited hop in his voice. He was digging a large foundation, his ideas expanding as he dug, and it was true that he had begun to worry somewhat about costs of material.

"Sure I mean it," echoed Tom. "Let me know when you're ready for concrete, and I'll drop you off a couple of loads of sand and some crushed rock. And by the way, Eddy Parkinson's got half a dozen barrels of cement standing down yonder where he finished up that sidewalk job. I expect he'd roll 'em down the hill to you pretty cheap, rather than haul 'em into town again."

Michael was bubbling with gratitude at such generous proposals.

"Thank ye, Tawm," he said, simply; and he mused, one foot again upon the spade: "I'll be up to mixin' the concrete about next Monday. If ye see Eddy, will ye mention it to him that Councilman Hennessy's in the market for a few barrels of cee-ment."

"Sure thing! So long, Mike!" And Tom hopped into his automobile and drove away.

That night Charley Hughes was sitting in the Hennessy dining-room, with the table cleared, and Mother, Kitty and Clare hovering at his elbow while, with a pencil, on a sheet of paper that had wrapped a loaf of bread, he sketched out rapidly and beautifully the front elevation of a cottage of semibungalow type that made the Hennessys swell with wonder and admiration. When he had pleased



"Me house!" Michael murmured sadly. "To think that them lads—" His voice had a husky, far-away sound. "I'm fair crushed," Michael soliloquized. "Tis a terrible puncture to me vanity."

their eyes with the picture, Architect Hughes turned to ground-plans, and with that marvelously clever pencil showed them a dining-room, a living-room, an all-white kitchen, a breakfast-room, a morning veranda and an afternoon veranda, and topped off with an ornate staircase to bedchambers and sleeping-porch above.

"Stop! Stop!" protested Michael, eying all from a dignified distance. "Ye're runnin' into luxury. Take out the hot and cold runnin' water from the girls' rooms. Let them carry it up in pitchers from the spigot the way their mother done afore them. But no—no! The girls is helpin' pay for the house. Give the runnin', gurglin', steamin' stream back intil their rooms. And for Mrs. Councilman Hennessy could ye just fix one little fassit that would pipe hot tea to her pillow in the mornin', thereby makin' a long-sufferin' saint think that, instead of goin' to heaven, heaven has condescended to come down to her?"

Behind such playful badinage did Michael conceal the vast interest and the childish excitement which possessed him.

"What will it cost?" he demanded ultimately.

"Roughly, it would figure four thousand at present prices."

"Four thousand? I'm not that brave." Hennessy shook his head mendaciously. "But it's a pretty pitcher, Charley, and I'm much obliged to ye for drawin' it."

"I'll send the finished plans and specifications out in about a week," said young Hughes, "and they wont cost you a pipeful of tobacco."

"Wont they?" challenged Michael.

"It's a pleasure to know your family," finessed Charley Hughes, shifting so he could get another eyeful of the rosy cheeks and pert red lips of Clare. "Be pleased to come out any time and look things over and see how you're getting along, or give you any advice you need."

"You're welcome to come, and I'll take the plans," said Mike, who had, from the first sight of that elevation, determined to have the house. "But I'll pay ye for 'em."

"Have your way, Mr. Hennessy," said dapper Charley, and at the door of the little house he ran smack into James Moran, Assistant District Attorney, coming to see Kitty.

"Hello, Jim!" said Charley pleasantly.

"Hello, Hughes!" responded Jim with a cool, searching look.

On Friday night, when Mike came home from attending his first meeting as a member of the Common Council, his head a little buzzy with the number of cigars he had smoked, he found seven barrels of cement and heaps of crushed rock and sand, each as big as a recumbent elephant, lying in front of his lot. Hennessy paused a moment to survey them with satisfaction.

"That boy Murphy never forgets anything," he effervesced. "Every chance I see to shove him into a city job, I'm goin' to shove, for the voters will get nothin' but honest service from him."

Two weeks later, with his concrete mixed and poured and set, and the foundation of his house waiting for the timbers, Mike went down with money in his pocket to pay Tom Murphy.

"Nothing to pay!" laughed Tom cheerily. "The teams was coming by, and it was just as easy to drop that sand off as not. The crushed rock was for a mendin' job for the street-car tracks, and they didn't get ready to put in their blamed old switch, and the police kept botherin' me to get the rock out of the street, so it was cheaper to dump it in front of your place than to haul it back to the yards again."

This sounded entirely plausible.

"That's kind of ye, Tawm, all right," agreed Hennessy, "but I take nothin' that looks like charity, ye know." And he laid his money on the desk.



While his women worshiped and attended him, Michael sipped a cup of coffee and gazed to him that dignity which becomes a Hennessy in moments of triumph. "I was just thinkin'," he observed, "'is no place for the councilman to be livin'—a shanty like this."

"Charity! Say!" And Tom laughed loud, while he pushed the bills back. "Any time this firm dis-burses charity, let me know. For anything you get from us that's got any value at all, I'll make you pay right up to the han-dle, and don't you forget it. This was just a kind of an accommodation be-tween friends, you might say."

Eventually Michael thanked Tom and stumped out, with a Murphy cigar between his teeth.

"What!" protested Eddy Parkinson, whose uncle had been minister to that Mediterranean king-dom. "You don't owe me for any cement. Oh! That little jag out there at the sidewalk job? Well, that particular batch was a left-over; it was charged to the job; the job's done and paid for by thirty or forty different people, and in a way that cement was theirs and in a way it was mine; but it was a long, heavy haul downtown, so I just about consider that it was a favor to me for you to take those few bar-rels of cement off our hands."

Michael's heart was touched afresh with the generosity of Parkinson; he could not run the risk of hurting him by protest-ing the gift.

"Eddy, ye're a man, and a human bein', and I thank ye," said Michael, wring-ing the Parkinson hand. "If the city ever needs anything that ye can fur-nish, I'm for you, because I see that ye're generous, and a man that'll give a poor councilman a square deal, will do the same by the municipality."

"Right you are, Mike," confessed Parkinson, as he gazed with becoming mod-esty down the length of his cigar. "By the way, Hennessy; have you bought your lumber yet?"

"No," explained Mike. "It's what the papers call frenzied mance, me buildin' a house, anyway, and I got to glue me lamps to one proposition at a time."

"Well, Steve Otis is wanting to see you. They're wrecking a house up on the hill—that old Maguire mansion, you remember?—and hauling it right past you. There's a lot of timbers in there that are no special value to them, but they've got to tak'e 'em away to get what they do want, and Steve was thinking maybe you could use some of them. Wouldn't cost you much but just the hauling, expect."

Mike, feeling very much like a thrifty business man, hurried off in quest of the dealer in lumber.

"Timbers, sure!" exclaimed Otis. "And there's a lot of usable sheathing there too. How much of a house are you building? Just give me your lumber-specifications, Mike, and I'll see what we've got."

The result of this little conversation was that within a few days timbers and then lumber began to pile up in front of Hennessy's



"Can ye take a pitcher of a dockymet," Michael inquired. "Of a bill for paintin' a house, fer instance?"

"Certainly," assured the expert of the black box.

"Take one of this!" directed Hennessy.

lot. These piles of building material seemed to act as a sort of advertisement, and Hennessy was presently beset with offers of material of little use, apparently, to the owners, but perfectly adaptable to Hennessy's needs.

About this time, too, word that Councilman Hennessy, a work-ingman, and one who had all his life been true to organized labor, was building a house with his own hands, came to the Central Labor Committee and received due consideration. In consequence a delegation from the carpenter's union came out the next Saturday afternoon, pushed up Hennessy's frame and hammered in his joists and his studding, while a committee from the bricklayers' union ran up the chimney. The following Saturday afternoon another group of them raised the rafters, put on the sheathing and did whatever other work offered itself to the rasp of a saw, the hiss of a plane or the blows of a hammer. On Sunday the lathers' union was inside and the shinglers' union outside, with most sur-prising results, while upon the next nonworking day Mike's own union, the plasterers', finished the whole inside of the house and amid some hilarity attempted with a small remainder of their

mushy slime, to thatch the bald spot on Councilman Hennessy's head.

As by a kind of magic the house was completed, with Hennessy scarcely permitted to spend money upon it at all. A newspaper snatched at the story of the workmen's building a house for one of their own class who had won his way to a place in the city council. It printed the Hennessy half-tone again—cut into one corner of a picture of the house. It spoke of the undoubted popularity of the councilman from the Nineteenth Ward; it called him a sterling citizen; it mentioned the merits of his charming family and hinted at an approaching matrimonial alliance for one member of it. But it did not mention that the materials to build this house had been largely donated by contractors doing work for the city.

Michael's savings-account, Kitty's Building and Loan credit and Clare's trousseau-money were all hilariously expended to make the furnishings as complete as the bungalow itself. And when all was in place, Hennessy gave two house-warmings. One was public and commonplace. The other was select and significant and took precedence of the public affair in point of time as in importance. To it came the Murphys, the Sullivans, the Otises, the Parkinsons, the Manns, the Hedricks, the Higginbothams and high officials of the unions which had cooperated. It was a happy evening.

"They's too many labor men in the council that never la-abored in their lives. I'm an honest-to-Gawd laborin' man," remarked Hennessy as he viewed his guests composedly.

"That ye are, Mike!" was echoed many times.

It was in multiplication of this assurance that speech-making broke out.

"Oh, oh!" whispered Kitty, when Tom Murphy had concluded an *aurora borealis* of rhetoric. "Write some of that, please, in my album, Mr. Murphy. It's a surprise to Father."

The girl produced surreptitiously an album bound in alligator skin, having a photograph of the handsome little bungalow on the first page and views of the inside rooms sprinkled through its leaves. Taken with the idea, and ever willing to oblige a lady, Tom Murphy drew forth a heavy gold fountain pen and with flourishes as many as his oratory had contained, inscribed a sentiment from his speech and appended the Murphy signature. The other guests followed in his lead proudly,—and egotistically,—some with sentiments and some only with their signatures, while Tim Mulvaney, reputed to be rich with money amassed from city garbage-contracts, could only oblige with the making of his mark.

THE crown of the evening was the presentation of the album to Michael, with Mary standing by him and the girls on either side, by Eddy Parkinson himself.

"I am, as ye all know, but a plain laborin' man," said Hennessy in responding, "and I cannot make a speech; but I thank ye. I thank ye for what ye done to help me get my house, and I thank ye for the album and what ye have wrote in it, and what ye said beside."

Eventually the merry occasion ended, as all merry occasions must; but Michael, with his house completed, was left with plenty to occupy his mind, and with a new building operation to conduct, for there had been changes and upheavals in the organization of the council. The building committee which had accepted the bids for the construction of the new Hospital for Contagious Diseases was incontinently plucked, and when recast, behold Michael Hennessy was its chairman. It was natural that Michael should take an anxious interest in this piece of construction. It was his first important service on behalf of the citizens who had elected him. It was his child, begotten of his marriage with the municipality. He watched its walls rise as he had watched the walls of his own home. He doted on it, talked of it, dreamed of it—admired it. It was the most beautiful and complete and sightly pesthouse that ever was built anywhere. Mike would have welcomed a mild case of smallpox if it had made him the first patient in it.

What gave him the greater pleasure in the work of supervising its construction was the number of his friends engaged upon it. The Murphys paved the yards and approaches; Parkinson did the concrete steps and courts and basement floors and foundations; Carrigan, of course, furnished the brickwork, Higginbotham the roofing, and Mann the wiring. As these men came and went upon their duties, they saluted Hennessy familiarly and fondly. As construction progressed, they consulted him soberly about many matters; they seemed at least as zealous as he for the perfectness of the structure, and Hennessy's heart glowed with appreciation of their attitude.

When money became available under the appropriation, for a payment upon such part of the work as was completed or had reached a certain stage of advancement, (Continued on page 146)

## A Complete Résumé of the Previous Chapters of "THE CUP OF FURY"

MARIE LOUISE WEBLING, the central figure of this greatest novel of the world's greatest year, is an American girl who had run away from home with a theatrical troupe. While playing in a music-hall she had attracted the notice of Sir Joseph and Lady Webbing because of her resemblance to their dead daughter, and they had adopted her as their own. She had been happy in this new life until she heard the two children of the household conclude their prayers: "We t'ank Dee, O Dod, for making sink dat old *Lusitania*."

Here it was that the first ugly suspicion of her adopted parents came to Marie Louise. For the Webblings were Germans, though they had lived long years in England and had there won love, respect and knightly honors. And not long afterward Sir Joseph asked Marie Louise to meet a man named Easton in the park and give him a sealed envelope. A stock-exchange deal, he implied, that he didn't dare risk handling through ordinary channels. Marie Louise was puzzled but took his word without question. Yet this sort of thing continued—until Marie Louise came home one day to find Sir Joseph and Lady Webbing confronted by Mr. Verrinder, a Government officer, with damning evidence that they were German spies.

Overwhelmed, Marie Louise heard the evidence against the people she had loved and trusted too well—the evidence, too, that enmeshed her with them. She accompanied them upstairs to help them make ready for their trip to the Tower—and was too late to stop them when they took the poison that brought them and their plottings to an end.

Verrinder found it hard to believe that Marie Louise had been innocent. But he let her go, provided she returned to America and gave her oath not to reveal what she knew. So Marie Louise went to New York—followed by a secret-service man, and by Easton, who had proved to be a German, but who had escaped by turning state's evidence—and now sought to regain German esteem by new spy-work.

Polly Widdicombe, a friend, invited Marie Louise to visit her in Washington. There her sister, who had married an anarchistic loafer named Nuddle, discovered her. And then the ghost of Sir Joseph overtook her once more. For at a dinner given by the prominent Mrs. Prothero, Lady Clifton-Wyatt, who had known Marie Louise in London as the daughter of the Webblings, publicly denounced her as a German spy.

Polly and Marie Louise's other friends refused to believe in her guilt. But Marie Louise felt she could not live indefinitely with Polly, doing nothing. So she rented a house. And there it was that two of her callers, Easton the spy and Jake Nuddle, her sister's anarchistic husband, met each other.

Marie Louise obtained work for Jake in the shipyard of a man named Davidge, whom she had met in London and elsewhere, and who was much "taken" with her. More, she herself went into the shipyard office as a stenographer.

Davidge's first ship, called the *Clara* for his mother, was made ready for her maiden voyage with a cargo of wheat; and Marie Louise inadvertently mentioned her sailing-point and destination while the Nuddles were visiting her. Jake immediately made an excuse to go out—had to telephone, he explained when he came back. Only a few days later came the news that the *Clara* had been mysteriously sunk.

Jake Nuddle ventured to gloat over the *Clara* in the shipyard, and was knocked down for it. He spoke a little carelessly at home, also, and Mamise, putting two and two together, was almost certain of his guilt. But when she went to see Davidge about it, he had gone to Pittsburgh to plead for more steel. Meanwhile Jake had squandered the money paid him for betraying the *Clara* and had gone to Nicky Easton for more; Nicky had promised him another similar job. When Nuddle left Easton, the detective, Larrey, who had been following Easton, took Nuddle's trail in the guise of a fellow-workman; and when later Nuddle introduced Mamise to Larrey as his sister-in-law, the detective opened his eyes: he remembered Mamise, for he had worked on the Webbling affair.

22. 10

A BRILLIANT novel of war and peace in Washington, by the man who wrote "What Will People Say?" "The Thirteenth Commandment," "We Can't Have Everything" and "The Unpardonable Sin."

# The CUP of FURY

By  
RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by  
HENRY RALEIGH

## CHAPTER XXXVII

THOSE people who are always afraid of new customs have dreaded public life for women lest it should destroy modesty and rob them of the protection of guardians, duennas and chaperons. But the world seems to have to have a certain amount of decency to get along on, at all, and provides for it among humans about as well as it provides for the protection of other plants and animals, letting many suffer and perish and some prosper.

The anxious conservatives who are always risking their own souls in spasms of anxiety over other people's souls would have given up Mamise and Davidge for lost, since she lived alone and he was an unattached bachelor. But curiously enough, their characters chaperoned them, their jobs and ambitions excited and fatigued them, and their moods of temptation either did not coincide or were frustrated by circumstances and crowds.

Each knew well what it was to suffer an onset of desperate emotion, of longing, of reckless, helpless adoration. But in office-hours these anguishes were as futile as prayers for the moon. Outside of office-hours there were other obstacles, embarrassments, interferences.

These protections and ambitions would not suffice forever, any more than a mother's vigilance, maidenly timidity, convent walls or yushmaks will infallibly prevail. But they managed to kill a good deal of time—and very dolefully.

Mamise was in peculiar peril now. She was beginning to feel very sorry for herself, and even sorrier for Davidge. She remembered how cruelly he had been bludgeoned by the news of the destruction of his first ship, and she kept remembering the wild sweet pangs of her sympathy, the strange ecstasy of entering into the grief of another. She remembered how she had seized his shoulders and how their hands had wrestled together in a common anguish. The remembrance of that communion came back to her in flashes of feverish demand for a renewal of union, for a consummation of it, indeed. She was human, and nothing human was alien to her.

Davidge had spoken of marriage—had told her that he was a candidate for her husbandry. She had laughed at him then, for her heart had been full of the new wine of ambition. Like other wines, it had its morning-after when all that had been so alluring looked to be folly. Her own loneliness told her that Davidge was lonely, and that two lonelinesses combined would make a festival, as two negatives an affirmative.



"It would be nice to be married," Marie Louise reflected, "if one could stay single at the same time."

When Davidge came back from his trip, the joy in his eyes at sight of her kindled her smoldering to flame. She would have been glad if he had snatched her to his breast and crushed her there. She had that womanly longing to be crushed, and he the man's to crush. But fate provided a sentinel. Miss Gabus was looking on; the office-force stood by, and the day's work was waiting to be done.

Davidge went to his desk tremulous; Mamise to her typewriter. She hammered out a devil's tattoo on it, and he devoured estimates and commercial correspondence, while an aromatic haze enveloped them both as truly as if they had been faun and nymph in a bosky glade.

Miss Gabus played Mrs. Grundy all morning and at the noon hour made a noble effort to rescue Mamise from any opportunity to cast an evil spell over poor Mr. Davidge. Women have a wonderful pity for men that other women cultivate! Yet all that Miss Gabus said to Miss Webling was:

"Goin' to lunch now, Mi' Swebling?"

And all that Miss Webling said was:

"Not just yet—thank you."

Both were almost swooning with the tremendous significance of the moment.

Miss Webling felt that she was defying all the powers of

espionage and convention when she made so brave as to linger while Miss Gabus left the room—in short twitches, with the painful reluctance of one who pulls off an adhesive plaster by degrees. When at last she was really off, Miss Webling went to Davidge's door, feeling as wicked as the maid in *Ophelia's* song, though she said no more than:

"Well, did you have a successful journey?"

Davidge whirled in his chair.

"Bully! Sit down, wont you?"

He thought that no goddess had ever done so divine a thing so ambrosially as she when she smiled, and shook her incredibly exquisite head. He rose to his feet in awe of her. His restless hands, afraid to lay hold of their quarry, automatically extracted his watch from his pocket and held it beneath his eyes. He stared at it without recognizing the hour, and stammered:

"Will you lunch with me?"

"No, thank you!"

This jolted an "Oh!" out of him. Then he came back with:

"When am I going to get a chance to talk to you?"

"You know my address."

"Yes, but—" He thought of that horrible evening when he had marched through the double row of staring cottages. But he was determined:

"Going to be home this evening?"

"By some strange accident—yes."

"By some strange accident, I might drop round."

"Do."

They laughed idiotically, and she turned and glided out.

**S**HE went to the mess-hall and moved about, selecting her dishes. Pretending not to see that Miss Gabus was pretending not to see her, she took her collation to another table and ate with the relish of a sense of secret guilt—the guilt of a young woman secretly betrothed.

Davidge kept away from the office most of the afternoon because Mamise was so intolerably sweet and so tantalizingly unapproachable. He made a pretext of inspecting the works. She had a sugary suspicion of his motive, and munched it with strange comfort.

What might have happened if Davidge had called on her in her then mood and his, could easily be guessed. But there are usually interventions. The chaperon this time was Mr. Larrey, the operative of the Department of Justice. He also had his secret.

He arrived at Davidge's home just as Davidge finished the composition of his third lawn tie and came downstairs to go. When he saw Larrey, he was a trifle curt with his visitor. Thinking him a workman and probably an ambassador from one of the unions on the usual mission of such ambassadors,—more pay, less hours or the discharge of some unorganized laborer,—Davidge said:

"Better come round to the office in the morning."

"I can't come to your office," said Larrey.

"Why not? It's open to everybody."

"Yeh, but I can't afford to be seen goin' there."

"Good Lord, isn't it respectable enough for you?"

"Yeh, but—well, I think it's my duty to tip you off to a little slick work that's goin' on in your establishment."

"Wont it keep till to-morrow evening?"

"Yeh—I guess so. It's only one of your stenographers."

This checked Davidge. By a quaint coincidence, he was about to call on one of his stenographers. Larrey amended his first statement: "Leastways, I'll say she calls herself a stenographer. But that's only her little camouflage. She's not on the level."

Davidge realized that the stenographer he was wooing was not on the level. She was in the clouds. But his curiosity was piqued. He motioned Larrey to a chair and took another.

"Shoot," he said.

"Well, it's this Miss Webling. Know anything about her?"

"Something," said Davidge. He was too much amused to be angry. He thought that Larrey was another of those amateur detectives who flattered Germany by crediting her with an omnipresence in evil. He was a faithful reader of Ellis Parker Butler's famous sleuth, and he grinned at Larrey.

"Well, Mr. Philo Gubb, go on. Your story interests me."

Larrey reddened. He spoke earnestly, explained who he was, showed his credentials, and told what he knew of Miss Webling. He added what he imagined Davidge knew.

Davidge found the whole thing too preposterous to be insolent. His chivalry in Mamise's behalf was not aroused, because he thought that the incident would make a good story to tell her. He drew Larrey out by affecting amazed incredulity.

Larrey explained: "She's an old friend of ours. We got the word from the British to pick the lady up when she first landed in this country. She was too slick for us, I guess, because we never got the goods on her. We gave her up after a couple of weeks. Then her trail crossed Nicky Easton's once more."

"And who is Nicky Easton?"

"He's a German agent she knew in London—great friend of her adopted father's. The British nabbed him once, but he split on the gang, and they let him off. Whilst I was trailin' him, I ran into a feller named Nuddle—he come up to see Easton. I followed him here, and lo and behold, Miss Webling turns up too! And passin' herself off for Nuddle's sister-in-law! Nuddle's a bad actor, but she's worse. And she pretends to be a poor working-girl. Cheese! You should have seen her in New York all dolled up!"

Davidge ignored the opportunity to say that he had had the privilege of seeing Miss Webling all dolled up. He knew why Mamise was living as she did. It was a combination of lark and crusade. He nursed Larrey's story along, and asked with patient amusement:

"What's your theory as to her reason for playing such a game?"

He smiled as he said this, but sobered abruptly when Larrey explained:

"You lost a ship not long ago, didn't you? You got other ships on the ways, aint you? Well, I don't need to tell you it's good business for the Huns to slow up or blow up all the ships they can. Every boat they stop cuts down the supplies of the Allies just so much. This Miss Webling's adopted father was in on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and this girl was too, probably. She carried messages between old Webling and Easton, and walked right into a little trap the British laid for her. She put up a strong fight, and being an American, was let go. But her record got to the country before she did. You ask me what she's up to. Well, what should she be up to but the Kaiser's work? She's no stenographer, and she wouldn't be here playin' tunes on a typewriter unless she had some good business reason. Well, her business is—she's a ship-wrecker."

The charge was ridiculous; yet there were confirmations—seeming confirmations of it. The mere name of Nicky Easton was a thorn in Davidge's soul. He remembered Easton in London at Mamise's elbow, and in Washington pursuing her car and calling her "Mees Vapelink."

Davidge promised Larrey that he would look into the matter, and bade him good night with mingled respect and fear.

When he set out at length to call on Mamise, he was grievously troubled lest he had lost his heart to a clever adventuress. He despised his suspicions, and yet—somebody had destroyed his ship. He remembered how shocked she had been by the news. Yet what else could the worst spy do but pretend to be deeply moved? Davidge had never liked Jake Nuddle, and Mamise's alleged relationship by marriage did not gain plausibility on consideration. The whim to live in a workman's cottage was even less convincing.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII

**M**R. LARREY had spoiled Davidge's blissful evening and his lover's program for the evening. Davidge moved slowly toward Mamise's cottage, not as a suitor but as a student.

Larrey shadowed him from force of habit, and saw him going with reluctant feet, pausing now and then, irresolute. Davidge was thinking hard, calling himself a fool, now for trusting Mamise and now for listening to Larrey. To suspect Mamise was to be a traitor to his love; not to suspect her was to be a traitor to his common sense and to his beloved career.

And the Mamise that awaited the belated Davidge was also in a state of tangled wits. She too had dressed with a finicking care, as Davidge had, neither of them stopping to think how quaint a custom it is for people who know each other well to get themselves up with meticulous skill in the evening like Christmas parcels for each other's examination. Nature dresses the birds in the mating season. Mankind with the aid of the dressmaker and the haberdasher plumes up at will.

But as Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and Davidge his Larrey, so Mamise had her sister Abbie.

Abbie came in unexpectedly and regarded Mamise's costume with no illusions except her own cynical ones:

"What you all diked up about?"

Mamise shrugged her eyebrows, her lips and her shoulders.

Abbie guessed: "That man comin'?"

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She ended with: "If I hadn't been an American, they'd have put me in the Tower. If I hadn't been an American, they'd have shot me. But I've no doubt they've kept me under observation."

Mamise repeated her previous business.

"Kind of low neck, don't you think? And your arms naked."

Mamise drew over her arms a scarf that gave them color rather than concealment. Abbie scorned the subterfuge.

"Do you think it's proper to dress like that for a man to come callin'?"

"I did think so till you spoke," snapped Mamise in all the bitterness of the ancient feud between loveliness unashamed and unlovely shame. Abbie felt unwelcome.

"Well, I just dropped over because Jake's went out to some kind of meetin'."

"With whom? Where?"

"Oh, some of the workmen—a lot of soreheads lookin' for more wages."

Mamise was indignant:

"The soldiers get thirty dollars a month on a twenty-four-hour, seven-day shift. Jake gets more than that a week for loafing round the shop about seven hours a day. How on earth did you ever tie yourself up to such a rotten bounder?"

Abbie longed for a hot retort but was merely peevish:

"Well, I aint seen you marryin' anything better. I guess I'll go on home. I don't seem to be wanted here."

This was one of those exact truths that decent people must immediately deny. Mamise put her arms about Abbie and said:

"Forgive me, dear—I'm a beast. But Jake is such a—" She felt Abbie wriggling ominously and changed to: "He's so unworthy of you. These are such terrible times, and the world is in such horrible need of everybody's help and especially of ships. It breaks my heart to see anybody wasting his time and strength interfering with the builders instead of joining them. It's like

interfering with the soldiers. It's a kind of treason. And besides, he does so little for you and the children."

This last Abbie was willing to admit. She shed a few tears of self-esteem, but she simply could not rise to the heights of suffering for anything as abstract as a cause or a nation or world. She was like so many of the airships the United States was building then: she could not be induced to leave the ground or if she got up, to glide back safely.

She tried now to love her country, but she hardly rose before she fell.

"Oh, I know it's turble what folks are sufferin', but—well, Lord's will be done, I say."

"And I say it's mainly the devil's will that's being done!" said Mamise.

This terrified Abbie. "I wisht you'd be a little careful of your language, Mamise. Swearin' and cigarettes both is pretty much of a load for a lady to git by with."

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Mamise in despair. She was capable of long high flights, but she could not carry such a passenger. Abbie continued:

"And do you think it's right, seein' men here all by yourself?"

"I'm not seeing men—but a man."

"But all by yourself."

"I'm not all by myself when he's here."

"You'll get the neighbors talkin'—you'll see!"

"A lot I care for their talk!"

"Why don't you marry him and settle down respectable and have children and—"

"Why don't you go home and take care of your own?"

"I guess I better." And she departed forthwith.

The two sisters had managed to fray each other's nerves raw. The mere idea that Abbie advocated marriage and maternity thrust Mamise into a cantankerous distaste for her own dream.

Larrey had delayed Mamise long enough for Mamise to be rid of Abbie. The influence of both Larrey and Abbie was manifest in the strained greetings of the caller and the callee. Instead of eagerness to rush into each other's arms that both had felt in the morning, Darius entered Mamise's presence with one thought dominating.

"Is she really a spy? I'm polished. The biplane be on my guard." And Mamise was thinking: "If she should be thinking what above. Abbie thought, how odious!"

Thus once more their marriage upon it. The chaperoned them. Love let it slow not attune them. She sat. When their glances met they parted at once.

She mistook his uncertainty for despondency. She assumed that he was brooding over his lost ship. Out of long silence, she spoke:

"I wonder if the world ever forget and forgive?"

"Forget and forgive whom, for what?"

"Germany for all she's done to this poor world—Belgium the Lusitania, the Clara."

He smiled sadly: Clara was a little slow compared to the Lusitania, but she meant a lot to me.

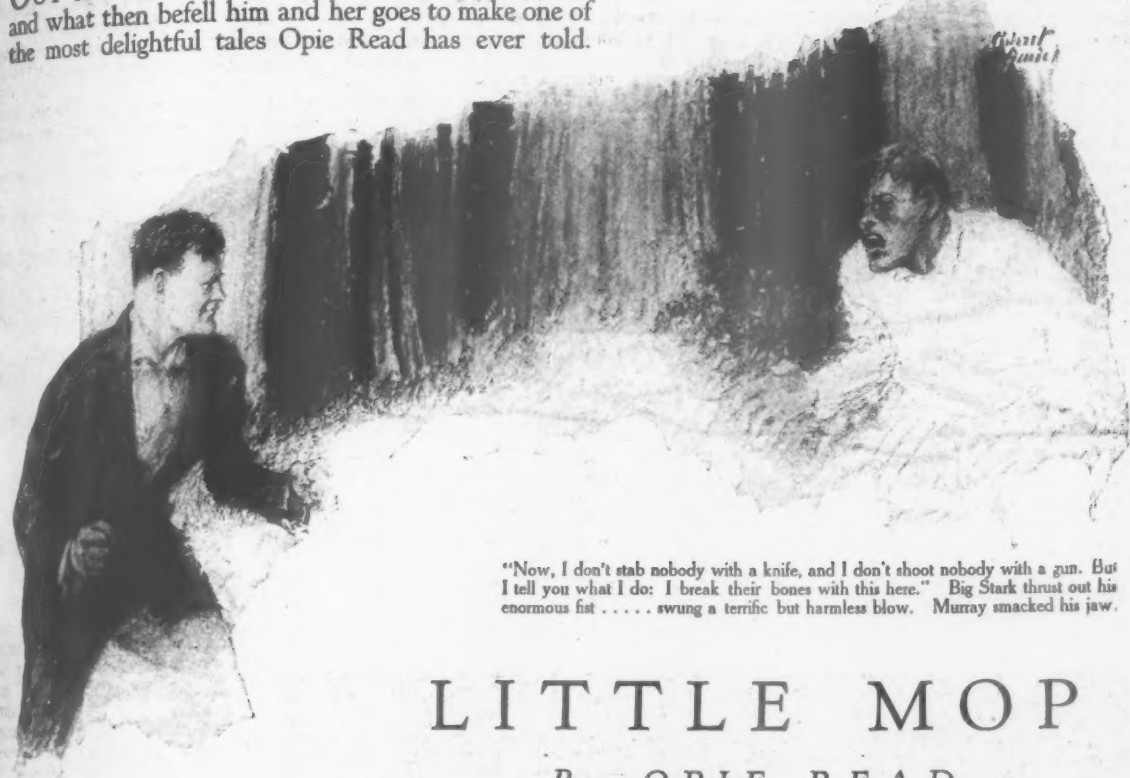
"And to me. So did Lusitania. She nearly me my life."

He was starting a doctor's "You didn't plan to hear?" (Continued on page 59)



"You ask me what she's up to. Well, what should she be up to but the Kaiser's work? Her business is shipwrecking."

OUT of the blue he came into the life of Little Mop and what then befell him and her goes to make one of the most delightful tales Opie Read has ever told.



"Now, I don't stab nobody with a knife, and I don't shoot nobody with a gun. But I tell you what I do: I break their bones with this here." Big Stark thrust out his enormous fist . . . . swung a terrific but harmless blow. Murray smacked his jaw.

# LITTLE MOP

By OPIE READ

Illustrated by ROBERT AMICK

MURRAY was sailing in a biplane low over a narrow lake when there came the double roar of a shotgun. The machine dipped like a wounded bird. Murray fell into the water. The biplane fluttered off among the cypress trees and was demolished.

The water was not very deep. The young man struggled, sank, stood up, steadied himself; but he looked about as if helpless to move. Afraid that he should swoon, he laid hold of a cypress-s snag that would have meant instant death had he fallen upon it. The sun poured hot, and dipping a handful of water, he let it slowly trickle on his head. It was no use to call for help. The place was a desolation, and weak from the loss of blood, he knew that he would not be heard. The water about him was reddening. This inspired him to exertion. Now began his struggle to reach the shore, not far distant. Glancing back, he saw that he was leaving a trail of blood.

"I am literally filled with shot," he mused, his heart surging with anger. "Some infamous wretch has tried to murder me."

It seemed a long time before he reached the soft and weedy bank. He sank down from fatigue, but knowing that to lie there meant death, he got again to his feet and fought his way onward, he knew not whither. Murray was an athletic and handsome fellow, not long out of a solemn prison of learning called a university. He was out for adventure and had found it.

Soon he came upon a pathway, crooked to avail itself of the hollows above the ooze. Coming to a tree, he leaned against it to rest, afraid to trust himself on the ground. A great crane with serious eyes stood peeping at him over the rushes. Now he went forward again, though he felt that his strength was failing him. A narrow skirt of woods, and beyond it he saw a log house on a hill among live-oak trees. He shouted for help. An old man and girl ran out and assisted him into the house. That was the first he knew, till he felt his nostrils tingling with a sharp scent of a doctor's juices.

"He's coming along all right," the doctor was saying. "Now turn over on your back. Easy, that's it. Think I can present

you with enough shot to serve for a duck-hunt. Mop, bring him a glass of water, please."

Murray was thirsty, but when he saw the girl bending over him, he forgot the water. He muttered, and the sudden flush of her face meant that she had caught the words—"I thought I had seen all in the garden, but you are a new tulip." He muttered incoherently and then spoke with emphasis:

"I want you to help find out who tried to murder me."

"Yes, I will. But drink the water, please."

"His fever is rising again," said the doctor.

Murray sank into a sleep fantasied with dreams. But his dreams were not wholly unpleasant. He was walking with Mop, along the edges of the marsh. He called her Little Mop, though she was not so very little; and he was entranced when she turned to smile at him from looking afar off at the mysterious nothing of distance. They came to the place where he had struggled out upon the shore, and now she was not looking afar off, but gazing tenderly into his eyes. When he awoke, the room was dark save for the moonbeams which, raveled out by the branches of a tree, fell in glisterous strings on his bed. He moved but found movement of exquisite pain. His left arm seemed dead and useless. Long he lay wishing for the sun. He could hear the old man, in the adjoining room, snoring like a steamboat coming round the bend.

Ah, what vocal soloist was that breaking suddenly forth? It was a game-cock, heralding the day. The old man arose and proclaimed his activity by knocking down shovel and tongs. Then came a shuffling to announce that the old negress had set about breakfast. Murray sniffed the rosin of the pitch-pine kindling in the stove. A flash, and the blackbirds, high in the timber, chattered welcome to the sun. The light came in with a perfume from the woods. Murray raised himself, looked about and caught a thrilling picture, an old flag on the wall above the mantelpiece.

"Toted by my grandfather with old Andy at New Orleans," a voice said; and in the door stood the tall and angular master of the house.

"A beautiful sight with the sun falling on it," Murray was quick to assure him.



## Opic Read

"If I must be educated, you educate me here. Off in the woods there is the old house where the school was once. Let us have the school there now with you the teacher. But it must not be alone for me. There are the little children and the grown boys and girls that ought to know how to read."

He bent over, kissed her hand, and she straightened in astonishment. And then she laughed. "Of that I saw the picture. It was as they called the prince—"

"But I am not a prince. I am now only a school-teacher. I thank you for pointing out a way in which I may make myself useful."

He was sublimely selfish and did not suspect it.

"I will go to the city at once and get the books. Meantime you have the men put the old house in order. Tell them that I will take care of all expense."

Old Parmenas was greatly taken with the notion. He said that education would better enable the neighborhood to understand the deeper shades of his work. "As I said at the funeral of old Bob Murray," he remarked, "as I said on that occasion, 'If we are not understood, we are crippled.' When are you going to get the necessary books?"

"I shall set out for Savannah to-morrow. I'll hire some fellow to drive me over to the railroad. By the way, I am going to bring you and your daughter each a present, something that shall be of use. Have you any idea as to what you would like?"

"Mr. Murray, I want to tell you something, sir. Ever since the drifts of life made funerals my specialty, I have wanted a long black broadcloth coat, one with the tails hanging down putty well, you understand. Every trade requires its tools, and not having such a garment, I've felt considerably hampered. I've heard a ragged man talking wisdom, but I want to say that wisdom coming out of a trim and long black coat will cut capers over any wisdom that can possibly come out of rags."

"All right! We'll get at your measure, and you shall have the coat. And now what shall I bring you, Little Mop?"

"If I know what I am to get, half of the glad is gone. I want you to bring me something that I don't think you will."

"All right, and you must know that it shall be the prettiest thing I can find."

"Ah, but Mr. Murray, to that much cost you must not go."

"Cost! Caesar's sword, let us not talk about cost! What is it you and your father have not done for me?"

The nearest railway-station was distant at least fifty miles. It was a longer journey than any man in the neighborhood had ever given with a team, but one old fellow who had a pair of strong horses and a buckboard, and who did not expect to live long, engaged to undertake the trip.

There was breakfast by the light of candles in the dawn. Parmenas had experienced

might have been urged, but under those conditions I never argue with a man, white or black."

Mop was wont to gather mischief into her eyes and warm it; often she smiled over her father's grim specialty, but now she sat in poses that invited no mirth. She had been out under the drip of the leaves, and dew-diamonds sparkled in her hair.

The buckboard was ready, the horses neighing at an old nag, which shut up in a stable, was barred from all excursion. Off went the team with a high-fed start, glad to caper and to prance; and Murray, looking back in the broadening light, saw Mop standing on the fence; and warmly his heart whispered that toward him she held forth her hands—though his eyes were dim and could not be trusted.

About an hour afterward the progress of the buckboard was arrested by a loud shout. Looking back, Murray saw old Parmenas tearing toward him on a mule.

"Keep your seat!" Parmenas cried, sawing his mule to a halt. "I just wanted to remind you to have them coat tails extra long. Don't forget, and good-by."

Three days later the buckboard returned and stopped at the Parmenas home. The driver, feeding on the best meal that could be evoked from smokehouse and chicken-roost, had great news to relate. The roads had been found so good that Mr. Murray had decided to come back in—he could not at that moment just recall the name. Parmenas helped him out, having once officiated at the last sad rites of a chauffeur. Mop eagerly inquired as to how long it might be. The driver could not say, but assured her that as Mr. Murray was a very quick man, it should not take long.

But it was long to Mop. Parmenas, returning from work in the field, often found her standing on the fence, looking down the road. One day as he came into the yard, he saw her leap to the ground and run excitedly into the house. Then he heard the panting of an automobile.

Murray came with a great box of schoolbooks, and with the presents for the old man and the girl folded neatly in a suitcase. All the neighbors within hearing gathered about the automobile, but Mop was not there; nor could Murray find her as he looked about. He called her, but she did not answer. Finally she came down the stairs, pretending that she had been asleep. Now that all was quiet, the presents were brought out. The coat was first, to soothe the old man's impatience. Mop sat looking on, her unconscious poses shattered, for her heart was beating fast. Parmenas snatched off his jacket, ready to try on his priestly robe. As its folds were shaken out, his eyes sparkled. And when he tried it on, he strutted in delight, for the tails almost touched his heels.

"I tell you, sir, a man as couldn't preach in this coat must be tongue-tied. Look, Mop—see how she falls."

"Now, Mop," said Murray, "be-



The progress of the buckboard was arrested by a loud shout. Murray saw old Parmenas tearing toward him on a mule. "Keep your seat!" Parmenas cried, sawing his mule to a halt. "I just wanted to remind you to have them coat-tails extra long."

fore getting to your real present, I am going to give you these yards and yards of ribbon for your hair."

"Oh, beautiful!" she cried.

"And now here is the thing that you did not expect."

**H**E unfolded something, and catching the sunlight falling through the window, it seemed to burst into blaze. It was a bronze-colored cloak, trimmed with fur. "Look!"

He held it up, and she seized it in her arms, sat down with it, nursing it as if it were a doll; and over it she bent, kissing it; and her hair bursting loose, almost hid it from view. It did not occur to Murray that in that warm woods she had no need of fur; nor was it her thought, since in not even the mind of the world-wise of her sex does weather prescribe or discourage the wearing of animal nap.

It was a happy evening in the old log house, the darky woman singing in the kitchen, for Murray had brought her a bonnet as red as the head of a woodpecker. The old man brought out a fiddle. He knew that it was a sin to play a fiddle—that is, if a man played upon it with evil in his heart; but he would play a religious tune. He started with one, but his fingers in happy reminiscence turned it into "Old Dan Tucker." He apologized, broke off, and began to eke out the strains of a camp-meeting dirge, but before he knew it, his fingers had rebelled again and were flipping off "Pop Goes the Weasel." In the night Murray heard a noise in the yard; and looking through the window, he saw Parmenas walking about in his long-tailed coat.

The next day was spent with making arrangements for opening the school. Mop caught up book after book, child-charmed with the pictures. The schoolhouse had been put in good order, cleaned and whitewashed. At this academy no tuition-fee was exacted, all books furnished free; and this might have bespoken a large number of pupils, but the enrollment showed only eighteen, among them infants almost small enough for a baby-buggy, together with others big enough to have tied a steer. Among the latter was an enormous fellow named Stark.

It had been contrary to all rule of art and surely to all custom of truth, in this instance, had not Mop progressed with astonishing swiftness. This was expected by Murray, and must have been anticipated by anyone who looks into this bit of humble history. Her mind was not a fitful flame but a constant glow.

One day a mild fellow who had the air of a student in sincerity, spoke to Murray with big Stark as his subject.

"I don't want to cause any trouble, but I believe I know something. . . . You haven't found out yet who shot you?"

"I haven't the least suspicion."

"But you may find out, and maybe when there comes another attempt to get you. As I say, I don't want to cause any trouble, but I want to put you on your guard. For a long time that fellow Stark has been in love with Mop. A year ago he almost went crazy about her and left the neighborhood. He was suspicious of every young man that came near Mop's house. Once he almost beat a young peddler to death because he happened to be good-looking. And some of us know that he slipped back here just about the time you were shot, and then disappeared again. I tell you this, not to raise trouble, but to put you on your guard."

"I've got my eye on him," said Murray. But the months passed and nothing came of it.

**M**URRAY subscribed for two daily newspapers, and often they would come, a bundle at a time, the mail-service being slow and irregular. Often he would sit until late at night, reading to the girl and the old man.

"I can't get it through my mind why there should be a world-war," Parmenas remarked one night, looking up at his grandfather's flag.

"It is because there were not enough funerals—of the right sort," Murray enlightened him.

"Now—now, sir, that's right. It may sound like a joke, but it's a truth. If the opportunity had come to me to preach the funeral of that Kaiser man, the world would be at peace right now. It shows what happens for lack of opportunity."

"I think that my opportunity to do something for the world may come," said Murray. "It hardly seems possible that America can keep out; and if she goes in, I'll fly for her."

Mop leaned forward, looking straight into his eyes. But the look was not one of weakness, of selfish affection. It was a look such as a maiden in Seventy-six might have cast into the very soul of the one she loved the most.

"You will go, Mr. Murray. You are the brave man they cannot keep back. You will make your country feel proud that you

have lived; and if you are killed, she will wrap her banner about you and bury you in the grave of the glorious."

Late the next afternoon, when school had been let out, big Stark spoke to Murray: "I want to see you alone. I've got something to tell you that it aint nobody's business to hear. And if you don't care, I'll walk part way home with you."

"All right—come on."

As they walked along the pathway through the woods, Murray looked about but did not see Mop. Under a tree whose branches hung low like a canopy, big Stark halted and faced about.

"I reckon you think I shot you."

"I have no proof of it."

"But you believe it."

"If I had sufficient cause to believe it, Stark, it wouldn't be well for you."

"That's what you say. But that's nuther here nor thar. The truth is I didn't shoot you, and don't know who did; but I'm here to say that I wish whoever did had killed you. It might have saved me some trouble."

Murray laughed. "Oh, you needn't put yourself to any trouble on my account."

"You don't say? But it happens that I mout. Now, I don't stab nobody with a knife, and I don't shoot nobody with a gun. But I tell you what I do: I break their bones with this here." He thrust out his enormous fist.

"A fair-looking specimen of a pile-driver. What about it?"

"I am goin' to break yo' bones with it unless you do one thing."

"Then you leave it to me. Very kind of you! But will you tell me what the one thing is?"

"Yes, an' tell it to you quick. You must git away from here. I won't give you but one day."

"But why should I leave so soon when I have business here?"

"Aha! And that business here is the trouble, an' makes one day long enough. That business is to make love to Mop."

"Well, but don't you think that a fellow making love to Mop would want more than one day longer? She is not to be won with a keen jump, you know."

"No, and in my case not to be won with years of crawlin' on the ground like a worm. But I had skeered everybody else and here you come. One day, Mr. Murray!"

"If you love her—" And Murray made as if gently to put his hand on Stark's shoulder, but the giant drew back with a growl.

"Very well, then! But I was going to say that if you love her I am sorry for you. I am sorry for any man in misery."

"Oh, an' you aint sorry for yourself. I reckon you think you've got things cut an' dried."

"No. The fact is, I have never spoken a word of love to her."

"But you've looked it at her, curse you!"

"Well, but you can hardly blame me for that, can you? You don't suppose I wanted to put out my eyes."

"No, I'm glad you didn't, for I'm goin' to knock 'em out."

"Why, man, you can't do that. It has been shown a thousand times that such a fellow as you can do nothing with a trained man."

"You've said enough."

And with that, Stark swung a terrific but harmless blow. Murray smacked his jaw, and bellowing, Stark came at him, head down like a bull. Murray leaped aside, and Stark lost his force at the bushes. But out he came with a rush, and swung another blow. Murray boxed his jaw. Then Stark halted.

"If I can't do it with my fist, I can with a stick!" And he began to look about for a club. It was time to cease playing with him; Murray knocked him down and left him lying there.

**L**ITTLE MOP was not at home when Murray reached the house. He walked about calling her, but there came no answer. Surely she would come home soon. But she did not, and as old Parmenas was away, preaching at a funeral, Murray ate supper alone. Perhaps she had gone to a neighbor's house. The nearest neighbor lived a mile away, but Murray trudged on there, and came back disappointed. It was now dark. Rain began to fall. Murray sat by the fireplace alone. Not when feverish and uncertain of life, with the doctor bending over him, had he been so miserable. Suddenly the door flew open, and Mop stood there, her bronze cloak hanging on her arm. Dazed, and with his hand held out, he made as if to get up, uncertain as to whether or not it were a vision.

"No, Mr. Murray, if you come toward me, I shall not be hurt. You must sit for the one minute and listen. No longer can I lie the lie. Mr. Murray, it was I who shot you down into the lake."

"Merciful heavens, Mop, what are you saying!"

"You must sit as I say and listen to (Continued on page 63)

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When they reached the Grand Central, Miss Ransome's arms clasped a long florist's box. Mademoiselle Lola giggled. "Aint that Joseph Urban effect lovely on the ceiling?"

# JOHNNY SAP'S LITTLE SISTER

By WALTER JONES

**M**ADEMOISELLE LOLA INCONNATA, the bright Spanish star of the Castilian room in Foley's, was dancing an Argentine tango. Down the long shining lane between the white tables rose to the resplendent toreador who was her partner and appeared behind the gaudy velvet curtains of the cabaret stage. A wave of noisy applause swept over the diners; but the slender girl with Rolly Sheridan only fingered her menu and gazed with growing lids after the favorite. "So that is the famous Mademoiselle Lola?" she asked him dispassionately. "Yes. What do you think of her?" "I don't just know," replied the girl thoughtfully, her glance following a jaunty cigarette-

vender in a red bolero. "I was wondering—what is the reason for women like that?"

Rolly shrugged his well-groomed shoulders. "You might as well ask me what is the reason for Broadway! Wont you order something more, Miss Ransome, a bisque glacé or something?"

"No, thank you." She waved aside his suggestion. "Tell me about her; her name sounds so mysterious, and I thought Mademoiselle was French—is she really a Spaniard?"

"About as Spanish as her hair-dye," laughed Rolly. "A little matter of nomenclature means nothing in her young life. Probably she was once Lizzie Smith of Hoboken or Missoula."

"How interesting! I don't suppose it's a fair question for another woman to ask a man,"—she flushed a little and lowered her eyes,— "but do you think she's beautiful?"

Illustrated by  
R. M. CROSBY

Rolly suppressed a chuckle at her provincial embarrassment. "Not even her publicity department claims that," he said.

"And she's not at all graceful. But I presume she has—"

"Brass. And a good press-agent," finished Rolly.

"I see," she said quietly, her look again fastening upon the dancer, who had come back to lead a jazz number. Rolly smoked a leisurely cigarette and inwardly anathematized his mother for wishing on him this simple-minded young damsel from the West.

"I've been thinking," resumed Miss Ransome presently. "Mademoiselle Inconnata has traveled a long way from Hoboken or Missoula, hasn't she? She must be a rather interesting person. I should like to meet her."

He smiled good-humoredly at this pleasantry, but sobered at once, when she repeated earnestly: "I mean it, really."

"My dear child, you don't realize what you're asking! Haven't I guilt enough already on my conscience for bringing you to Foley's at all? Why, if you lived in New York, you wouldn't care to come here often, and you could scarcely afford to be seen dining with Mademoiselle Lola. Surely—"

"But I'm not your dear child," she interrupted; "and I don't live in New York. Besides,"—she gestured resolutely toward the noisy gayety of the Castilian room,— "this is the life my brother Ed and the rest of the boys saw when they came down from college."

"But that—that's very different," Rolly stammered. "A man's life—there are certain experiences, you understand. Poor old kid! How's he coming along? I hope the pines'll put him on his feet again soon."

Her face shadowed at his mention of her brother's name; but she was not to be diverted. "See, the revue is almost over! Wont you let me meet her, Mr. Sheridan, please?"

"Why do you want to? You wouldn't have anything to say to each other. Why, you're as far apart as—the Easter lily and the tiger rose!"

"That sounds like a motion-picture caption. And perhaps you don't understand the language of flowers. Wont you, pretty please?"

"Will it spoil your whole evening if I don't?"

"I'm afraid it will, Mr. Sheridan."

"Well, then!" He yielded reluctantly. "But you mustn't hold me responsible if you don't enjoy each other's society."

"Will she be willing to come to our table? You don't know her, of course?"

"That can be easily arranged," he evaded, and scribbling a line or two on his card, he handed it to the head waiter. Five minutes later Mademoiselle Lola was glancing in their direction with unconcealed curiosity. As she advanced along the tables, exchanging rather ostentatious greetings with her friends among the diners, Rolly got up, with a nervous smile. He foresaw that it might be a somewhat difficult meeting. "I'm sure this is very kind of you," he said. "We've been admiring your dancing. That last maxixe was wonderful!"

"Where do you get that stuff?" Mademoiselle Lola looked at him coolly, with a laugh that was a little harsh. "I was rotten enough to-night, without you rubbing it in."

"Wont you sit down? Miss Ransome, here, doesn't think so. She wanted me to ask you over so she could tell you how much pleasure—"

"Yes, really, I enjoyed the revue so much," said the girl. "Please sit down! We're just ordering."

"If you really mean it,"—the danseuse favored her impromptu hosts with a penetrating gleam from kohl-darkened lids,— "I'm much obliged." And hitching up her rhinestone shoulder-straps, she sank languidly into a chair requisitioned from a passing bus-boy. "Honestly," she observed, "I don't quite see where I fit here."

"I'll tell you," Miss Ransome explained with a self-possession that surprised Rolly rather more than it amused him. "I'm just a small-town girl in New York for a few days after nursing a sick brother. It is my first trip East, and I wanted to see Broadway. So they asked Mr. Sheridan, as the only sophisticated friend of the family, to take me to the Waldorf, and the Winter Garden and a cabaret or two. It has been perfectly splendid, and Rolly

has pointed out all the celebrities; and to-night, when we happened in here and I saw your dancing, I thought if I could just meet one of them—"

She broke off with a naive smile that stifled the flippant retort on Mademoiselle Lola's lips. "I'm not much of a celebrity," she said, obviously pleased, "and I'm sure I'm easy enough to meet, but if that's your idea of seeing New York, why, I'm agreeable."

"A sight-seeing tour, personally conducted," laughed Rolly, sliding a menu in gratiatingly toward their guest.

"Not too personally," she flashed back, graciously indulging herself in a salute. "So you like our village, Miss Ransome? she queried presently, toying with the fanned shade that cast a soft orange radiance over the table.

"Why, yes, even more than I imagined—"

"That's awfully nice." Her smile was almost a grimace. "And what did you imagine—"

"Oh, the same as every girl out West that some day she'll shop on Fifth Avenue and ride on a Riverside bus, and do the Metropolitan Museum, and go to the Hippodrome, and take the subway down to Brooklyn Bridge, and— isn't it all just wonderful?"

"Is it?" confessed Mademoiselle Lola. "I don't know. Personally, I haven't attended the Hippodrome, although I'm told it's popular in Harlem; and I've never been below Washington Square in my life."

Miss Ransome looked prettily perplexed. "I forgot," she remembered suddenly. "Arriving so recently from Europe, I presume—"

"You don't need to presume anything," the dancer answered smiling cryptically. "It's a great frame-up for the billboard, and of course I did learn a lot o' my steps in Madrid; but as a matter of fact, East Hohokus aint got but a little on the place was born in."

"East Hohokus?" puzzled Miss Ransome. "I don't seem to recall—"

"That's my own dark secret! But it was one of them regular tank towns in Ohio—two dry-goods stores and a bandstand, Main Street paved to the standpipe, and every Sunday afternoon you go joy-riding out to the Driving Park with Harry, or Charlie, or some of the other boys that hang around the drugstore."

"Why, that sounds almost like Marineville!" exclaimed Miss Ransome.

Rolly leaned forward with a sudden flare of interest. Mademoiselle Inconnata had lapsed into a quite un-Spanish vernacular, and her voice vibrated with an almost savage genuineness that clashed oddly with the gay banter of the Castilian Room. "You must have been a great life!" he encouraged.

"To get away from," snapped the dancer. "Marineville?" he diverted. "Why do they call it that?"

"Probably," suggested Rolly, "because there's nothing more out there except the goldfish-fountain in the public square."

"You needn't make fun of Marineville!" Miss Ransome defended perkily. "We have five churches and the biggest gelatine-factory in the State." She was silent a moment, then went on perplexedly.

"That's funny; you came to New York without ever thinking anything about shopping on Fifth Avenue, or the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Or anything like that," supplemented the celebrity reminiscently. "But I remember it was another notion almost as ridiculous that got me, if you'd like to hear?"

"Yes!" they both assented.

Mademoiselle Lola snapped off the table light and lounged back in her near-Moorish chair, caressing thoughtfully the silken folds of her costume:

"It was one Saturday night a musical comedy played the Opera House, and in the last act the juvenile came out and sang a song 'Meet Me on Broadway,' or something like that. I don't remember the words, but the idea was New York's the only town in the world, and sooner or later all the swell boys and the live ones, no matter where they've been raised up or made their coin, are going to hit Broadway and play around a little and spend it. And the guy in the song is supposed to be a wise John that has met a big doll and is going to date her up."



"Well, the chorus was some hit with the house, and the juvenile wore white spats, and a satin vest with pearl buttons, and when he finished the last encore, I looked over at Charley Scanlon, that had brought me, and all of a sudden the hunch came to me: am I going to stay here all my life and marry a skinny hotel-clerk in a fourteen collar, with his hair already getting thin around the forehead, or am I going on to New York and take a chance on being one o' them Broadway baby dolls?"

"I didn't say a word to anybody, but one day when I'd refused Charley for the twenty-seventh time and got my Christmas bonus from the Bon Ton millinery, I just went down to the county-seat and got on the Seaboard Limited and said good-by forever to the whole works. I landed on Forty-second Street with nineteen dollars and a half and a couple o' millinery addresses, and ever since—I've been makin' tracks." The dancer paused, shrugged her svelte shoulders and smiled cynically, as if to infer that her



"I don't know," replied the girl, her glance following a jaunty cigarette-vender. "I was wondering—what is the reason for women like that?" Rolly shrugged his shoulders. "What is the reason for Broadway?"

circuitous progress from Forty-second Street to Foley's had been scarcely worth the effort. "But all that," she concluded lightly, "is so far back that really I'm not sure if it's history or geography, and anyway, if my press-agent knew that I was giving away the real history of my young life, he'd throw a fit."

"Nineteen dollars and a half! It must have been terribly hard for you at first." The little girl from Marineville looked fixedly at Mademoiselle Lola, with eyes that appraised every sheen of her silken skirt, every wave of her perfectly undulated coiffure. "And did you find it true," she asked quietly, "about the swell boys and the live ones, that they all come to New York?"

"Oh, yes, they come, all right; but the live ones aren't always so swell—present company, of course, excepted!"—with a glance of elephantine humor at Rolly.

"Thanks very much," he replied gallantly. "You ought to order another meringue on that."

"No." She waved the menu patronizingly aside. "I'm sick of the eats in this place. Their chef puts pistachio in everything for luck. Now up at Weiley's—"

"It must be fascinating," Miss Ransome persisted, "to meet so many different kinds of men! Or are they all alike, after you know them?"

"Oh, no," elucidated Mademoiselle Lola. "There's blond birds and brunets, some so new that they don't get their scenery on straight, some that play the game square, and some that don't. And believe me, I'm hep to them all, from the latest old copper king who's left his wife out in Butte, down to the freshest little rah-rah boy that thinks he's going to burn up Broadway with seventy-five dollars and a silver cigarette-case. It's a great life! You better stick around. I guess Mr. Sheridan could get you into 'our set.'"

"Thanks," said the girl a little frigidly, "but I've got to go back home. And I suppose," she went on, as if following aloud some devious train of inward thought, "there are some that don't know how to play the game at all?"

"Yes, but they don't last long."

"That's rather tragic, isn't it? Have you ever wondered where they come from, where they go when they leave Broadway?"

"Why should I?" shrugged Mademoiselle Lola. "I guess nobody does but their undertaker."

"You don't really get acquainted with them then—I mean, to take an interest in their lives?"

"I'll say not! What's the difference whether they're from

Portland or Water-  
loo, if they're kind  
enough to ask you  
to a supper-party?  
And lots of the col-  
lege boys I dance  
with, I can never  
recollect if they're  
Yale or Harvard.  
You don't have to  
get very well ac-  
quainted with the  
Johnny Saps to  
help them spend  
their money—  
though, o' course,  
you got to show an  
agreeable interest  
and string 'em  
along, don't you,  
Mr. Sheridan?"

Rolly laughed, a  
trifle uneasily. He  
suspected Mademoiselle Inconnata was "riding" his unsophisticated young guest.

But Miss Ransome pursued undisturbed the tenor of her bucolic reflections. "I remember a boy like that from out home, one who didn't know how to play the game. He came East to college, and Broadway got him, and—strung him along, as you say." She looked up a moment, encountered the faint challenge of curiosity in the dancer's eyes, and went on evenly: "He lived on my street out there in Marineville, with his mother and sister, and he was

always planning about going East to school and making a career for himself. But his mother was a widow with a small income, not more than a thousand dollars a year for the three of them; so he used to help out Saturdays in the drugstore or a grocery. If you're from one of those—what is it you call them, tank towns?—you'll understand the sort of family I mean."

Mademoiselle Lola nodded, drumming with polite boredom on the cloth.

"Well, one day he passed his entrance examinations, and his mother and sister saw him off on the train, and then went home and dismissed their kitchen maid, and cut down their church subscriptions and began doing their own laundry in the house. But they didn't mind denying themselves, because the first year he got a scholarship, and wrote such splendid letters home, and stood way up in his courses; and when he came back for the summer, he looked handsomer than ever before in his gray flannels, and they were both so proud, and all the girls in town went crazy about him."

"But by the next winter they all found it was going to cost a great deal more than they had expected to get him through; so his mother took some of her securities and placed them where they were—not quite so secure, but would bring in more interest. And the next semester he wrote he was planning to spend Christmas vacation with one of his fraternity brothers in New York, as that would be cheaper than coming West. But it turned out to be more expensive, for his friend's people were 'in society,' and he had to buy dress clothes and give a theater party. He didn't return to Marineville that summer, so he never guessed that his mother and sister were mowing their own lawn and making over their last season's suits."

"Junior and senior years he kept taking week-end trips to New York. He was forming, he said, business and social connections that would prove invaluable to him after graduation. But his family were worried because he was always overchecking his allowance, and somehow he had lost his scholarship, and his marks weren't nearly as good as they had been at first. Finally, when his mother no longer had the courage to look her tradespeople in the face, the sister applied for a place in the town library. Anything, now, they thought, to get their boy through. By fall, he assured them, he'd be settled down and making a handsome income. For his graduation they scraped together a last hundred dollars, which they told him to spend for incidentals, though they rather hoped he would insist that they use it themselves to

come on to attend his commencement."

"But he didn't. He only wrote thanking them and saying the whole commencement thing was a bore and he was anxious to get to New York and establish himself. His home people didn't know much about business, but the title of the company sounded like land-development, and his stationery was magnificent. Yet as the season progressed, he wrote seldom and always about 'summer depression,' and 'disorganized conditions,' and a 'new proposition' he was arranging to take up. At last, for a long time, he didn't write at all; then

"Just a moment, Mademoiselle Inconnata! I've told my fable, but I haven't pointed the moral."

came a telegram that read: 'Breakdown. Ill. Come at once.'

"His sister went on and found him in a hospital, without funds. His college chum was in South America, and in his development proposition there was nothing to develop. His only callers were a chorus girl and a bill-collector. And when he realized that his health was permanently affected, he broke down and let it all out."



—how New York had got him: Broadway and highballs and baby dolls.

"His sister telegraphed home frantically for her mother to realize on some of her securities; and as soon as the money came, she rushed him up into the mountains, while there was still a chance that— Well, the last I heard of him, he was still there, a step or two—ahead of the undertaker."

The girl's voice died away with a throb of tension for the implications of the episode she had related. Rolly sat up in his chair, rather flushed and very rigid. Mademoiselle Lola glanced restively toward the dancers circling the floor. "The poor boob!" was her only comment. "His mother ought to have kept him at home." It was evident she considered she had fulfilled her duties as visiting celebrity. "If you'll excuse me, I think I better be moving along. We're rehearsing a new number to-night, and there's some friends over there signaling me."

She folded up her tiny ebony-sticked fan and would have risen, but Miss Ransome stretched a slender hand across the table and caught her wrist. "Just a moment, please, Mademoiselle Inconnata!" she said in a voice that was suddenly bereft of its well-modulated social tones. "I've told my little fable, but I haven't pointed the moral."

The danseuse caught her wrist haughtily away. "Thanks, but I'm not interested," she flashed. "And if you want to know, I consider it positively immoral, turning a kid loose on Broadway that don't know how to take care of himself. Anyway, I don't understand—"

"Perhaps you will, when I tell you that the boy is my brother,

and when I left him a few days ago in the Catskills, he gave me this note for you." She took out of her pocketbook a small, folded slip of paper and laid it beside the napkin Mademoiselle Lola was indignantly rumpling.

"Hmm—Johnny Sap's little sister—stages an act!" Foley's favorite fixed her eyes an instant on the note, then switched them compellingly to Rolly. "Mr. Sheridan, what kind of a frame-up is this? It looks to me a lot like blackmail. If there's anything here that aint on the level, you know I have only to speak to the head waiter, and—"

"But of course you wont do that!" broke in Rolly. "I'm sure Miss Ransome didn't intend anything personal. She—"

"Why, I'm not even acquainted with her brother's name! I'd like to know what claim—"

"None,"—the girl's arraigning gaze faltered,—"except the claim of a boy who is dying, on somebody—he thought was his friend."

Mademoiselle Inconnata straightened righteously. "I've got a heart," she declared. "I guess nobody can say I ever threw down a friend." She picked up the folded missive dubiously. "I haven't the time now; but to-morrow I'll read it, and if there's any answer, I'll let him know."

All Miss Ransome's bravado had left her. She sank back limply, with her handkerchief camouflaging her tears. "Wont you read it now, please? I'm afraid he thinks you still care for him. And if I could only take him back some message—"

"I guess you got the wrong party." The Castilian beauty's lids still narrowed skeptically, but her tone of invaded privacy softened. "It's been a good many years since I ever (Continued on page 106)

## Under The Roof Where The Laughter Rings

By Edgar A. Guest

Decorated By  
Wm. Schmedtgen

**U**NDER the roof where the laughter rings,

That's where I long to be;

There are all of the glorious things,

Meaning so much to me.

There is where striving and toiling ends;

There is where always the rainbow bends.

Under the roof where the children shout,

There is the perfect rest;

There is the clamor of greed shut out,

Ended the ceaseless quest.

Battles I fight through the heat of to-day

Are only to add to their hours of play.

Under the roof where the eyes are bright,

There I would build my fame;

There my record of life I'd write;

There I would sign my name.

There in laughter and true content

Let me fashion my monument.

Under the roof where the hearts are true,

There is my earthly goal;

There I am pledged till my work is through,

Body and heart and soul.

Think you that God will my choice condemn

If I have never played false to them?

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## Events of the Opening Chapters

CLARE KAVANAGH had come back from her expensive finishing school to live with her doughty old lumberman father in the forests of the Great Toban. Old X. K., as Kavanagh was called, had journeyed to see her graduation, and on the school campus had shocked everyone by a quarrel with Colonel Marthorn, president of the school trustees, and also a rival lumber operator in the Great Toban. ¶ It had been a hard day for Marthorn, for only that morning a report had come that his son, a promising young engineer, had married a young widow of dubious reputation. This report, it may be noted, was only partly true: after the ceremony, young Marthorn discovered that the lady had already a husband living, a wealthy and elderly packer in Omaha; and he had forthwith set out with her for Omaha, to straighten the matter out. ¶ Meanwhile Clare had resumed life in the Toban, and because of her father's failing health interested herself in the details of the business. Donald Kezar, grandson of her father's old book-keeper and treasurer, paid ardent court to her. But Donald was a young man of devious ways: he had wheedled his grandfather into embezzling money from Kavanagh which the young man used in shady business deals; and by means of an Indian marriage-rite he had betrayed Lola Hébert, a beautiful half-breed girl.

"Three to two that old Joel pots him," Kezar had wagered. . . . Then a rifle cracked.  
"Nute first!" whispered a listener. Before the echoes died, two louder reports crashed out.

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copyright, 1918

You are taken out of the commonplace of  
everyday life in this splendid novel

By  
HOLMAN  
DAY

And transported to the great woods where  
existence gallops its course unham-  
pered by convention

# THE RIDER of the KING-LOG

## CHAPTER X

IT was the regular monthly gala-night in old Joel's place at Portage Beaulieu; "Benson Nute was down." That phrase had a significance of its own among the border roisterers who relished the regular baiting of old Joel, the half-breed publican.

Benson Nute always came down from his hermit's cabin on Scraped Mountain when the moon was full—and to the best of his ability, in the way of drinks, he emulated the moon. Then the occasion became a festal one for all save old Joel.

For Nute's rude smelter had flamed against the night heavens and sent up its tower of smoke by day. He had made money from his gleanings on the mountain slopes; at any rate, he had money enough to enable him to keep up a piece of exasperating eccentricity in the case of old Joel.

Once upon a time old Joel and Benson Nute began to play a game, each boasting of prowess. They played for hours, and when men crowded around to look on, applauding, they raised the stakes; they drank much whisky and played without sleep or food until Joel dropped senseless from his chair. When that happened, he had lost to Benson Nute every dollar of his money, his tavern, his goods, his barns—everything.

But Benson Nute, insultingly patronizing, refused to take possession or to turn old Joel out. Nor would he accept compromise or any payments. Each month, on the full of the moon, he came down from Scraped Mountain and paraded his ownership, bawling coarse speeches at the publican, bragging, blustering, threatening, snapping his fingers, red with iron-rust, under old Joel's nose. Kezar and Wallin came late this night, but Nute had not reached the climax of vociferousness.

"Interest! Interest! That's all I want from you!" bawled the creditor, snapping wet fingers across the dripping bar. "Another drink all around, Joel! Who the blazes wants money when he can get whisky? Whisky, that's my interest. A Canuck watered our Indian blood for you, Joel, but you can't water my whisky for me. Here! Hand over the bottle. It's mine. All the place is mine. You are mine!"

Only a few accepted Nute's invitation. Considering the nature of the debt, men in the region felt sympathy for old Joel and had no wish to assist in extortion. Some who drank with the interest-collector slipped money unobtrusively to the half-breed.

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Illustrated by  
HAROLD BRETT

A little before midnight Paul Sabatis, the Indian who loved Lola Hébert, came paddling around the arc of Moosehorn Bend. He scowled and shook his head when he saw the yellow smudge of the oil-lamps in Joel's windows; they stained the white radiance of the high moon. The sight of them touched his thoughts with a smirch of shame, for old Joel was his uncle. However, contriteness mingled with the shame; Joel's money had paid for the young man's education.

When he had swung in to the pull-out place, Paul lifted his canoe from the water and overturned it on the rack. Then he resolutely walked into the big room where Benson Nute swayed on unsteady legs and cursed and taunted. Sabatis' mission was a difficult and delicate one. For Lola, whom he loved, had given her love to young Kezar. That young man, seeking to win Clare Kavanagh, had sought to rid himself of Lola; and when he had come upon Lola talking with Sabatis, he had pretended jealous anger and broken with her. Now Lola had sent Sabatis to explain.

Kezar, his elbows on the bar, his back against it, met the Indian's eyes with a bold and provoking stare.

"You're just in time, Sabatis! Congratulations! Come here! I'll buy the drinks."

The Indian shook his head. "I have a little matter to speak of. Will you please step outside?"

"I can guess what it is," stated Kezar with an impudent grin. "The news of an engagement, eh? You're a lucky chap. Here's my best wishes." He raised his glass and drank.

"You're making a joke of something that's very serious."

"Oh, love is more or less of a joke."

"But I am asking you as politely as I know to come where I can speak in private. I am not come on any affair of mine. I'm sorry you choose to make it seem that way. I do not believe that you misunderstand at all. But I made my promise, and I'm keeping it."

"There's no misunderstanding here. It will be a good match, Sabatis."

"I tell you, you're joking in a very silly manner." The Indian put his face close. "Your love for her and hers for you—it's none of my business. I have come to tell you what you know—she would not look twice my way. I am nothing; she loves you. I beg you'll go to her very soon. Tell her I did my errand."

Kezar was heated with liquor; his judgment was not clear, but he saw here an opportunity to start a story, as woodsmen start a backfire to stop a conflagration. He knew how swiftly the clattering tongues of the border gossips could carry news; he proposed to send something on its way to the ears of Clare Kavanagh.

"Good!" he shouted, and the other voices were stilled. "Sabatis is a happy man. He and Lola Hébert are engaged!"

It came with such a vehement rush of speech that Paul was voiceless for a moment. When he attempted furious denial, nobody heard what he said, for Benson Nute had called for three cheers for "the White Lily."

"Drinks on the house! Drinks on the house!" Nute kept barking. "Set 'em up for your nephew, Joel! She's the White Lily, Sabatis!"

"It isn't true—I tell you it isn't true!" But they paid no attention to the despairing protests. He was still struggling with them and protesting when his uncle forced his way to him.

"It isn't true—it's a lie—make them be quiet and listen to me," urged the young man, clutching his uncle's arm. But old Joel, it was promptly evident, was not interested in his nephew's matrimonial prospects.

"Let that wait, *petit-fils*! Let that wait! It's not'ing. It's only about a demoiselle! But you're here at last when *he's* here! I have try so much to get you to come before when *he'd* be here." He shook his fist in the direction of the creditor. "Now you must help me. I have pay to have you know someth'ing, eh? Hoi, hush, you howling devils—all of it!" He shouted till they were silent. "And you keep your tongue in your face!" he roughly commanded Paul when the boy attempted to take advantage of the silence. "This is my time! I have wait' for it."

THE situation had been effectually taken out of the hands of Sabatis and Kezar.

"You—you—you listen, you *cochon*!" Joel's passion, bursting suddenly after all its long repression, was almost frenetic; it was the fire of the French in him flaming up from his Indian malignity. He cracked his fists under the nose of Nute. "You have abuse' for the last time. It is the end. Here come my nephew. He know! He has been educate'! There is a way to pay. I have saved. I have it. You shall take it. *Petit-fils*, what do I do to pay?"

In the stress of that moment, Sabatis put his own affairs away from himself. "Mr. Nute, I have tried to have my uncle take legal steps before this!"

"Let him try it! I'll have him in jail as a smuggler, gambler—"

"We wont discuss this resort. Uncle, you say you have the money?"

"Here! Here!" Joel pulled from his breast a big wallet. "It's what the apprais' call for! It's fair. It's pay for what you steal! You didn't earn!"

The young man took the wallet and opened it; there were packets of paper money within. "This is all legal tender, Mr. Nute. I call on these men as witnesses! Here is the money Uncle owes you."

"I wont settle in any such way!"

"Some men would not have been as honest as my uncle. They would have repudiated such a debt."

"Repud—repu—gosh, hear the cock-eyed warwhoop spill language!"

Paul's black eyes glittered. Nute had picked a poor time for persistence in his wretched persecution. Sabatis strode to him, pushed him against the bar and jammed the wallet into his hands. "You are paid!" he declared, setting his fingers about Nute's hands and forcing the man to grasp the wallet.

"I have pay!" shouted old Joel. "*Bon Dieu*! You all see I

have pay! It's mine, all my own house, here! Now I make my will! It is all for my *petit-fils*—for my good boy, Paul Sabatis."

WHEN, however, Paul released Nute and stepped back, the enraged man hurled the wallet into the publican's face with such force that the old man staggered. "You and your book-learned pup can't put any such thing over on me!" he shouted.

"You have been pay!" screamed Joel. "Now this is mine! *Oui*! I have the say!" He swore a hideous oath. He ran and flung open the door. Then he rushed to Nute and leaped with the agility of a young man, dealing the *coup-à-pied*, after the *habileté* fashion of combat. The blow felled Nute. Then old Joel leaped on his victim and drove his fists into the soggy face. Sabatis folded his arms and stood over them; his position and his expression suggested that he would resent interference.

Old Joel ceased his fist-flailing, dragged the stunned Nute to the door and threw him out; returning, he picked up the wallet and threw that out. "Now I'm free man! Now I'm boss!" he raved. "This night it is no cost for my friends! Come! Drink! If you're *his* friend, go out and be jolly with him," he advised.

Kezar took advantage of that suggestion, after he had nudged Wallin and others within reach. He started toward the door, heading a little group. In the yard he held out his hand and helped Nute to his feet. "It was quite a wad he handed you. Doesn't he get some change back?" he suggested with malice.

"He kicked me in the head! I'll kill him! Let me at him!"

In the door of his redeemed castle stood old Joel. His nephew was at his side.

"Any white man who stays licked by an Indian will have to do a lot of explaining," said Kezar.

By that remark he touched home in Nute's case. The bullying tyrant's soul had been fed on his border fame in the matter of old Joel. He had been kicked out of the little empire he had created for himself. He started for the door.

"You come here—I kill you," said the half-breed gravely.

"You can't afford to let an Indian bluff you," Kezar advised.

"Haven't you made enough trouble for one night, that you now must set two old men upon each other?" demanded Sabatis indignantly. "You are a coward as well as a liar."

"Oh, you can't drag me into a scrap with you, Sabatis. I'm a white man!"

"So am I!" bawled Nute. "And I'll show you what an Indian needs." He ran to the hitch-rail, pulled loose his horse's halter rope and climbed into his wagon. "I'm coming back night. I'm coming with the goods!"

"I warn you not to come," shouted old Joel.

But Nute lashed his horse and drove away, clattering in the moonlight up the roadway beside Blood Brook.

IF that fool what have gone up to his mountain to fetch trouble have any friend among you, go and stop him!" advised the half-breed with venom. "It is the end for him or for me!"

Sabatis went back to the door. "Put them all out!" he advised. "Send them all away. We will shut up the place, lock the doors and let him rave when he comes. I ask this, Uncle, for your own sake!"

But after all his years of serfdom, old Joel was half innocent in his sense of freedom. "Heh? Sneak and hide? Keep on being afraid of him after I have given the money? No!"

"But he has gone for his gun! There will be trouble."

"It will be trouble he make for himself! There is my gun!" He pointed to the weapon hanging from a deer-horn rack behind the bar. "If I have not bought back my own place, and myself—he pounded fist on his breast—"with my money, what good to live, heh? He would come just the same and rave and make his threat. No, I own myself and my place. I am free man."

He went behind his bar and from a little drawer took paper, pen and ink. He began to write, repeating aloud: "I make will to give all to my nephew, my Paul Sabatis. House, money, land, everything. He takes all when I die. My name—Joel Paul Honoré l'Heureux. There! I have sign!"

"Who will sign as witness? I ask!" He held forth the pen and several volunteered. He folded the paper, sealed it in an envelope and put it back in the drawer with the writing materials. He took down the gun, calmly, without haste; it was a double-barreled shotgun.

"Uncle, I beg you to go away for a little while. Leave me here. I will meet him. I know how to talk to him."



Clare's face was crimson, and her eyes flamed. "I am here—with my own—upon my own!" She swept a wide gesture. "Take notice! I am the Kavanagh!"

"It's my own place," replied the old man, his face hard.

Sabatis understood too well to waste time in further argument. Without retort the young man started for the door, determined to run up the Blood Brook road and halt the old bully.

"I command you! It is not your business!" cried old Joel. He followed after.

Kezar's sense of mischief made his wits keen. He grabbed old Joel's arm. "So the boy wants all the honors, does he? Get on my horse! Get on!" he urged eagerly. "I'll take a chance with the horse so as to make sure of good sport. He's coming in his wagon. You don't want to be on foot." He called for help, and others joined him to lift the old man into his saddle. "Now for it, Joel! Beat out your nephew!" Kezar struck his horse a vicious blow, and the animal galloped off up Blood Brook. "It's too bad we can't see it, but it's worse to spoil a good sporting proposition!"

Sabatis jumped for the fleeing horse when it passed him, but missed. Old Joel went on. The young Indian raced after, making his best speed.

"Three to two—any size of bet—that old Joel pots him," offered Kezar. "I have shot birds over my horse's head—he's steady as a rock!"

"I'm pretty rotten in my own way," stated Wallin; "but I'll be hanged if I'll bet on murder. Kezar, you must be drunker than you look!"

Several of the men started off up the road. Those who remained were silent and listened.

After a time they heard, from the mountain-side, the far-distant rattle of iron against rocks. "He's coming down," gasped Wallin.

THE waiting was long; the tension was extreme. Now the wagon-wheels rattled noisily; now a stretch of dust muffled them. Then a rifle cracked, sending sharp echoes among the hills. "Nute first!" whispered a listener. Before the echoes died away, two fuller and louder reports crashed out. After that—silence.

In a few moments they heard the wagon-wheels again. The vehicle was plainly coming on at a great rate.

"Nute still in the game!" gasped a man.

"On his way down to start a new celebration," suggested Wallin.

Nute's outfit soon appeared in sight, but the horse was running so wildly that they got only indistinct view. The animal slowed its pace as it came near the hitch-rail and then stopped by force of habit, hanging its head in exhaustion.

A dead man was doubled over the seat, his eyes staring at them out of a face hanging upside down. The man was dappled with blood, and the tongue was sticking out as Nute had so often stuck out jeering tongue at old Joel.

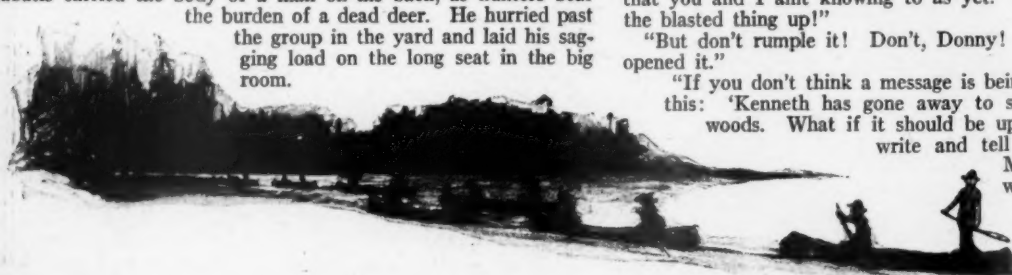
"God's sake! Throw a blanket over that," pleaded Wallin. "Both charges of buck must have got him."

None of them seemed to know just what to do. There was some talk of sending somewhere for a coroner. They canvassed the situation, wondering whether it would be best to run away and deny that they were present at Joel's at the time of the tragedy.

"The line runs across that mountain somewhere up in those woods," said Wallin. "On one side it's a life sentence; on the other side it's the rope. I'm sorry for old Joel. He ought to have been let alone!"

A horse came pacing slowly out of the shadows of the Blood Brook road, and when the animal stopped to nibble at grasses in the clearing, Kezar whistled. The horse hastened to him, trotting; there was no rider.

Then Paul Sabatis came; the men who had gone up the road, urged by their desire to see the duel, straggled behind him. Sabatis carried the body of a man on his back, as hunters bear the burden of a dead deer. He hurried past the group in the yard and laid his sagging load on the long seat in the big room.



"Dead's a dornick!" reported one of the escort party. "The young one wouldn't let us give him a lift. Snarled at us like a bobcat! It was good shooting. They got each other!"

Kezar mounted his horse and went off at a gait which suggested that prudence was operating in his case; it was quite apparent from their demeanor that his associates would no longer buttress him against the young Indian.

"Well, we may as well go in and condole," went on the man who had reported. He spat on the ground. "This infernal thing has given me a thirst. I'll buy the drinks!"

But Sabatis barred the door, spreading his arms. He was panting after his effort, and his teeth showed like those of a ferocious dog.

"You go—all of you!" he said. "Far from here. Never come back. This place is closed. It will never open. You are white dogs!" He glowered at them, taking face after face, seeking reply to the challenge. But nobody took up the gage of battle. He slammed the door, and they heard the heavy bar driven into its slots.

## CHAPTER XI

THE letter was palpably and unmistakably from a feminine source, though the superscription was scrawlingly bold. When Abner Kezar held it against his thin nose, he detected perfume, though the whiff was elusive.

That bit of scent invested the letter with a sort of sanctity; to invade its secrets seemed like rude invasion of a lady's boudoir.

"But it's from a lady, Donny—that's plain to be seen," he said to his nephew.

"Well, it's the only letter she has had from down-country! Girls always write to each other about fellows! I tell you to open it!"

"I'm ashamed—ashamed!"

"We've got to keep our upper lips pretty near petrified in this thing. I'm playing the game—and playing it strong." He did not finish. He plucked the letter from his grandfather's hand, walked into the other room and held it over the steam from the kettle.

He came out to the big desk after a time, the letter in his hand; it was unfolded, and he slapped the back of his hand against it.

Jealous rage twisted his face. "Don't ever try to tell me again what to do or what not to do. This gives me a straight line on her! I knew I'd find something in a girl's letter."

"You listen to this: 'I know you haven't wanted me to say anything to you about Kenneth Marthorn, but I simply must tell you that I have seen him. He has been back in the city.'"

"Kenneth Marthorn!" gasped the old man. "Is it Temiscouche Marthorn's son—the engineer?"

"That's the name here." He read on: "He's mum, absolutely. You know what Bob is to get into things, even when the name in the cover have been clinched. Bob says Kenneth looked like father right in the eye and gave a perfect imitation of an oyster on an ice-cream. Nobody knows a thing. I take it there's been an awful row in the family. As to the girl in the case, everybody is doing a lot of guessing, but nobody seems to know!"

"Then there's nothing for us to worry about if there's a girl in his case, Donny!" interposed the old man wistfully.

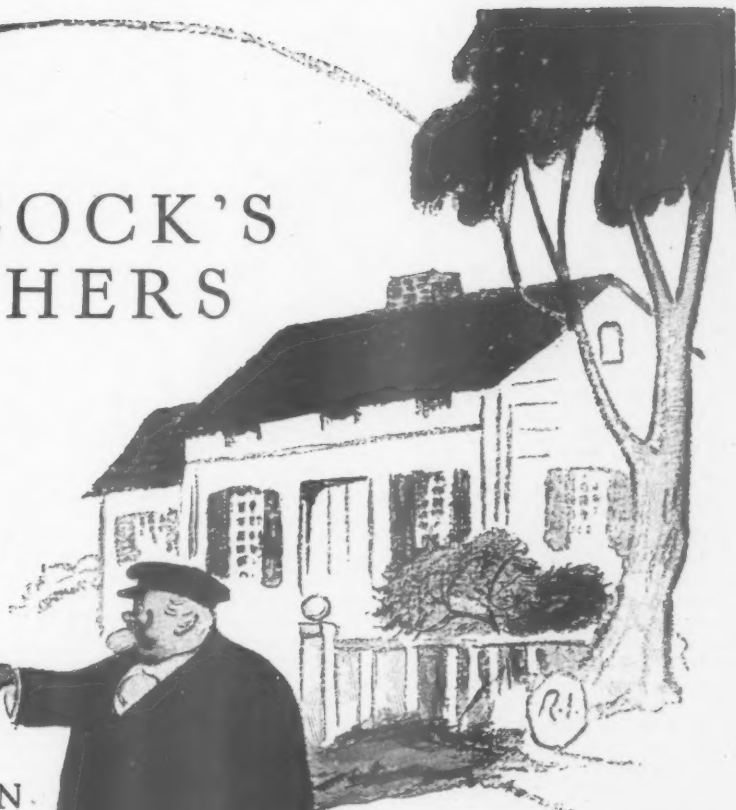
"What's the matter with your infernal old brains? Don't you see that the girl in the case must mean Clare herself? The two of 'em—she and that fellow—are putting something over on old Marthorn, I tell you! Probably on old John, too! What was all that row about that Doc March reported on? It's a safe bet it wasn't merely timber business! There's something here that you and I aint knowing to as yet. I have a mind to toss the blasted thing up!"

"But don't rumple it! Don't, Donny! She mustn't guess we opened it."

"If you don't think a message is being sneaked to her, here's this: 'Kenneth has gone away to some wild place in the woods. What if it should be up where you live! Write and tell me.' So that's what Marthorn and Old X. L. were fighting about."

Why haven't you pumped him?" (Continued on page 73)

# PEACOCK'S FEATHERS



JOSEPH C. LINCOLN  
wrote it

REA IRVIN  
illustrated it

THE depot-wagon moved out of the yard. Captain Elnathan Snow, standing by the side door of the comfortable-looking, old-fashioned story-and-a-half Cape Cod house, watched it go, his hands in his pockets. Upon his stumpy, sunburned face was an expression of deep resignation and solemnity.

The depot-wagon reached the gateway and swung out into the sandy road beyond the picket fence. Then, at its open window, appeared a hand, a feminine hand, bashfully screened from the rude world by a black-lace mitt and fluttering a chaste white handkerchief in its fingers. Captain Elnathan withdrew one red paw from his trousers pocket, and lifting it to the level of his face, flapped it up and down. The handkerchief continued to flutter and the hand to flap until the depot-wagon disappeared.

Then the Captain's expression and manner underwent a remarkable change. The corners of his mouth, which had been drawn down, now turned up. His hitherto imprisoned right hand—it was with his left that he had waved good-by—appeared, clutching a blackened brier pipe. The pipe went into Captain Elnathan's mouth, and the Captain himself strode briskly into the house. There in the spotless, speckless, dustless dining-room, he found Mr. Obed Nickerson, lifelong friend and years-long partner and messmate, seated in the most comfortable rocker, his feet in a rush-seated dining-chair, with his own brier pipe.

Said Elnathan:

"Well, Obed, she's gone."

And said Mr. Nickerson:

"By time, Nate, she has, aint she! I'm just beginnin' to appreciate it. Set down; take a chair—take two chairs. Now, by the by, we'll begin to be comfortable."

Seven years had gone by since Captain Elnathan Snow relinquished command of his coasting schooner, the *Fair Wind*, and Obed Nickerson gave up storekeeping at Orham, and both invested their savings in the cranberry bogs of South Wellmouth. The bogs had yielded well, and the profits had been more than fair. Elnathan and Obed had at first rented and then bought the old house at the mouth of the Creek, and during two of the seven years, they had lived there alone. They had cooked their own meals each day, made their own beds every other day, swept the floors every—well, say, every two weeks, and dusted every—once in a while. Then, at the beginning of the third year, came Miss Naomi Small, Captain Elnathan's half-sister, to act as housekeeper. And thereafter life, for the partners, contained no more haphazard and happy once-in-a-whiles. Miss Naomi's motto was: "Do it now."

She was a good housekeeper—there was no doubt of that: a good housekeeper and a good cook. But when, in the fall of the seventh year, she suddenly announced her intention of going to Rochester, New York, to remain a month on a long-deferred visit to a second cousin, neither her brother nor Mr. Nickerson offered a single objection.

They solemnly promised to wash the dishes after every meal and to air the bedrooms every morning and do a thousand and one things which she considered necessary parts of daily routine in a properly conducted household. And now at last she had really gone, and they were left to look after themselves again.

For four days they were independent and happy. They cooked what they wanted to cook, and smoked when and where they wanted to smoke. They left the window-shades up while they

played checkers in the afternoon sunlight, heedless of the fact that that same sunlight was streaming in on the precious new carpet of the sitting-room. They sat up until after eleven at night fighting out a desperate battle at cribbage. They even, in the first reckless rush of the new freedom, sent to Boston for a case of what Mr. Nickerson called, in a whisper: "lager"—not that their systems craved alcohol or their souls dissipation, but because Naomi was the bluest of blue-ribboners, and an occasional glass of beer, being wicked and forbidden, was a draught from liberty's fount, so to speak. Captain Elnathan summed it all up when he said:

"Taint that we don't appreciate Naomi, Obed. But—but, by godfrees, for a spell it's goin' to seem almighty good to be able to do anything you want to whether you want to or not."

And Mr. Nickerson, blowing a serene puff of smoke under the lampshade on the center-table, said cheerfully: "Not a bit of it, Nate! If it comes handier for me to eat with my knife,—and it most generally does,—I'm going to eat with it. And I'd like to see the human bein' that'll stop me."

As if in answer to this challenge came the letter from H. Wellington Bangs.

Asaph Sparrow's boy brought it down from the post office at Wellmouth Center. The Sparrow boy drove the depot-wagon, and when he happened to think of it, delivered the mail. He stopped the old horse before the Snow-Nickerson gate and yelled: "Hey! Hey! Cap'n Elnathan! Mr. Nickerson! Come on out. Got a letter for you."

Obed, pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, emerged from the house and sauntered down to the gate. Young Sparrow handed him the letter.

"From Naomi, I presume likely," surmised Mr. Nickerson, adjusting his spectacles.

The Sparrow boy shook his head. "No, 'taint," he said decidedly. "I cal'lated fust, myself, that that was who 'twas from, but 'taint. She's gone to Rochester, and this letter's from Omaha. Leastways that's what the postmark says. It's to Cap'n Elnathan. Who do you cal'late's writin' the Cap'n from way out yonder?"

Obed put the letter in his pocket.

"I aint cal'latin' much these days," he observed. "I knew a feller once that sprained his nose tryin' to poke it into other folks' business; ever since then I've been careful."

He strolled up the path, puffing cheerfully. Asaph Sparrow's boy muttered something uncomplimentary, and savagely ordered the horse to "git dap."

The Captain sniffed as he tore the end from the envelope.

"Some kind of a consarned circular, more'n likely," he said. "Somebody wants to sell us a patent contraption for pickin' cranberries with a flyin' machine so as to save crawlin' over the vines. I shouldn't wonder. There's more fool notions driftin'—What? Well, by time!"

Mr. Nickerson, gazing at his friend, began to grow alarmed. Captain Elnathan's face was assuming, as he read, looks of astonishment, dismay, utter consternation. Obed could stand it no longer.

"For mighty sakes, Nate," he demanded, "what's happenin'! What's in that letter?"

And the Captain, dropping the letter in his lap, stared blankly at his companion and said feelingly: "The devil!"

It was all he would say for a few minutes, although his friend pleaded with him to "chase the Old Boy out so somebody else can have a look at him." At length Obed, losing patience, snatched the epistle and read it himself. He found nothing so very alarming in it. It read as follows:

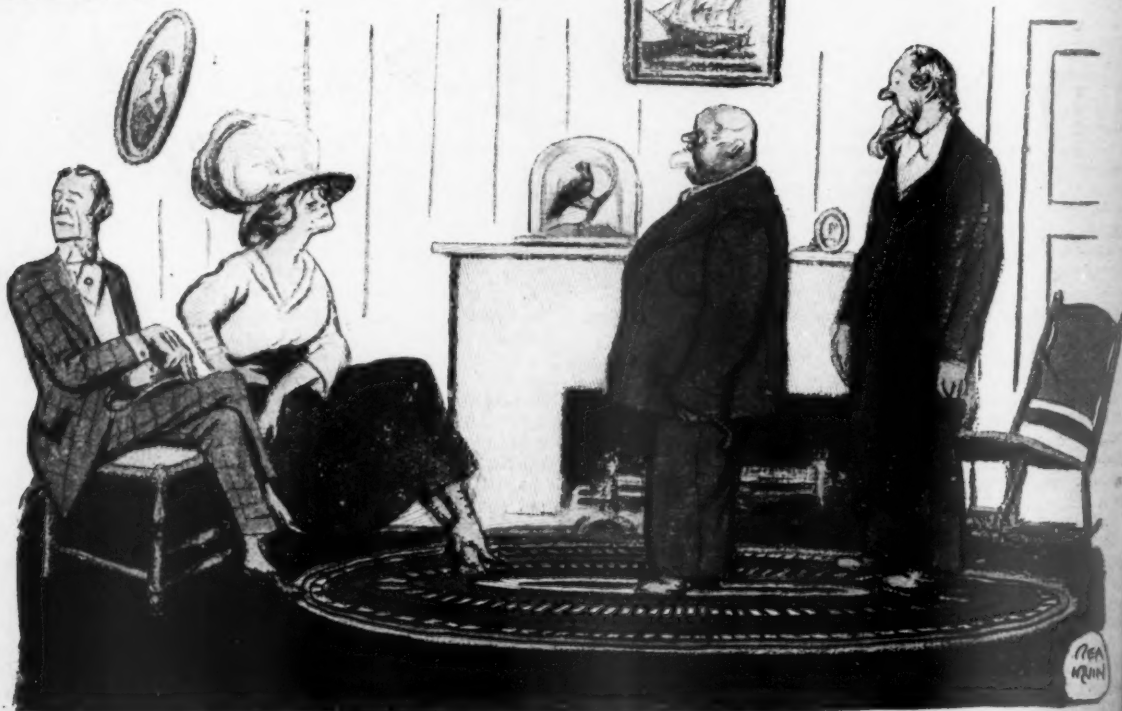
The Ansonia, Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Elnathan:

You haven't heard from me in years—nor I from you, directly. Perhaps you don't even know that we have moved out here. I have heard of you indirectly, however, through Somers, the New York broker who sells your cranberries. He and I have some business dealings, and from what he tells me, I judge you're doing pretty well. So am I—too well, I guess. If I was as well, physically, as my business is, I wouldn't complain. But the doctor and the wife between them say I've got to go somewhere for a change and rest. Well, I'm going—to White Sulphur, and Hot Springs, and a whole lot of fool places like that, to please Mary and the doctor. But before I come home again, I want to go down to the Cape and make you a little visit—not a long one—two or three weeks, say. I haven't forgotten your invitation, you see, and I haven't forgotten the old Cape. I want to see if it looks and seems the same as when you and I were kids. . . .

There was more of this sort of thing. Then a hint concerning the date of arrival, about ten days from the writing of the letter, and an emphatic command to be sure and say no if the proposed visit would not be entirely convenient. The letter concluded:

I shouldn't have thought of inflicting myself on you, if you hadn't made me promise to do so if I



"So you aint comin' to work for us, after all?" inquired Mr. Nickerson. "No, I guess not—that is, I aint comin' alone. Course if you wanted to hire me and Alfred together—"

came to Cape Cod. So it's your fault, you see. With regards from my wife and myself, I am,

Yours very truly,

WELLINGTON BANGS.

"Well," observed Mr. Nickerson as he finished reading, "I snum, I don't see what there is in this to set you hollerin' for the Old Scratch, Nate! This feller, whoever he is, wants to come and see you. Let him come, I should say. Who is he, anyhow? I never heard of—ah, what's his name?—Wellington Bangs, in my life."

Captain Elnathan turned an agonized face toward his friend.

"You've heard of an H. Wellington Bangs, aint you?" he demanded. "Anyhow, you've heard of a Hiram,—that's what the H. stands for,—my third cousin, Hiram Bangs, whose granddad used to live up to the Center, and who used to come visitin' there when you and me was boys. He was—"

But Obed interrupted. A light was beginning to dawn upon him.

"Eh?" he cried in sudden alarm. "Eh? You don't mean that Hiram Bangs you stopped along of when you went out to Chicago that time? Not the beef one? Not the millionaire one?"

Elnathan groaned. "That's the one," he wailed "Oh—oh, by time, if this aint awful!"

And his partner groaned in sympathy. "By god-freys!" he exclaimed. "That' big-bug—comin' here!"

For the tale of Captain Elnathan's visit to the home of H. Wellington Bangs in Chicago was the one great yarn of the Captain's life. It was his one adventure in society. Having made a succession of profitable coasting voyages, Elnathan had been seized with the desire for change and travel—land-travel of course; otherwise there would have been no change. And travel he did, as far as Chicago. There, remembering that a distant relative of his, one Hiram Bangs, resided in that city, he had looked up the name in the directory and had called upon the gentleman at his office. And Hiram, now "H. Wellington," and a wealthy dealer in dressed beef, had insisted upon the Captain's giving up his room at the hotel and coming home with him. This Elnathan did—and he had talked about it ever since.

Obed remembered his partner's description of the Bangs home the huge rooms, the paintings, the rugs, the furniture, the servants—especially the servants.

"I swan to man," Elnathan was wont to declare, "there was a whole ship's crew of 'em, skipper, mates, bo's'n, cook and cabin boy, to say nothin' of fo'mast hands. There was what they called a butler, and a coachman and a critter called a valet, and chambermaids and ladies' maids and the Lord knows what-all. I couldn't go into my own state-room—bedroom, I mean—without findin' that that valet man had overhauled my dunnage and had about everything I owned in the line of underflannels spread out on the bed for me to put on. And there wa'n't such a terrible pile of 'em to spread out, neither. The second day I was there I sneaked out and bought three whole new sets that I didn't need no more'n nothin'. I just *had* to have 'em; I couldn't stand the sight of that valet's face after he'd laid out the same ones three days runnin'."

"And at meals—you wouldn't believe me if I should tell you about them meals. They was a mile long, seemed so, and the feller that done the waitin' on table, done everything but feed us with a spoon."

And so on and so on. And now the fashionable one was coming to South Wellmouth!

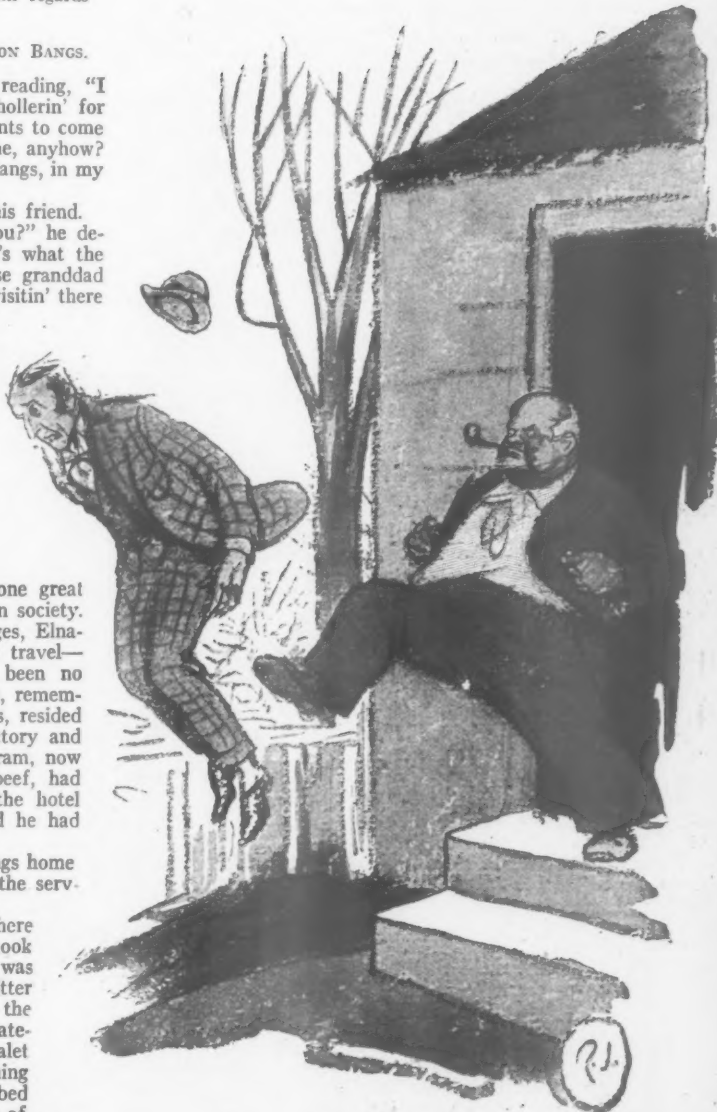
"Well," Nickerson observed, "it is pretty tough, his comin' just now, with Naomi gone. But we can't help it. Anyhow, he wont expect much style from us down here on the Cape. Let him take us as he finds us; that's what I say."

This attempt at consolation was received with another groan.

"It's all right for you to say that," wailed the Captain, "but you aint seen how they live. I have. And to be right down honest with you," he added, "I—I kind of let him think we lived pretty well ourselves. I just *had* to heave out my chest a little mate; I couldn't help it. So he'll expect *some*thin'."

"Couldn't we head him off?" asked Obed. "You might write him you was awful sick—or feeble or somethin'. Sav," with a sudden inspiration, "why not write him you're dead? That would fix him."

"Obed Nickerson, what kind of fool talk's that? I write him I'm dead?"



There was a roar (Elnathan's voice), a sound of scuffling, a shrill squeal (Mr. Hooker's squeal), two bumps, then silence.

"No, no, not you! The idee! I'll write. I'll say you died sudden—of—of—"

"Of joy, I presume likely, after readin' his letter. Don't be so silly, Obed. He's got to come, and we've got to have him. We've got to have somebody to keep house while he's here, that's all. I might telegraph Naomi to come back, I s'pose, but I hate to."

"Don't do it, Nate. Let me think a spell. Maybe I can think of somebody else we can hire. Don't give up the ship; we aint foundered yet."

It was not until a week later that the "somebody" was found. Meanwhile Elnathan had written his Nebraska cousin that anticipation of the proposed visit was filling his—the writer's—bosom with delight, or words to that effect.

"And I wonder I didn't choke over *that* lie," he declared, as he sealed the envelope.

It was Mr. Nickerson who located and secured the new housekeeper. He returned from a trip to the Center wearing an expression which was an odd compound of exultation and doubt.

"Well, Nate," he said as he entered the dining-room, "I cal'late I've done it. She's comin' to-morrow mornin'."

"Who's comin'?" demanded the Captain.

"The new cook—the housekeeper, you know. Her last name's Hooker, and her first is Chris— (Continued on page 154)

37.68

EMILY would do anything for the man she loved, even to marrying beneath her and getting on with only two maids and one car.



# The PERFECT M

By  
ROYAL BROWN

**D**ESPITE her mother's request that high Heaven take note of and corroborate her statement, it is not true that the way Emily Norris acted was absolutely inexplicable. The result flowed from cause; and the cause, primarily at least, was Thelma Price. Thelma was in her seventeenth year,—very much in it,—and so was Emily. In considering Emily, one needed to be a philosopher—preferably one with a sense of humor. And this last Mrs. Norris absolutely lacked.

"Thank Heaven," she said to Emily by way of peroration, "that you are returning to boarding-school and wont be home again until Christmas."

Emily listened in silence. She had a feeling that it would be perfectly hopeless to try and explain that she had acted from the highest motives and with distinguished precedent.

To Thelma Price, however, Emily told all. Thelma was her roommate. She was tall and slender; she had an idea that she looked like Mrs. Vernon Castle, and it had made quite an impression on her.

"It was our second chauffeur," said Emily. "He is a Frenchman, and I thought he ought to fight for France. I told him if he would enlist I would kiss him—just once, of course. That was what you said the Duchess of Worcestershire did."

Thelma, who was sitting on the bed, hunched her knees a little closer to her chin. "I think it was splendid of you," she proclaimed.

"My family didn't," said Emily calmly. "He told Fanchette,—my mother's maid, you know,—and the family simply raved!"

"Families are difficult," murmured Thelma reminiscently. "They certainly are," Emily agreed with vigor. "My mother is not the least bit sympathetic."

"Sometimes," Emily went on. "I wonder if she really is my

future myself. I am a problem. There are times when I wonder if even I understand the awful depths of my nature."

Thelma leaned forward. "Emily," she said solemnly, "it is your fault. It's your coloring."

This took Emily by surprise. "My what?" she demanded.

"Your coloring," repeated Thelma; and she added with due impressiveness: "A combination of red hair, green eyes and black eyelashes causes anxieties. It would be well with such a mixture to establish yourself early in life—good girls don't have the coloring."

Emily gasped, but on the whole she stood the shock nobly. It seemed wonderful that there should be a person in the world who understood her.

"You ought to get married," continued Thelma, "—the sooner the better."

It took Emily a moment to digest that.

"The family would throw a fit," she said, "—especially Mary and Estelle, who think it my duty to remain a child until they are married."

"In the end, it would be better for them," maintained Thelma. "Remember your coloring."

There was little chance that Emily would soon forget it.

"My mother wont hear of my coming out for more than a year," she confessed. "And until one is out, it is difficult to do anything but mere boys."

"It is difficult but not impossible," Thelma asserted. "I'll promise not to tell, I'll reveal my secret to you."

Emily promised, and Thelma bent forward and whispered in her ear.

"Really!" exclaimed Emily, round-eyed with wonder and surprise.

"I have seen him but twice," said Thelma dreamily. "Once from

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BUT alas for Emily's search for the perfect male! When it was over, she vowed to forsake the crool world and live in a monastery!

# THE PERFECT MALE

Illustrated by  
WILL GREFÉ



"It was our second chauffeur," said Emily. "He is a Frenchman. I told him if he would enlist, I would kiss him—just once. . . . The family simply raved!"

or seat, there being a theater-party, and the next time from a fifty-cent seat, having spent my allowance and being obliged to borrow what I could. "I love him with all my heart."

"Do—do you think he will write?" "He is my mate. He will write."

Nor was she mistaken, although the letter was a week in coming. Thelma was thrilled—so thrilled that she produced the letter in the dressing-room, after gymnasium.

"Will you go to him?" asked Miriam Whipple.

"If I can slip in to New York during vacation, I shall send him word," replied Thelma.

"Would it be proper?" questioned Henrietta Sears doubtfully.

"A great love," retorted Thelma, "knows no obstacles."

Emily felt a vicarious exaltation. She could hardly wait until she and Thelma would be alone, that she might share the contents of the letter with her. So far, Thelma had shown nothing but the signature. Indeed, she was endeavoring to signal Thelma at they segregate themselves, when one of the group whispered cryptically:

"Millsy!"

Thelma sought to conceal the letter, but the warning came too late. The intruder, Miss Mills, was the English teacher. Being suspicious both by birth and vocation, she demanded that the letter be shown to her.

"At once!" she added as Thelma did not comply.

Thelma widened her eyes theatrically. "Servants and people of the lower classes always think it their right to read any letters they come across," she observed, and proceeded to tear the letter up.

"Oh!" breathed Emily. She would never be able to read it now.

Miss Mills' lips tightened, and her eyes glinted dangerously through gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Go to the room in the west wing," she said, "and stay there for the present."

This meant, to the initiated, that Thelma was to be disciplined by being confined to what the girls referred to as "solitary." She went, with the air of a princess whom fate has left at the mercy of the rabble.

Emily, watching her chance, reached the room in the west wing just before the bell for dinner. She found Thelma seated beside the window, gazing soulfully out as if the middle distance were disfigured by a soap-factory.

"I felt it my duty to show the world I sympathize with you,"

said Emily breathlessly; "so I slipped in when no one was looking."

"I am oblivious to my sufferings," said Thelma, without turning. "Nobody can keep us apart. I have seen

him but twice, but I know that he is the perfect male."

"How do you know?"

"The perfect male," explained Thelma, "should look like a man and behave like a gentleman."

Emily paid her the tribute of an admiring glance.

"What—what did you write him?" she asked.

"I wrote him that I was one of those who believed that neither customs nor conventions should stand in the way of true love. And I told him that I knew he felt the same way, and that I'd love to meet him and talk to him."

"What did he answer?"

"That," said Thelma solemnly, "will always be a secret between us."

"They'll make you tell."

"Not if they keep me here through all eternity." She cupped her chin in her hand. "I scorn them. They will never be loved by a perfect male. Among them there is not one who looks as a woman should."

"How should a woman look?"

"Straight as a dart (which is a kind of arrow), supple as a snake and proud as a tiger lily."

Emily considered this. "I should think," she said apologetically, "that it would be difficult to be as straight as an arrow and as supple as a snake at the same time."

"Not," Thelma assured her, "if you have that kind of a figure naturally."

The dinner-bell intervened.

"I must go," said Emily hastily. "Good-by."

Thelma did not answer. She was gazing at the soap-factory as if it were a castle in Spain.

Thelma was permitted to return to recitations the following day. She took her place as one who has undergone much for the sake of a loved one. About her was the aura of romance.



"You—you plan to help me?" Witherby asked.

Emily choked. It was not the walnuts but her emotions that should be held responsible.

"You're a little brick!" he said, and then he drew out his watch.

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she knew this and made the most of it. Emily was tempted to wait at times, but the approach of Christmas and her desire for further details of Thelma's grand adventure kept her in subjugation.

"You'll write me about it all," she begged.

"I cannot promise," said Thelma. "I fear we shall be so much wrapped up in each other that we shall be the world forgetting, the world forgot."

Once only did she condescend to an interest in Emily's affairs. Three days before Christmas, Mrs. Norris wrote Emily news of her sister Mary's engagement, Mary being the oldest and concentered the beauty of the family.

"Mother writes I shall meet him during vacation," said Emily. The engagement is not announced yet, but she thought I should know about him. His name is Philip Legardreux, and it is plain that Mother is pleased. She wrote a lot about his family, which prominent in Philadelphia."

"Family does not matter," murmured Thelma. "The question is he the perfect male!"

"I do not know," replied Emily truthfully. "But my mother told her love and ten dollars, which she seldom does, and asked me to please remember that he came from a splendid family and on my best behavior."

"What are you going to do with the ten dollars?" asked Thelma with quickened interest.

"I haven't decided yet."

"I shall miss you dreadfully at Christmas," said Thelma. "But am going to send you my gift. I wish," she added with a sigh, "that I might have had ten dollars to spend for it."

Emily wondered, with vague regret, what she could buy for Thelma—for ten dollars.

"A lady, however poor, should wear fine linen—even if she can have only one dress a year," Thelma went on. "Eldridge is selling the dearest pink satin Teddys for only ten dollars! I saw them when I went in town with Miss Frazer."

Thelma sighed. "I'd have bought it for you if I had only had ten dollars," she added. "Of course, it isn't fine linen—but satin is even better."

Emily at once guessed what she could give Thelma for Christmas. She bought it the following Saturday and gave it to her before they parted, the day before Christmas. In exchange Thelma gave her a small package.

"I was going to send it, but I may as well give it to you now," she said. "It isn't what I wanted to give, you understand. And don't open it until to-morrow."

Emily said she wouldn't, but she did so—absent-mindedly, perhaps—as soon as she was settled on the train. The package contained a red leather diary, which Emily, with feminine intuition, appraised at a dollar. There was a card from Thelma.

"For your innermost thoughts, from Thelma, with love."

As usual, the family was too busy to meet her at the station, though they sent one of the last year's cars. At the house Emily paused only to note that the living and drawing-room had been done over, and then hastened to her room. She thought there might be a new dress as a surprise. There was none, and it made her angry.

The ringing of the front doorbell broke in on her indignation. The bell rang twice before anybody answered. Emily went to see what the trouble was, and she was standing there, peeking over the banisters, when the door opened.

Even at that distance she knew he was the perfect male. He was tall, with stunning blue eyes and yellow hair.

It was not her fault, but fate, that he looked up and saw her. He was having trouble with the footman, who was very stupid and seemed not to be able to understand him. Emily knew she could never have difficulty in understanding him. So she went on. He smiled swiftly.

"Your father wired to have these sent here," he said, holding out a sheaf of papers. "They are important—will you see that he gets them?"

Emily took them. He might have gone then, but he lingered. She was that which made Emily suspect it was love at first sight. "Is—is—" he started, and then stopped.

"He fears we will be interrupted," thought Emily. Aloud she said: "The family has gone to town. I think they are buying Mary's trousseau."

She stared at her. "Mary's trousseau?" he repeated vaguely.

Emily, forgetting that the engagement had not been announced, exclaimed: "She is going to marry Philip Legardreux, of Philadelphia, you know."

At the moment Emily could not understand why it seemed such a shock to him. Afterward it came to her that he had perceived that she was not of his station—he being proud but poor. He took his departure quickly, as if overwhelmed. Not until he was gone did she realize that she did not even know his name.

"I must learn by strategy," she thought, and went upstairs. Shortly afterward she heard her mother's voice calling her from the lower hall. She went dutifully down. Mrs. Norris drew her carefully to her ample bosom and held her there for a second.

"Estelle has gone to a *thé dansant*," she said briskly. And she added: "Aren't you going to kiss Mary and wish her joy?"

EMILY kissed her sister, not warmly,—say what you will, she and her sisters were, as she told Thelma, natural-born *antipathies*,—but not so coldly as to cause her to burst into tears. Which was what Mary did!

"Leave us, Emily," said Mrs. Norris with a sigh, and Emily did so. She reflected but briefly on Mary's troubles, having troubles of her own. Anyway, she wanted to be alone with her thoughts. How was she to learn who the perfect male was?

Strategy, however, was not needed. When her father came home that night (he had been in Washington), he kissed his wife and daughters with perfunctory celerity and then instantly demanded the papers the perfect male had brought.

"I wired the office to send Witherby up with them," he said. "Send Witherby!" exclaimed Mrs. Norris. "How can you be so thoughtless, Charles!"

"What do you mean?" he growled. He was a small, wiry man, with a close-clipped gray mustache and a face that was notable only for a certain rugged strength—and the size of his nose. People usually commented only on the size of his nose, however.

Emily's mother put on the expression that always made Emily furious because she knew perfectly well it meant that she was in the room and nothing must be said which would make anything clear to her.

"We decided," said Mrs. Norris, "that Mr. Witherby wasn't to come to the house any more."

"This was business," said Emily's father shortly. "The papers are confidential, and as Witherby happens to be my private secretary—"

"I think it would be well if you dismissed him," Mrs. Norris broke in, majestically. "He is very presumptuous, to say the least."

"And darned smart besides," muttered Emily's father.

Emily spoke up. "The papers are in my room."

"Well," said her exasperated parent, "for heaven's sake, get them."

WHEN Emily returned, her mother was addressing her father, who looked sulky. "It is most fortunate that Mary wasn't here," she was saying.

"I had a scene with her this afternoon. She—" Becoming conscious of Emily's reappearance, she stopped short. She watched Emily give the papers to her father, and then said: "Go to your room and dress, Emily."

Emily went, but not to dress—at least, not at once. His name was Witherby! And he worked for her father. Of course he was poor—her mother always used that tone in speaking about people who were poor. But it didn't matter to Emily. She would prefer to marry a poor man, whom she could raise to a position of riches and power.

"I would be satisfied with anything," Emily thought. "I could do anything for him I loved. Like," she specified, "Frieda Jackson, who married beneath her and had but two maids and only one car."

She propped up her round chin between her fists and studied her reflection in the glass.

"There will be obstacles in the way," she decided, "but I must circummount them." She twisted her head slightly and studied the line of her neck. "I will write him!"

She took up her portfolio. For a time she nibbled her pen, waiting for inspiration to guide it. At last it came.

"Dear Mr. Weatherby," she wrote. "I am one of those who believe that neither customs nor conventions should stand in the way of true love. I know you feel the same way, and I should love to meet and talk with you."

Here she paused. If an answer came to the house, her mother or Mary or Estelle might see it. They would be sure to ask impertinent questions. Nobody respected her mail. Indeed, she might never receive his reply. She must arrange a meeting, else all was over.

"I shall be at Huyler's to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. If I am late, please wait," she continued. It occurred to her then that the next day was Christmas. So she added: "P. S. I mean the day after Christmas."

To this she signed her name. Then, recalling what she had said about Mary's marrying Philip Legardeux, she wondered if he (being poor but proud), might not think their stations too far apart. So she added:

"P. S. No. 2. Forget about Philip Legardeux. The course of true love never runs smooth, and where love is true, no obstacles can stand in the way. Wealth alone is nothing."

Even Thelma, she thought, could not have put it better. She addressed the envelope to Witherby, care of her father's office.

The intervention of Christmas day into the calendar at that time Emily regarded as unfortunate. Toward the day and the fruit thereof she was pessimistic. She never got what she wanted, and she had a feeling she never would. This proved prophetic.

"If you had to get me a bedroom-set," she demanded passionately of her mother, "why didn't you get something that matched my personality?"

"Emily!" The significance of her mother's tone was as unmistakable as a red lantern, but Emily plunged on recklessly.

"White enamel is simply nursery stuff," she maintained.

"You are an ungrateful child. Go to your room," commanded her mother.

Emily rose. "I am too old to be treated like a child," she said with dignity. "You don't understand me and never will."

"I fear not," said Mrs. Norris with a tightening of her lips.

Emily ignored this. "A combination of red hair, green eyes and black eyelashes causes anxieties," she said ominously. "Good girls don't have that coloring."

Mrs. Norris stared. "Good heavens—" she began.

"And all I've got to say is that the sooner I am married, the better for this family," concluded Emily.

"Right!" said Estelle, who was present. Then as Emily, deciding to pay no attention to her, started to leave the room, she added wickedly: "She walks like a chorus girl."

Emily turned on her. "A woman," she said loftily, "should be as straight as a dart, supple as a snake and proud as a tiger lily. And"—looking pointedly at Estelle—"for those who will have to roll soon, to criticize those that have that kind of a figure naturally, is simply jealousy."

With that she closed the door behind her and went to her room.

"To-morrow, at three, I shall see him," she thought. "I can hardly wait."

Nevertheless it became necessary for Emily to wait even longer. It was almost four o'clock before she could get to Huyler's, because her mother and Mary were late in leaving the house. She had to be sure they were gone before she could dress herself as she wished, because she had selected one of Mary's gowns—also one of Mary's hats.



"I could do anything for him I loved," Emily thought.... "There will be obstacles in the way, but I must circumvent them."

She feared that Mary Witherby might have gone but as she hastened toward the trysting-place she saw him waiting outside.

"I couldn't help it," she said breathlessly. "They would have stopped me if they could."

He drew out his hand and regarded it dubiously. "I'm afraid—" he began.

"Oh, please come inside," she begged, and he related. As she led the way inside she felt the envious glances of the other girls. Most of them were alone, or as Emily noted, escorted only by mere boys.

"I ought to be home," she whispered, meeting him in the way. "I'm afraid—" he began. "I wrote because I believe that true mates should not let the conventions of such things stand in the way," said Emily. "Then, conscious of the event of the waitress, she added: 'Please have a sundae or something.'"

"You have one—I can't," he said desperately. "I came in to wait for you and I had three choices. Finally I went out and waited."

Emily was thrilled by this further proof of devotion. She had heard him tell she'd never know of a man who would

into Huyler's and wait there for a girl. "You—you plan to help me?" Witherby asked. Emily, who had chosen a nut sundae, choked. It was not walnuts, however, but her emotions that should be held responsible. Everything was happening as she had dreamed!

"You're a little brick!" he said, and then he drew out his watch. "Jove—I've simply got to go now."

He rose hurriedly, but he paused to regard Emily doubtfully. She understood perfectly: he wanted to suggest another meeting but was too proud.

"I'll be here to-morrow afternoon, at the same time," she said. He pressed her hand fervently. "I've got no right to say you this way," he said, coloring, "but—well, I'm desperate."

Everybody looked at her as he left. But Emily didn't care. She finished her sundae with his words ringing in her ears, then ordered another. She spooned this slowly. "We are two unfettered hearts flying as one," she mused.

None of the others had returned when she reached home. She passed the door of her mother's boudoir, Fanchette, Mrs. Norris' maid, sprang up hastily and thrust a book under the cushions of the chair. She then pretended to be busy but Emily was not deceived. She marched in and took the book.

"I shall throw this in the fire," she asserted—that being what her mother had said should be done with the trash Fanchette read. Fanchette reddened angrily. "Mademoiselle, I shall tell your dame your mother—"

Emily did not deign to reply. She crossed to her room



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In summary style to you."

# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



slammed the door with finality. Then she sat down and regarded the book.

"I ought to see what Fanchette is contaminating her mind with," she decided. And she turned to the first page—just as her mother did.

The name of the book was "Pride and Position," and it was about a man who was poor but proud and awfully handsome. He (*Harold Handicourt*) loved a beautiful girl in high station, whose name was *Elaine De Willoughby*.

"Harold's dark eyes," Emily read, "smoldered with the fires of a restrained passion as he moodily threw a pebble into the lake at their feet.

"How," he demanded, "could any woman care for a man like me? Especially if she was one much above me in all that the world reckons as position?"

"A heart of gold," said Elaine, her deep blue eyes shining with emotion, "is more than a coronet. I would tell her I loved her. If she is a true woman, that will be enough."

Even after that, Emily discovered, *Harold* remained poor but proud. It wasn't until after he had rescued *Elaine* from death in a conflagration that threatened to lay the castle of her ancestral domains in ashes, that *Harold* pressed *Elaine* to his manly bosom and the words he had sworn never to speak fell in a hot torrent of love from his lips.

*Elaine* thereupon gave a sigh and sank happily to his manly chest—or rather her head did.

Emily also gave a sigh. It was plain that when men were poor but proud, the situation was fraught with difficulties. Nevertheless she was thrilled by the similarity between her and the heroine. She wondered if she hadn't better send the book to Mr. Witherby—anonously, of course.

WHEN they met, the next afternoon, however, she decided he must have read the book.

"I have only a few minutes," he said when they had taken their seats under the inevitable fire of a battery of feminine eyes. "Tell me: have—have you any reason to believe that she loves—What will you have?"

This last was, of course, interpolated for the benefit of the waitress.

"A chocolate sundae," said Emily. And then, as the waiter disappeared, "I know she does," she assured him.

"If you were I, what would you do?" he asked.

Emily averted her burning face. "I would tell her I love her," she murmured. "If she is a true woman, that will be enough."

"But she has everything, and I can offer so little—"

"A heart of gold is more than a coronet. Riches make no difference. Two unfettered hearts will fly together."

He looked at her, momentarily startled. "Beg pardon—" he began, and then added: "Oh, I see." Then he sighed, and Emily's heart, like *Elaine's*, sank within her. He was, she realized, still too proud to speak.

"You put heart in me," he said. "If I could be sure! But I cannot even see her—"

"I will arrange it," said Emily.

He pressed her hand. "You're an angel," he said. Emily's heart fluttered, but he said no more except: "I must go."

In her own room that night Emily decided that whatever was done must be done quickly. There was so little time left that she couldn't see her way clear to arranging a conflagration (she had considered that). Instead, she must try frankness. So she took up her portfolio and wrote him: "She loves you with all her heart. She looks forward only to the day when she can be yours.—P. S. I'll be there again to-morrow."

This, she thought, ought to speed matters a bit.

Nevertheless she was doomed to disappointment. Two days elapsed before she met him. This unkind intervention of fate was not to be foreseen—except perhaps by her mother—who, as Emily meditated bitterly, would overeat and have indigestion. Each afternoon Mrs. Norris requested that Emily read to her, and this Emily was finally forced to do.

Fate, thought Emily, could not be any crueler to her if it were related to her.

On the third day, which was Friday, Mrs. Norris was so far improved that she was able to go out again. Emily immediately telephoned Mr. Witherby.

"At three—the usual place," she said.

"But—" he began.

"At three," she said inexorably. "It's important—you'll have to hurry." She hung up quickly.

He was there. "There's a directors' meeting at three-thirty," he said, "and I've got to be back. And anyway," he added with bitterness, "I read all about it in the papers this morning."

He referred, Emily knew, to Mary's engagement to Philip Legardreux.

"It makes no difference," she maintained.

"It makes all the difference in the world. Don't think me ungrateful," he went on. "I appreciate all you've tried to do. You've been an angel—but fate is too much for us. I must go."

And so they parted. Though he smiled, Emily knew from intuition that his heart was breaking. It was plain that nothing short of a conflagration would ever bring her head against his manly chest.

As she walked blindly along the crowded sidewalk, considering what was to be done, an alert-looking young chap greeted her.

"Hello, Emily!" he said. "What's biting you?"

Emily, glancing up, saw that it was Bob Forsythe. He was a freshman at Harvard. Once she had been interested in him, but now—now she knew that he could never be anything to her. She had suffered—she was suffering. She wished he would go away. What was biting her, indeed!

"Nothing," she answered with frigid dignity.

"Then don't wander around looking like a chicken with the pip," advised Bob cheerfully. "Come and have a nut sundae with me."

Emily choked. "I never," she proclaimed, "want another nut sundae in my life!"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Bob, and eyed her with concern in his eyes. "I say,

Emily, let me in on it. What is the matter?"

In his voice there was a note of sympathy, and Emily clutched at it just as if she were a drowning man and it were a straw.

"Would you do something for me?" she asked.

"Sure!" he said promptly. "Anything you say!"

"Would you set a house afire?"

He laughed. "I'll bite—what's the answer?"

"It's not a joke," she said haughtily.

"Not a joke!" He stared at her. "I say, Emily—"

Emily, however, had perceived that it was a straw that she had clutched at. So she turned her back and walked away.

At lunch next day her mother noticed that she ate little, and spoke to her about it.

"Mary isn't eating anything either. Why don't you speak to her?" demanded Emily.

It made her mad, the way her mother always lighted on her. Moreover, what she said was true, and she could see no reason why Mary should burst into tears and leave the room—or why her mother should look enraged.

"To cry over things is to indulge in a relaxation for the lower classes," commented Emily, unabashed.

Before her mother could summon forces to meet this, Estelle broke in with: "I'd like to know where you get that stuff. I'll bet you copied it out of some book."

"I didn't," said Emily indignantly, and that was the truth. It was one of those awfully clever things that Thelma had said.

"I'll prove it yet," said Estelle grimly.

Emily rose and left the room, ignoring her mother's words about dessert. What cared she for dessert—it was only a custard thing, anyway,—when her heart was breaking? In two days she must return to school. She wished they would leave her alone. Important matters were still pending, and time pressed.

AS it proved, fate was with her—at least, she thought so then. Word came that Miss Mills, the English teacher, had the German measles and the school was under quarantine. To Emily it seemed the veritable hand of destiny.

In this opinion her mother did not concur. Mrs. Norris was to give a masquerade on January third, and she would have preferred Emily to be anywhere rather than at home. Emily, of course, was not to be invited to attend, but as her mother knew, Emily—was Emily!

Emily, however, disdained the affair. Lacking a better confidante, she wrote, in the diary Thelma had given her, her reflections regarding festivities at such a time.

New Year's Day. I shall not be asked to attend the masquerade, but anyway I have no desire to mix in society when he is not there, and my heart is like ice in my chest.

Emily paused and read this through. She felt a thrill of admiration; even Thelma, she was sure, couldn't have expressed herself better.

The next day she made a further entry:



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Philip Legardreux came to-day. Even Mother cannot pretend he is a perfect male. He is small, and so are his eyes, and everything except his nose, which is not. I cannot see how Mary can indoor him, but Mother smiled and showered herself upon him.

She paused, bit her pen and then proceeded:

In all this time I have heard nothing from Mr. Witherby, so I suppose he is as poor and as proud as ever. I am becoming hourly more desperate. In books conflagrations happen as needed, but I'll bet that if there is a conflagration, I will have to manage it, and it prays on my mind.

This brought her squarely to face with her problem once more. She sat, her brows knit. Suddenly inspiration smote her. She thrust her diary aside, took up her portfolio and wrote:

Meet me without fail at the same place to-morrow, at the same hour. If you value the happiness of her who you love, do not fail to be there.

This she addressed and slipped out to mail.

The following day, which was the day of the masquerade,—and a day of vast preparations in the Norris home,—she had no difficulty in getting away.

"You have news?" Mr. Witherby asked almost feverishly.

Emily saw that he was pale, and her heart smote her at the thought of how much he had missed their meetings while she wrestled with the problem.

"Sit down," she said, "and I'll tell you my plans."

And Emily told him about the masquerade.

"Everybody will be masked, and nobody will know who is who," she explained.

"Then how will I know which is you and which is Mary?" he asked.

"Although we are of the same figure, there will be no difficulty," Emily replied with some bitterness—she knew that she would recognize him anywhere, in any costume. "Mary will be a Spanish gypsy, being dark, and I will probably be only a domino."

Evidently he saw that her feelings were hurt. "No matter what you wear, you'll be my guiding angel," he said.

Emily forgave him and asked what he would wear—she might as well be on the safe side, she thought. And he said he'd be a domino too, he guessed, which Emily felt was a sign of devotion.

He looked as if this were almost too good to be true, but he promised he would be there; and all that Emily had to worry about then was the fear that something would go wrong at the last hour. But nothing did except that a Mr. Firth became suddenly ill, and Mrs. Norris had to get somebody in a hurry to fill his place, which she did by sending for Bob Forsythe.

In my heart, I feel a ravaging bitterness that Mr. Witherby should have to steel in like a thief while a child like Bob Forsythe is invited even as a filler-in, which is almost an insult.

Emily's mother had been too preoccupied to pay attention to her, or even to

send her to bed. But Emily, believing discretion the better part of valor, pretended to go of her own accord. She stayed in her room until the music started. Then she stole into Mary's room and found a domino where she knew it would be. She put this on and descended to the ballroom. A tall masculine figure in a domino came up at once.

"Hello, Emily," said the domino. "Does your mother know you're up?"

It was Bob Forsythe.

"I don't believe she does," he said, clutching at her costume as she sought to escape. "Give me the first dance, or I'll tip her off."

Emily would have spurned him then, even if she had not spied another domino entering. This time she knew there could be no doubt. It was Mr. Witherby. She wrenched herself free and went toward him. As he looked around and spied her, she whispered:

"Remember she loves you. If anything happens, save her."

She did not wait for an answer, but slipped into the conservatory. It was there the electric switches were located. She gave a backward glance to see if Mr. Witherby had observed her. He had. She shut her eyes and turned off the switches.

"Fire!" she shrieked. "Fire!"

THAT was Emily's inspiration. She would pretend there was a conflagration. Not knowing the truth, the perfect male would rush to her and save her, and his love would pour in a hot torrent from his lips while her head sank happily to his manly chest.

There was no doubt but what she had started something. The musicians were just swinging into the first strains of a fox-trot, but they stopped abruptly. Emily heard chairs scraped back, and one at least was overturned. People were running about in every direction. Some sillies shrieked. Somebody cried: "Fire!" Through it all Emily stood tense and expectant, waiting for him to come. Finally she opened her eyes. A tall form loomed darkly in the doorway. She held out her arms. The intruder, however, reached around her, and a second later the lights flashed on.

"For heaven's sake, Emily," said Bob Forsythe,—it had to be he, or course, of all people,—"what are you trying to do?"

Emily ignored him. She glanced wildly about. Where was he—the perfect male? She gasped. She could not believe her eyes. Mary's head was on his manly chest, and his arms were about her. For a moment she thought it was a mistake. But she was soon disillusioned. Unconscious of the lights and of the glances of those about them, unconscious of Mrs. Norris' cry of horror, they were looking into each other's eyes as if they were alone somewhere on some desert island.

Emily stayed to see no more. She fled through the conservatory and up the back stairs.

In her diary on January fourth, she wrote:

How was I to know that Mr. Witherby was not a perfect male, but a hypocrite? The family is to blame. If they hadn't been so closemouthed I would have known that Mary had had

an affair with Mr. Witherby even while Philip Legardreux was pressing his suit, and that it was all Mother could do to break it off. The affair with Mr. Witherby, I mean, not Philip Legardreux's suit, which Mother says she hoped and prayed for.

Mother blames me for everything. I suppose she thinks I took the ring from Mary's finger and put it on the bureau and then packed Mary's bag, so that she could elope with Mr. Witherby, which was what she did this morning.

Mother says she will be glad when I go back to school, so that the family can have a little peace. But I am not going back to school. I have other plans. The family can howl, but I will be adamant.

"You have ruined my life and broken my heart," Mrs. Norris told Emily. "How can I ever face the shame and scandal of it?"

"Rebel, if you can improve matters—but otherwise accept them with calmness," said Emily bitterly—nobody thought anything about her heart.

Estelle sprang up. "Now I've got you," she said to Emily. "I know where you got that one from."

Emily disdained her. But later Estelle appeared in Emily's room and held out a little book bound in white and green.

"Did you ever see that before?" she demanded.

Emily glanced at the title with defiant eyes. "No," she said. "Go away from me."

Instead Estelle opened the book. "There are disadvantages in being well born; one cannot lie like a servant," she read, and then she added: "Evidently you are not well born. You can."

This was something Emily had said only the day before. She did not know it was from a book. She had thought it original with Thelma. She snatched the book from Estelle's hands. The first thing her eye fell on was:

"To describe a perfect male, he should look like a man and behave like a gentleman."

"Do you admit now that you are a plagiarist?" persisted Estelle.

Emily didn't. "I'm not," she said. Later she put it in writing—in her diary.

I do not know what a plagiarist is, because it is not in the dictionary. But I would rather be that than be like Thelma Price, who is the kind of a person who would pretend something somebody else said was original. I hate and despise such people. I hate and despise everybody, especially Bob Forsythe, who just called up to tell me that he wouldn't squeal on me about the switches, which the family still thinks was an accident, and about which Father has written a strong letter to the company.

I hung up the receiver with dignity. I do not care whether he squeals or not. It makes no difference. I have decided to renounce the world. I have made up my mind, and I shall pursue it no matter what obstacles are put in my way. I am determined to go where I shall never set eyes on a man again.

Emily paused and drew a deep breath. Then she set her lips and wrote, very firmly:

No matter what the family says, I shall enter a monastery.

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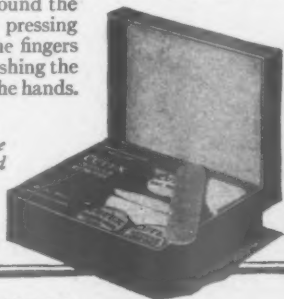
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## THE LITTLE MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 40)

and dropping on one knee, he lifted her hand to his lips. She laughed delightedly. Then she stepped down. "Come! I shall see the rest. You shall show me." And she insisted upon being shown over the apartment, making little sounds of approval or disapproval as she went, and finally they reached the kitchen, where Arlette was busy over the stove.

"Bon soir, madame," said Andrée.

"Bon soir, mademoiselle," Arlette replied, and swiftly scrutinized this young woman whom her master was bringing into his home. It was a frank appraisal, for Arlette felt a sort of responsibility for these strange, rather boisterous, difficult-to-understand but kindly young savages of whom she had taken charge. Then she smiled and released a flood of French upon Andrée, who smiled and chattered back at her. Kendall caught only a word here and there, so rapidly did they speak, but it was evident to him that they approved of each other, and there was something very pleasing to him in that. He felt that Arlette would not have approved of everybody.

Presently they returned to the *salon*, and Andrée said seriously: "She is well. I am satisfied. She is of a trustworthiness. Yes."

"I don't know what I'd do if she hadn't suited you," said Kendall with a chuckle.

"Oh, I do not understand. I do not understand. And why does your left eye laugh when your right does not? It ees ver' *fonny*." She pointed. "Oh, see! It is laugh—it is laugh."

He wrinkled his nose at her, so bold and familiar had he become, and she pretended anger.

"You make *grimace* at me. It is not good. Why do you make *grimace*?"

Then her mood changed. "Thees American girl—she is your friend?"

"An acquaintance."

"You love her. I know it. You love her."

"Nonsense."

"You see her often—and you love her."

"I didn't know she was in Paris until last night, and I certainly don't love her." She had withdrawn into herself and become a stranger to him. It startled him, frightened him, not so much because she had withdrawn herself from him, for he guessed that it was mostly pretense, but because he had a glimpse of what it would mean to him if she should withdraw herself utterly. "I don't love anybody but you," he said, and he said it without wishing or intending to say it.

"No," she said decidedly, "it is not possible. You mock me."

BEFORE he could enter upon protestations, Bert opened the outer door and handed a young woman into the apartment. Kendall could see that she was tall and rather slight, but that was all. He was anxious for her to appear, first out of curiosity, but principally to be reassured as to Andrée's reception of the stranger.

In a moment Bert appeared in

the doorway with the girl at his side, both laughing as at some joke which had just been uttered.

"Hello, children," Bert said a trifle noisily. "Mademoiselle Andrée, is it not?" He advanced and took the hand which she held out to him primly, while she studied his face with a calm, inscrutable expression. "Mademoiselle Andrée, Monsieur Ken, this is Mademoiselle Madeleine."

Both shook hands with the laughing girl, Andrée still with that restraint which was always hers at a first meeting, Kendall with relief, for he liked Madeleine's looks. She was taller than Andrée by inches, and not at all beautiful as Andrée was beautiful. The keynote of her temperament seemed to be joyousness, a lightness of heart, good nature. Her mouth was rather broad, but not displeasingly so, for it was always showing her white teeth through a smile that seemed to be the beginning of a laugh. She was always laughing, always moving her body or her hands as if the young life that was in her could not be still. And yet there was a shrewd look about her eyes which advertised that here was no empty head, but a capable young person indeed. She was a distinct blonde, with hair which seemed always just on the point of being disordered, yet which never seemed to lose control of itself and become disordered. Later Kendall wondered if Madeleine and her hair were not very much alike in character.

"All right, eh?" said Bert proudly, patting Madeleine's shoulder. She threw him a laughing, affectionate glance, and in another instant she and Andrée were chattering to each other with a rapidity which was not only astonishing, but utterly unintelligible to the boys. If Andrée spoke with bewildering rapidity, what could one say of Madeleine! Kendall laughed.

"Mademoiselle Mitrailleuse," he said, and it was a name that clung, for it was so apt. She was a veritable machine-gun, shooting out words with a rapidity almost incredible.

Arlette appeared at the door of the dining-room and announced that dinner was served. The quartet of young people took their places at table, and Kendall began serving a wonderful pea soup from a bowl, while Arlette stood in the doorway with hands folded across her stomach watching anxiously and shooting quick glances at Madeleine.

"It is soup," she said suddenly, and then darted out of sight with startling abruptness.

The soup was followed by meat, which Arlette placed on the table with something like a flourish, then stepped back and addressed Andrée.

"Veal," she said. "Oh, mademoiselle, the meats are too dear. It is, not my fault. Perhaps this will be tough, who knows!" She paused, anxiously to look first at Bert and then at Ken, who was carving.

KEN reassured her, "It's all right," but she was not satisfied, keeping as close to the table as she could press, and watching with an expression of the most comical anxiety while Ken cut off a morsel and put it in his mouth. She then, apparently, calculated the difficulty he encountered in mastication, her jaws working a trifle as if to aid in the process, and presently uttered a deep sigh of relief. According to her judgment, Ken had not chewed too laboriously, and the meat was satisfactory. Only then did she retreat to the kitchen.

"She is very droll," said Madeleine, restraining her laughter with difficulty.

"She is very well," said Andrée, nodding her head prettily, "but also she is droll."

"Monsieur Bert also is droll," said Madeleine, reaching out to bestow a little pat upon Bert's hand.

"All Americans are droll," said Andrée solemnly.

"*Tous les Américains sont fous*," said Ken, quoting a saying of Paris, which adored Americans at the moment and delighted in their peculiarities and their absurdities, and laughed at them as one laughs at the antics of children, deciding, as its dictum had it, that all the Americans were mad.

The *viande* was served alone, as is the French custom, without a vegetable, but with a delicious sauce which the girls, disdainful of butter, sopped from their plates with their bread—not at all a manifestation of ill breeding, but the proper and natural and habitual method of eating.

Ken turned to Andrée. "I met your actor for you last night," he said.

"You have known an actor? What actor?"

"Monsieur Robert, of the *Comédie Française*. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him. He is a very good actor—and very handsome, *n'est-ce pas*? Have you spoken of me to Monsieur Robert?"

"No, my dear. Give a fellow time."

"But you must, you must. It is ver' *nécessaire*, oh, you do not know how ver' *nécessaire*! It is my need to enter into the *Académie*, and he must help me. You will know him better." It was a command. "You will then make me to know Monsieur Robert, *n'est-ce pas*?"

"I should say not. He's too handsome. I'm not going to take

## "A SIMPLE MORAL ISSUE"

THE town said young Hopkins' conduct was immoral; Professor Hardy said it was bad economics. And Mrs. Hopkins—but you will want to read for yourself what she said. It is all in that charming story, "A Simple Moral Issue," by Walter Prichard Eaton, in the next, the April, issue of The Red Book Magazine.



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Complexion troubles very often can be traced to insufficient and improper care of the skin. The tiny pores, if neglected, become clogged with impurities that eventually produce facial blemishes that are most embarrassing.

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# Resinol Soap

any such chance as that—I should say I would not."

"Pourquoi?"

"Because I should be jealous," he said.

"Non, non, non! You do not care. You only say."

"How am I going to convince you?"

"I do not know. It is not possible. I will not believe."

ARLETTE appeared with the vegetable, which she named and waited to see approved, and afterward with the salad, and a like procedure. When the fruit appeared, she made no observation, but asked calmly, as if it were the most natural question in the world: "*Petit déjeuner* for four?"

Breakfast for four! It was dropping a thunderbolt on Kendall's plate. He was shocked; he was frightened; and he shot a quick glance at Andrée and Madeleine. Andrée was sipping her wine and appeared not to have heard; if she had heard, she was not disturbed or shocked or angered. Madeleine was laughing.

"*Arlette est très méchante*—Arlette is very naughty," she said.

Bert shouted with laughter as at some superlative witticism, and both the girls looked at him rather surprised. Then Madeleine laughed a bit, as one laughs who does not quite see the point. Kendall watched Andrée in consternation. What would she do? What would she say? What would she think? She did nothing, said nothing, apparently thought nothing, but pared a banana with quaint intensity as if a banana were a strange and interesting fruit. Why, the question had not touched her at all! It might as well not have been asked. Or, in this strange country, was it possible that the *cuisinière* always expected her master's feminine guests to remain for breakfast as well as dinner? He wondered.

"Will they take Paris—the boches?" Andrée asked suddenly.

The Germans had broken across the Chemin des Dames and were rushing headlong toward the Marne. News was filtering through only in dribbles. Paris was uneasy. One saw nondescript vehicles, piled with trunks and hampers, making haste for the railroad stations as frightened inhabitants betook themselves to the country. Nobody knew what would happen, but for months the fortune had been bad—and Paris was asking if it had reached its worst.

"Of course not," said Bert dogmatically.

"But they are very strong."

"There are the Americans," said Madeleine.

"To be sure—the Americans. But they are in Lorraine."

"You will see," said Madeleine, for she had more than her share of Paris' enthusiasm for its newest ally.

"Don't you worry. The boches are going to get themselves thrashed. Paris!"

Bert shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. "You really think they can be beaten?"

"Just wait."

"And the war will end? When?"

"In a year." Bert was very confident.

"Oh, a year—so long! Monsieur Bert, it is terrible, this war. One hardly remembers when it was not. We are so tired of it. The women are so tired of it. It makes me sad—sad. Everybody

suffers." Andrée's eyes grew bigger and blacker, and her wistful mouth became more wistful.

"It is true," said Madeleine. "I have an aunt who lives in the country—in a little village. Before the war, there were thirty families and fifty men. I was there two years ago. The men were all at the front—all. But the fields were planted and the harvests reaped. It was the women. They labored for the men. I was there again—it was a month ago. The fields were not planted. Matters were bad. It was not beautiful, and all was neglected. The women no longer worked. And why? Ah, it was because there was no longer a reason for them to work. There were no men to come home to those fields. Of the fifty who went to the war, fifty were dead. Forever it will be a village without men!"

THERE was a silence. Everyone was feeling the weight of the calamities of war. Then Madeleine laughed, but it was a laugh without her customary gay and careless ring. "This is the last generation of the French," she said, half mockingly. "Our men are gone. You shall see. The next generation will be what? Look you. It will be English, Belgian, Italian, American, Moroccan, Chinese!"

Kendall was disturbed. It was within his power to be sympathetic, to feel deeply, to know pain because another was suffering pain. He wished this subject had not arisen, and he wanted to have it changed. For the plight of the women—especially the young women, the marriageable girls of France, was making itself apparent to him. Millions of them, and no men to marry them! It was appalling. It was appalling that they should realize it, and the consequences of their realization were appalling. Life was denied them; the fullness and beauty and the joys and sufferings of womanhood were denied them. He wondered, with his Midwestern conscience, if one could really blame them for snatching what little minutes of living came in their way. He wondered if the conventional—in these terrible circumstances—could be the right. Would the morals of Plymouth Rock answer in this emergency? It was deep speculation for one of his equipment, and dangerous speculation for a young man set down as he was set down among manners strange and customs so divergent—and in such an emergency.

He moved back his chair. "Let's go in the other room," he said, "and—suppose we talk about something besides the war."

"It makes you sad?" Andrée said, and looked at him with a strange expression of sympathy, of understanding—of—of something that made her seem nearer to him, less mysterious, more human than she had ever seemed before. "Come. We shall talk awhile, and then I must go to my house, because it is ver' nécessaire for me to lift up at an early hour."

Kendall laughed. "*Lift up?*" The literal translation uttered so soberly was exquisitely funny, made more so by Andrée's solemn little face.

"It is *fonnee*? For example! And what should one say?"

"Get up," said Ken.

"It is not well. I shall say *lift up*."

"You may say whatever you want to—*mignon*," he said with a sudden access of tenderness.

"*Mignon!*" She looked up at him and smiled timidly. "It is ver' pretty—for you to call me so. It is ver' well."

MADELEINE was singing now. She always sang, Kendall discovered, mostly popular *chansons*. And Andrée joined. It was that song dear to the *poilu*, "*Madelon*," with its catchy air, its characteristic Frenchness. Madeleine sang gayly, carelessly, Andrée seriously and without a smile. Then the girls chattered with each other, becoming acquainted, while the young men smoked and tried to edge into the conversation, or to catch a stray word here and there. At last Andrée rose.

"You must take me to my house," she said.

"So early?"

"It is ver' nécessaire."

"Coming?" Ken said to Bert, who cast a sidewise glance at Madeleine and said: "No. We don't go your way, anyhow. See you later."

So Kendall and Andrée said good night and went down the stairs, counting the flights gayly, he offering to become an elevator to carry her down if she became tired, and she demanding that he do so at once, without delay. "Your friend, he is a high yong man," she said suddenly.

And that became a joke between them. Ever after that they referred to Bert, not by name, but as the "high yong man." When people begin to have jokes between just themselves, they are getting on very well indeed.

Once more he took her to the Place St. Michel and a little way up the Boulevard. There she dismissed him, but they lingered with their good nights. She seemed very gentle, very desirable, very sweet. He was not afraid of her as he had been before. Some sort of message had traveled between them. Kendall took the hand she extended; then he drew her to him and kissed her. She submitted, but did not return his kiss.

"When?" he asked.

"The day following to-morrow. Place de la Concorde—Metro—*sept heures*." It was becoming a part of their ritual. And then she disappeared into the darkness, whither he did not know—back into that mystery which was her life, from which she emerged from time to time as mysteriously as she disappeared. He was impressed by this mystery to-night. He did not know her name—only Andrée. She was a sort of apparition that manifested itself daintily, primly, conducted itself bewitchingly, and withdrew itself into the unknown.

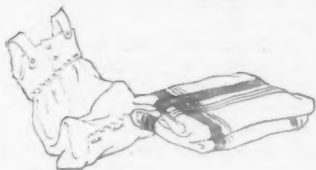
He took the Metro back to the Étoile and walked home. The light was burning in the hall. When he hung his hat on the hall-tree, he found it still encumbered by Madeleine's hat and jacket.

## CHAPTER VII

KENDALL dressed and went in to breakfast, feeling no slight awkwardness. He was apprehensive, too, apprehensive of the *concierge*. The affair had upset him in a complex way. It had startled him; yet it had not



## His fragile dresses—his delicate woolens. How to keep them sweet and fresh



### How to wash his woolens

**T**O wash his flannels, blankets and afghans like new, use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a bowlful of water. Dissolve in boiling or very hot water, whisk into a thick lather and add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Put the woolens in, work them up and down, and squeeze the suds through the garments. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in water the same temperature as the water in which you washed the garments. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing water, but do not beat into a lather. This leaves the woolens softer and fluffier. Squeeze the water out. *Do not twist.* Dry in a moderate temperature. Press with a warm iron.



### To launder his fine dresses

**F**OR his fine white garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of Lux in a gallon of boiling or very hot water, and whisk into a thick lather. Put the clothes in and squeeze the suds through them thoroughly—*do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, hot water, and dry in the sun. Dampen, then press with a hot iron.

### His delicately-tinted silks

For his tiny silk things, make the Lux lather with boiling or very hot water and add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron.

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# LUX



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shocked him, especially, and he was inclined to take himself to task for not being shocked. He was disappointed, and yet he was not disappointed in Madeleine. Anyhow, he was reluctant to meet her, for fear that the meeting would set him against her irrevocably and so cause trouble between himself and Bert. And yet he was enjoying the experience as an experience, though he did not quite appreciate that he was enjoying it. Half a dozen times he said to himself, as if carrying on a subconscious argument: "But she's a nice girl. Darn it all, she's a nice girl." He was afraid a meeting with her would dispel this impression of her "niceness."

Bert and Madeleine were already at table waiting for him. Bert said good morning nonchalantly, and Madeleine smiled brightly and wished him "Bon-jour" without the least hint of embarrassment or self-consciousness. He was conscious of a feeling of relief. "By Jove, she is a nice girl," he said to himself, and took the hand which she offered.

Then Arlette came in with the pitcher of chocolate; Kendall scrutinized her, and then shook his head, rather bewildered. Arlette might have been serving breakfast to the most circumspect of families. The only thing one could say of Arlette was that she served breakfast. She was normal; everything was normal. Kendall's bewilderment increased.

"Mademoiselle Andrée? Where is she?" Madeleine asked presently.

"At home," said Kendall.

"Ah!" Madeleine's eyes twinkled.

"Now, listen here," Kendall said. "Andrée and I are friends, just friends. We are—how do you say it?—comrades. That is all."

"And you do not love thees Mademoiselle Andrée? Not at all?"

"I—" Kendall hesitated, and did not answer; and Madeleine's eyes twinkled as she went on with her cross-examination.

"And thees Mademoiselle Andrée—she do not love you?"

"I tell you, we are just friends!"

"For example! I understand. You are just friends. Oh, yes! It is possible, because the French girl, she is so col'."

Kendall applied himself to his chocolate and *confiture* industriously, while Madeleine looked at him with twinkling eyes. If he failed to understand her or her system of life and philosophy, she was equally unable to understand him. If he found the present situation bewildering, she for her part regarded him as a strange phenomenon that bordered on the impossible. As a final conclusion she did not believe him in the least, but thought of him as absurdly discreet. No other solution was possible to her.

They finished breakfast and went down the four flights of stairs, Bert and Madeleine chatting gayly, Kendall following apprehensively, for they must pass the omniscient eye of the *conciERGE*. He was inclined to make an excuse to go back to the apartment so that he would not be compelled to take part in the scene he feared.

Bert and Madeleine passed out the big doors into the concrete-floored passageway that led to the street, and Kendall drew himself together as he saw the *conciERGE*, busily sweeping, between them and

the outer doors. She looked up and nodded and smiled. Madeleine stopped—and they chatted! Actually chatted as if—why, as if there was no reason why they should not chat. And that *conciERGE* was a gray-haired, motherly soul who in Detroit would have gone to foreign-missionary meetings! Kendall could not follow the conversation, but he caught fragments of it. It was just casual chatter, with here and there a question dropped in to make for a better acquaintance. Then they bade each other good-by in the most friendly way imaginable, and the trio went out to the street.

Kendall was suspended in midair, feet off the ground, nothing solid within reach. He was in an element that was not his, in a universe where two solids could occupy the same place at the same time, or where the shortest distance between two points was a curve. All his rules and axioms were useless.

He kept glancing at Madeleine. Every glance reassured him. She was a nice girl. He liked her. There was nothing reprehensible about her, but on the contrary, she was charming as he liked to see a girl charming, and modest and good. He felt instinctively that she was good just as he had felt that Andrée was good. Somewhere there must be an explanation. Somehow the thing was reconcilable.

They left Madeleine at the Metro and walked to their offices. Neither boy referred to the situation, Bert because he saw no reason for it, Kendall because he dared not. Strangely, it was not Madeleine and Bert that troubled him; it was himself. For the first time Kendall saw dimly that one may understand the world from the Detroit point of view and be utterly at a loss in New York; that he may understand life from the American point of view and be grossly ignorant of the French. He even asked himself this question:

"Is one who lives up to his code of ethics, his moral conceptions, good and moral, even if those ethics and conceptions are utterly at variance with some other code of behavior?"

Could it be that a thing abominable in America, because America's code was set against it, could be perfectly proper in Persia, because Persia's code permitted it? That there was an abstract good, he believed, and that there was an abstract evil. But could a definite act be made universally evil by legislation or by the custom of only a part of the world? It was deeper reasoning than he had ever essayed before, and he limped sadly as he traveled toward no conclusion at all. The result was multiplied bewilderment.

One conclusion he reached: if Madeleine had been an American girl, he would have been shocked, outraged. This led him to think of Maude Knox, and suddenly he wanted to see her, to talk to her, to be with her because she was American as he was American. He wanted to get his feet on solid earth and to tread accustomed paths for a while. He determined he would see her.

AT noon he told Bert he would not be at home for dinner; and then at six o'clock he hurried to the Hotel Wagram and telephoned Miss Knox's room. She was in, and would be delighted to dine

with him if he would wait twenty minutes. He sat down in the spacious lobby and smoked and waited.

She came down the stairs very trim and American and pleasing to the eye. He noted the little swagger—the rather charming swagger—to her walk. It was accentuated by the fact that she carried her hands in the side pockets of her coat. She was not in uniform—had left it off for the evening, as the women in the various services love to do. He arose and walked to the stairway to meet her, and they shook hands in the frank American way.

"Well?" she said with a humorous twinkle in her eye.

"I got to wanting to see you this morning," he said, "and it grew. So I just came along and took a chance."

"To-morrow would have been too late. I've got a job with a combat division, and I'm going out to-morrow. Maybe I'll get close to the front."

"Congratulations! You're luckier than I. We'll make this a celebration. Where would you like to eat?"

"Any place. I don't care. Have you seen the papers?"

"No. I've been grubbing all day, but a hint of the news has dribbled in to me."

"Then you've heard that the Hun is stopped! And that we did it. Isn't that glorious! We—Americans—saved Paris. I wonder if it can be true."

They bought a *Herald* from a kiosk and found a brief, unsatisfactory, much-censored story, but it was a confirmation. The Marines had been in it. Apparently they had been thrown in to stop a gap, and had stopped it effectively. Kendall knew that this meant the Second division, comprising two regiments of Marines and some of the old Regular Army. They had been thrown across the Paris-Metz road—and the boche had been halted abruptly. It was glorious, thrilling news.

"How would you like to go to a little restaurant where I eat once in a while? It's very Parisian, and while it doesn't look much, the food is bully and the crowd amusing."

"Fine," she said, and he stopped a passing taxicab. By dint of many repetitions he was able to make the chauffeur comprehend that he wanted to be driven to Marty's, on the rue de Richelieu.

They were a trifle early. Few of the regular *habitués de maison* were present yet, and they had their choice of tables. Ken selected the one at which he had sat the other evening. One by one the regulars appeared, and recognizing Kendall, smiled and nodded. Monsieur Robert appeared with the Spanish tragedian, and Monsieur Robert came over to shake hands and be very cordial. Ken presented him to Maude, and watched her face with amusement when the handsome young actor bent over her hand and kissed it. Then entered the elderly critic with the pointed white beard who was invariably accompanied by a beautiful girl—a new beautiful girl every evening.

And then appeared Monsieur Jacques, swinging his artificial leg hilariously, waving his cane, and with his hat awry as was its custom. He shouted greetings to all; then espying Kendall, he rushed to his chair, clapped the Captain on the back and turning, harangued the room. He

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At night, to thoroughly cleanse your skin of all the dust and grime gathered during the day, use Pond's Cold Cream. It is an oil cream with just the right consistency—delicate, delightful to use.



## See why your skin needs two creams

**E**VERY woman who knows how to make her skin look its loveliest has found that, necessary as a cold cream is, it is not enough.

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### A refreshing cold cream

Unless your skin is of the oily type, you should give it a thorough cleansing nightly with Pond's Cold Cream. The face is exposed to dirt during the day and it is almost impossible to keep your skin clear and fresh looking without this cream cleansing.

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subject was Americans. The Americans were heroic. They had appeared in France's hour of need. They were shedding their blood in France's quarrel, and France should proclaim her gratitude. Had not these so-much-to-be-loved Americans saved Paris from the boche? But certainly. That very day. *Vive l'Amérique.* Suddenly, in a transport of enthusiasm, he threw his arm about Kendall's neck and kissed him resoundingly.

KENDALL was frightfully embarrassed, especially when he heard the room laugh until the dishes rocked. He was angry, but before he could give vent to his anger, his eye encountered Maude Knox, mirthful tears rolling down her cheeks. Then he himself laughed, if a bit ruefully. Jacques threw himself into a seat across the table and began talking in his wild way to Maude Knox, who spoke French well. Kendall looked across at Monsieur Robert, who was bobbing his head and laughing—and writing on the back of a *carte de jour*. Rising, he handed this to Kendall, who read this rather amazing announcement:

"It is not a bad boy, but he is a few mad!"

"If you are looking for something un-American, you get it here," he said to Maude.

"I like it. I'm enjoying every second of it," she said delightedly. "They're just like children."

"But Jacques, here, has an artificial leg, a silver plate in the crown of his head, the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre," he said.

Jacques, meantime, had possessed himself of Monsieur Robert's note, and leaping to his feet, was heaping scorn and derision on the young actor's head, while Monsieur Robert feigned terror and made as though he would hide under the table.

"Are they always like this?" Maude asked. "Or is it relief—now that Paris seems to be safe?"

"They are always so," he said.

"I envy them. But it couldn't happen in America, could it? Imagine this in Cleveland or Detroit. Why, everybody would be put out by the management, or the police would be called in. And why? I'm learning a lot since I came to France. One could do things never dreamed of at home. I don't know what it is, but that's the way I feel. Maybe it is the freedom from restraint; maybe it's the example; maybe it is that the war is so tremendous that nothing a single individual can do is of importance. But the feeling is there."

"Paris does get you," said Ken.

"Things don't seem to matter," she said thoughtfully. "It's like being in a different world, where none of the old rules hold good. I can't imagine myself talking like this or feeling like this. I couldn't have, a month ago. I think," she said with a little laugh, "that I shall have to keep my head very level."

Ken was astonished. So the thing was getting Maude Knox too! She saw a difference, felt a difference, felt the challenge of a difference! "It gets you—it gets you!" he said helplessly.

"Sometimes I have a feeling

that I'd like to throw up the whole show and live here forever—be a lotus-eater," she said with more seriousness. "If I were a man—"

"Yes?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What's the use? But I'll say this: I'm never going to see things with the same eyes again. I think I'll be able to understand that there are two sides to a story."

This was the same Maude Knox he had known on the vessel crossing the ocean—a Maude Knox who quite typified his ideas of the nice American girl, the sheltered, protected, almost prudish creature of his experience!

"For instance," she said, "if I had met you with that little French girl a month ago, I should probably have cut you—especially when you wore such a guilty look."

"It wasn't a guilty look. I—Andrée is a mighty nice girl. I introduced her to you, didn't I? Well?"

Her eyes twinkled. He could not decide whether it were derision or unbelief, and he felt very uncomfortable in consequence. "Just because she's French—" he began.

"The young man doth protest too much," she said. "But what I was going to say was that it didn't seem to matter in the least. I suppose it ought to, but it didn't. She looked like such a nice, sweet little thing."

"She is."

"And that's why the life here in Paris is so bewildering. It upsets all one's preconceived notions. It makes one wonder—"

"It does," he said emphatically.

JACQUES turned suddenly to Maude. As the male dressmaker came in with his pink-cheeked companion of the other night. "You see her," he said, as one about to make a statement of distinct interest to the one addressed. "She ees his girl—yes. I theenk she look for anozzer boy. Bicause thees dressmaker, he is ver' selfish. He make mooch money, but he theenk only of himself. It ees so. For example! He make that yong girl do so—what you say?" He went through the pantomime of shining his shoes. "That ees not pleasant. *N'est-ce pas?* So I theenk she look about for anozzer boy."

Kendall felt his ears growing hot, and was on the point of committing an indiscretion, when Maude answered with a quaver of mirth in her voice, and not the least of the anger and shocked indignation Kendall expected: "I should think she would!"

Presently Kendall called for the check, and they went out, Jacques insisting on shaking hands with both of them, and appearing to be on the point of kissing Kendall over again.

"How shall we keep up the celebration?" Kendall asked when they were out on the dark, narrow street.

"Let's walk," she said. "Paris fascinates me at night. I love to stroll about, but usually I have to go in so early. Are you too tired?"

"Indeed not!" he said, and they started off with good American strides, dodging taxicabs that came charging down upon them out of the darkness with lights so dim as to be scarcely visible, and almost bumping into pedestrians who loomed up suddenly out of the blackness ahead. In a few moments they emerged upon the broader thoroughfares where visibility was high, and presently were walking up the rue de Rivoli toward the Etoile.

Kendall was feeling a new interest in Maude Knox. She had disclosed that there was a certain kinship between their mental processes and their reactions to the new life that surrounded them—but most of all, she had shown herself adaptable and sensible. "Sensible" covered a multitude of meanings for Ken. His idea of girls was that they were creatures full of peculiar concealments and inhibitions, who had a habit of looking at facts obliquely and interpreting them without frankness. American girls had always seemed conscious of the necessity for protecting themselves, and this destroyed comradeship and good understanding. It was his notion that they were constantly on their guard against a danger which they rather feared did not exist.

But to-night Maude Knox seemed very different from all this; she seemed frank and fearless. He liked it. He liked the way she talked, and he liked the air with which she carried herself.

Half an hour later they were seated on uncomfortable iron chairs beside the avenue de Bois de Boulogne, watching a string of American ambulances whiz by from the hospital beyond on their way to one of the stations to meet a train bearing wounded from the front.

BEFORE them the promenaders straggled, dim forms in the dusk, only to be distinguished when they passed within reach of the arm. There were parties of three or four girls of the working class hurrying home with packages under their arms; there were other parties who dawdled and laughed and jostled one another and giggled—young shop-or-factory-girls out to enjoy the evening. There were young men and young women who walked very close to each other, sometimes holding hands. There were officers of all armies and a sprinkling of American doughboys.

There were long lapses in the conversation, for both Maude and Kendall found a gripping interest in the passers-by.

"Just think," said Maude presently, "almost every girl we see has lost a father or a brother or a sweetheart or a husband. Almost every one! A waitress in our hotel told me this morning that

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eleven men of her family had been killed in the war."

"Yes," he said.  
"But somehow the thing that—that frightens me most is not to think of the women who have lost fathers and brothers, or even husbands. It is the girls who have lost sweethearts. It is the thought of the boys who are dead and who were to have been the husbands of these girls. Think of the hundreds of them who have lost husbands whom, perhaps, they have never met—whom they can never meet. It's awful to think of a million girls who have got to be old maids! They don't want to be, but they've got to be. War has taken from them the husbands they never had."

"I've thought of that," he said.  
"It means these girls have lost more than life—they have had killed for them the possibility of living. They can never have homes and families. The future is nothing but a stretch of years for them—lonesome years without happiness and without sorrow."

"I suppose it is as hard to be deprived of sorrow as it is of happiness," said Kendall slowly.

She paused before replying. "Yes," she said, "I can understand that—if the sorrow is brought because you love. Sorrow is a necessary experience of life. Emerson's essay on 'Compensation' is all about that." She paused again, and then broke out with a vehemence foreign to her: "I don't blame them—I don't blame them a bit. Everybody is entitled to live and to have the experiences of life. I never thought I should feel this way, but it is so. If you cannot have a life full of living, you are entitled to snatch your little moments of happiness—just as these French girls are doing. It is their right, because it is the best life has to offer them. It isn't France alone—it might happen in America. Suppose half the girls at home were deprived of the possibility of marriage. It's awful."

The little moments of happiness! Kendall's mind seized on that phrase and held it. It was the essence of the whole matter.

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FOR MARKET GARDEN AND HOME GARDEN

AN American soldier and a French girl sat down in the chairs at the right of Maude and Kendall, and talked jerkily, half in French, half in English. They tried so hard to talk to each other, because each was lonesome. . . . And then, as Kendall and Maude eavesdropped shamelessly, the siren sounded—the *Gothas* were coming!

People started to their feet and began scurrying away to seek for shelter, but Maude and Kendall did not move; nor did the boy and girl next them. Presently Kendall heard the boy ask: "Aint you afraid of the bombs, mademoiselle?" "Non—non!" She shrugged her shoulders and then said in a hopeless voice, a pitiful voice: "I have not the fear, because what does it matter? There is nothing in life for me. If I am kill'—"

poof! There is an end, and it will be well." Kendall felt Maude's fingers on his arm, felt their sudden pressure. "There!" she whispered. "There it is. She knows. They all know. Who has a right to say they shan't have their little moments?" Kendall stood up. It seemed as if



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movement were necessary, any sort of movement, of physical action. This sudden, close contact with terrible reality had seared through to his consciousness with a terrible, burning depression. The thing was unbearable. And this, he thought, is what war means!

"Come," he said almost roughly.

She arose obediently, and they walked rapidly toward the Etoile. "We have fifteen minutes," he said. "If we walk fast, we can almost make your hotel."

As they walked, the now almost deserted streets, deserted except for stragglers, and for taxicabs which went scurrying about as they always do, not oblivious to bomb-raids, but in defiance of them, they saw huge, mysterious bodies arising from the shrubbery, great grub-shapes that appeared from nowhere and mounted high into the heavens—the sausage-balloons which in time of raid stretched in interminable line across the sky down the path of the avenue de Bois de Boulogne and the Elysées and the Jardin des Tuileries. They were so silent, so mysterious, such ghostly-gray blots against the sky!

They reached the place de la Concorde before the first gun of the barrage sounded, and in a moment were safely under the arches of the buildings that face the rue de Rivoli. . . . And then the storm broke in all its fury.

KENDALL waited for Maude's reactions. It was a sort of test. There was danger, real danger, even under those huge stone arches—if a bomb should strike directly above them, or in the street without. He wanted to see how she would behave in the presence of danger.

She satisfied him. She exhibited not fear but curiosity and a childlike interest, as if it were some sort of spectacle, and she were disappointed at not having a better seat. It was impossible to keep her back from the curb, for she insisted on standing in the very mouth of the arch to see all that was to be seen. She had courage as well as frankness and understanding. His admiration for her grew amazingly.

In an hour the raid was over, and they continued their way to the Hotel Wagram.

"Good night," she said, extending her hand and giving him a pressure of real friendship. "I've enjoyed this evening—more than any other since I've been here."

"It has been bully," he said. "I feel as if I were just getting acquainted with you. It's hard luck you're going so soon—but you'll be back."

She laughed. "You wont be lonesome," she said gayly. "There's that cunning little French girl of yours who doesn't seem to have any last name—Mademoiselle Andrée." She laughed again. "What is her last name? You know it isn't usual to introduce strangers by their given names as you did."

He laughed ruefully. "I'm darned if I know," he said. "I always forget to ask her." It was a reply that would have been impossible for him to make to Maude Knox six hours before.

Her face grew serious, and she touched his arm with her fingers, lightly. "She

has a sweet face," Maude said. "Don't be unkind to her. Now good night. Tomorrow I'll be where I can hear the guns."

"Good night," he said, and turned away.

He was repeating to himself what Maude had said. "Don't be unkind to her. . . . Don't be unkind to her." What was he to do? How was he to deal with that quaint little person who appeared out of mystery to assume such an important place in his life. Was not merely knowing her being unkind to her? Or was he giving her her little moment of happiness?

### CHAPTER VIII

ALL day Kendall had been comparing Maude Knox with Andrée. When he left the American girl and went home to his apartment, he had been under the spell of her American manner, of her frankness, of the indefinable something which one finds in all American girls of the cultured college type, which is to be found in no other women the world over. When you have called it the American manner, you have done your best at description. It was the old story of like calling to like, of that to which one is accustomed seeming to be more desirable than even the most delightful of novelties. It was the call of home, the call of race, a thing that can never be negligible in the affairs of mankind.

A night of sleep rounded the sharp peaks of his impressions. When he awoke in the morning, he did not see Maude Knox so distinctly, but an impression remained with him that would be permanent—that she was splendid, desirable, the sort of girl a fellow would like to be very well acquainted with. She was everything that Andrée was not, and Andrée seemed to be everything that Maude Knox was not. There was no single point at which their characters converged and ran parallel—except that both were "nice." And even their "niceness" was different. Kendall understood Maude's niceness perfectly; Andrée's was a mystery to him.

One could readily imagine Maude playing golf or swimming or driving a car furiously and capably; it was impossible to imagine Andrée doing any of these things. Andrée was utterly feminine. One could be pals with Maude; with Andrée, Kendall felt, one could be acquaintance or sweetheart—nothing else. One felt that Andrée would give and give and give, asking only love in return. Maude would give and give, but would demand, as American women do, a like amount of giving in return.

KENDALL came early to the meeting place, and paced back and forth before the entrance to subterranean Paris watching the crowd and waiting with patience. The crowd never quite lost its fascination. . . . He saw a slender girl—she seemed not more than twenty— bidding farewell to a youthful soldier. The good-by was unrestrained and affecting. He was going to the north—to the battle line—and always was the possibility that he might never return. It spoke eloquently



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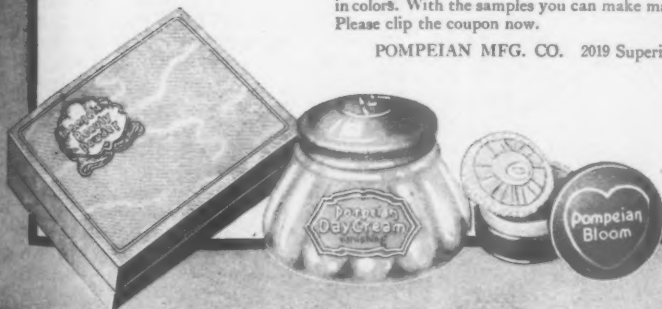
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in the fervor of that farewell. . . . They stood locked in each other's arms while their lips met again and again—with all the world to see. But none pointed or smiled. The world understood, and the heart of the world moved in sympathy. Here was another girl who might never know the joys of wife or mother.

Then Andrée appeared, in white once more, walking with tiny, demure little steps, unsmiling, apparently unconscious that she was not alone on that crowded corner. So she always came.

He advanced to meet her, and as she always did, she stopped as if startled, raised her eyes to his gravely, as if she had never seen him before, and then smiled that little smile which seemed to say that she was uncertain of her welcome, but hoped she would find it warm. Her slender hand was in his, with quaint formality, and she said in French: "Good day, monsieur! How carry you yourself?"

"Very well—very well. And you?"

"Oh, I have been bored. I have had to make a visit of duty. It was very tiresome."

Then came the short, awkward pause while they adjusted themselves to each other and sought for words in languages strange with which to begin conversation. It was always so—that they spoke little for the first five minutes after a meeting. Neither seemed to find words to begin. Then she said, looking at him sidewise, with the merest hint of a smile in her lovely eyes: "Have you thought of me?"

"When I 'lifted up.'" He laughed at this quotation of her literal translation of the French for *arise*. "In the morning, at noon, all the afternoon—always."

"It is well," she said. "I also have thought of you."

"Where shall we eat?"

"I do not care. It makes nothing. Is Arlette well?" She laughed a little at recollection of Arlette. For a few moments they walked along undecided, and then Kendall looked up, to see Monsieur Robert approaching.

"Here's your actor," he said.

"What actor, monsieur?"

"Monsieur Robert."

"You know heem?"

"I told you about him."

"Yes—yes. That was well."

Monsieur Robert recognized Kendall, and looked quickly at Andrée; then he smiled and wagged his head in the charming, boyish way he had, and lifted his hat.

"Good night!" he said, making a dis-

play of his English, and extending his hand.

"Monsieur Robert, permit me—Made-moiselle Andrée."

The young actor took her hand, and with a smile that was half a laugh, bowed over it and made some response in French which was not intelligible to Kendall.

"Mademoiselle wishes to enter your profession," Kendall said with a twinkle in his eye. "She is going to the Académie in September."

"Ah!" Monsieur Robert looked at her more carefully. "You enter the Académie?"

"I do not know—I hope. I am working very hard."

"And you wish to be an actress? It is well. But why?"

"So she can come to New York, à la Madame Bernhardt, and bring home much money, and be too proud to know an old friend like myself when I sit in the front row and applaud."

She smiled up at him. "When I go in New York you will come to see me? But I shall be very great and famous. Oh, yes! But I shall remember you, of a surety. I shall remember you—a little." There was an infinity of subdued roguishness about her.

Monsieur Robert was studying Andrée with interest. "You will be ver' pretty actress," he said haltingly, speaking in English so that Kendall would share in the compliment.

"You bet," said Ken spontaneously; and then, with characteristic American directness: "What's this about the necessity for having some actor speak for her? She says she cannot enter unless some actor says a good word for her."

"It makes the matter with more facility," said Monsieur Robert. Andrée looked from Kendall to the young actor timidly, almost with the shyness of a child.

"Why not come and dine with us?" said Ken.

"I should be delighted, but it is not possible for me to-night. I am—how you say?—*très occupé*. But some other night—very soon. With Mademoiselle!" He wagged his head again and laughed his pleasing boyish laugh.

"Shall we say to-morrow?"

"Oh, very well!"

"If it is possible for Mademoiselle." And Kendall looked at Andrée.

"Yes," she said, "to-morrow."

"At Marty's," said Monsieur Robert.

"Seven o'clock?"

"It is well. *Au revoir, mademoiselle et monsieur*. Until to-morrow."

Presently Kendall stopped. "By Jove!" he said. "I forgot to tell Arlette I wouldn't be home to dinner. She will have it ready. Shall we dine with her?"

"As you like."

As they descended into the Metro, they met coming up the stairs a handsomely dressed young woman, exquisitely shod, but so painted as to cheeks that one could not possibly imagine what her natural complexion might have been. She looked at Kendall boldly.

"Camouflage," said Andrée serenely when the young woman had passed. "I do not like."

It was not the first-time Kendall had

heard that Parisian term applied to the painted face, but he laughed now as if it were a fresh witticism to him. Andrée made it fresh, for any sort of slang sounded so unnatural from her lips as to be irresistibly ludicrous—like the harmless precocity of a child.

"*Vous êtes très jolie*," he said with decision.

"No. I am not pretty. You do not thenk. You make mock of me." And then, as he wrinkled his nose: "Oh, why do you make *grimace*? It is not nice for make *grimace* at me. And now—oh, I see—your left eye, it laughs, and the other, it does not. Why is that? Why does your left eye laugh?" She pointed accusingly at the offending eye and stopped still, shaking her head. "Oh, you are very bad. I do not like you. No! I do not like you." And then she laughed with that sudden change from mock gravity to delicious merriment of which she alone, of all the people Kendall knew, was capable.

WHEN she did that, she was so alluring that Kendall had to hold his arms stiff at his sides to prevent them from picking her up and cuddling her and kissing her. It seemed that humor of hers was given her to tempt kisses. Yet there was nothing deliberately provocative about her, nothing.

At the apartment, the *conciierge* bowed and smiled to them, and wished them a good evening. Upstairs, Arlette was manifestly upset by the appearance of an unexpected guest, but Andrée disappeared into the kitchen, whence emerged a whirlwind of chatter, and all was well. Bert was just finishing shaving.

"Andrée, eh?" he said. "Why didn't you tip me off, and I'd have gathered up Madeleine?"

"I don't know. I—" Kendall was thinking about the other night.

"Piffle!" said Bert. Then: "Do you mean to tell me—"

"I certainly do mean to tell you," Ken said belligerently.

"You get me, young fellow. You sure do."

"Oh, dry up, and come to dinner—and behave, if you can manage it." Kendall went into the *salon* to rejoin Andrée, more than a little apprehensive of the future if it should throw Andrée and Madeleine together.

Andrée was looking about the room with humorous toleration from a seat in the outrageous piece of furniture which she had claimed as her throne. "Made-moiselle Madeleine—she is not here?"

"No."

"It is not well. Go and fetch her—now, at once! Or I shall go away!" She shook her head and made stiff little gestures with her hand, but when he stood in front of her, she twinkled at him and placed both her hands in his when he held them out toward her. He retained them a moment and then raised them to his lips.

"You're a sweet child," he said.

"Oh, I do not understand. I do not know. Where is the *dictionnaire*?"

"No matter. There's Arlette announcing dinner." It was Arlette's custom to poke her head through the door when dinner was ready, and to stare into the room

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silently and a little affrightedly. She never spoke. It was necessary to watch for the appearance of her head, if one wanted to know when the meal was served.

Bert came in, and Andrée asked after Madeleine's health as if she considered Bert personally responsible for it, demanding why she was not present.

"Ken's afraid you don't like her," Bert said mischievously.

"*Mais oui—mais oui!* I do like. I like ver' much. Why you theenk?" She turned to Ken with the question.

"Don't pay any attention to Bert. He thinks he has a sense of humor," Ken said, but his ears were red nevertheless, a circumstance which did not escape Andrée's sharp eyes. She let the matter pass, and addressed herself to her food with that detachment from all other matters which always brought a smile to Kendall's face. There were so many quaint, delightful attributes in her.

TOWARD the end of the dinner the diners heard a subdued whispering and giggling without, and then appeared little Arlette bearing a dessert—a wonderful dessert! It was a pudding with a white frothiness of beaten egg covering it. It was a real dessert—the first, if one excepts fruit and ices without authority, that Ken had seen since he came to France. Little Arlette carried it to the table, and stood big-eyed, mouth pursed, waiting for the astonishment which the miracle was to cause. Arlette herself, wiping her chin on the back of her hand and grinning with delight, allowed her head to be seen through the door.

"It is from the *conciierge*," she said very rapidly. "She sends it to Messieurs with her compliments."

"Now, that's mighty nice. You thank her, Arlette, and we'll thank her when we go down. I guess we haven't made a hit with Madame, eh? And Mignon! We must have another place, Arlette, and a spoon. But Mignon does not like pudding, eh?"

"*Oui*," said little Arlette, her eyes growing even bigger, and the pucker turning into a smile.

Kendall settled the child at table and then gravely introduced her to Andrée.

"She goes to America with me, you are to understand. I am about to ask Arlette for this young lady's hand. But yes! We are very fond of each other—is it not so, *mademoiselle*?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied little Arlette very gravely.

"Oh! Oh! You are ver' naughty. I am jealous. I shall not stay. I shall go away."

Little Arlette observed her gravely. "Monsieur will be my husband," she said. "It is arranged."

"Poor myself! I am sad. I shall to weep."

Arlette looked at Andrée interestedly and expectantly and cheerfully, not displeased to have caused this frightful storm of jealousy, and well prepared to rejoice in the tears of her defeated rival.

Kendall carried the mite into the other room and placed her on the sofa between himself and Andrée, where she snuggled up to him with a charming little air of proprietorship. Andrée bent suddenly to

kiss the child, and then turned her head away and gazed out of the window.

"Now you shall sing for me," said Kendall.

Little Arlette stood very erect and sang in a sweet little voice that carried the airs very accurately—sang the songs of the street and the music-halls and of the *poilus*, while her grandmother stood just within the dining-room, wrapping and unwrapping her pudgy hands in her apron and grinning and nodding her head with enormous pride. The child sang with great seriousness, her head a little back, looking for all the world like a bird on the nest opening its beak for the mother-bird to drop in a worm. When she was through, and both Andrée and Arlette laughed at some of the songs especially, though Ken could not understand a word, he put a franc in her hand and kissed her. Andrée snatched her up and held her close and murmured in her ear.

"Come now," said Arlette, and the baby shook hands ceremoniously.

"You must begin to get ready to go to America," Kendall said.

"Yes, monsieur," she responded, and went out, turning at every step to wave her hand in farewell.

Bert came back into the room, cap in hand, and said good night. "And what shall we do?" Kendall asked when he was gone.

"We shall sit and talk," she replied.

"About what?"

"You shall tell me many things: If there really is a building of fifty stories high in New York, and when the war will finish, and if actors make much money in America, and also dancers. Here the dancers do not make much money—even the best. *Non!* A few—yet. Madame Duncan. But in *Amérique*—is it not the same?"

"They earn lots of money—heaps."

"*Pourquoi*?"

"I don't know. They just do. People go to see them. Why don't they make much money here?"

She shook her head. "I do not know. The people they do not go for see a dancer. Maybe, if I cannot enter into the *Conservatoire*, I shall become a dancer and take myself to *l'Amérique*. But that is very hard. One must start in the music-halls, and I do not like."

"I should say *not!*" Kendall thought of her in the atmosphere of the Paris music-hall, and his soul revolted.

"*Pourquoi*?" she asked again.

"*Mademoiselle Pourquoi!* Because you are a nice child, and the music-halls are not nice."

She smiled at him. "You theenk I am nice?"

"I think so many things about you."

"Oh, I do not understand." Her mock despair was very pathetic, until her sudden laughter changed it to delight. In revenge she discharged a volley of rapid French at him for two minutes. "You see? It is not nice to not understand. You must *es-tudy* French ver' hard, and I will *es-tudy* English, so w'en I go to New York—"

Her mood changed. "I am sad—ver' sad. Life, it is not good. *No!*"

"Life is mighty confusing," he said.

"Why are you sad?"

"Because I am *solitaire*—and because

there is so much miserable. *Oui*. There is little happiness—only *les petites minutes*. But all the time life is not well."

*Les petites minutes!* The Little Minutes! There it was again, the same thought that Maude Knox had put into words. The little moments of happiness. Andrée searched for them too. She felt that the best that life had to offer her was rare and transitory moments of joy.

"*Pauvre petite!*" he said, and took her hand. "You should be always glad. It isn't right for you to be sad. You weren't built to be sad. It's rotten."

"Yes," she said pensively, not understanding all his words, but comprehending their meaning from his tone.

It filled him with anger to think of this child whom sorrow had no right to touch for years—to think of her life as clouded at the moment when it should have been filled with joys. It was unfair. Life had no right to treat her so. Sympathy and tenderness moved him, and he placed his arm about her and drew her to him. She did not resist; nor did she respond, even when he turned her face upward and kissed her. Her lips were cold.

He continued to hold her, and she lay in his arms unresisting, while he whispered to her as he would have whispered to an unhappy child—yet not as he would have whispered to a child. The touch of her, her nearness, her sweet fragility, mounted to his head.

"I want you to be very happy—because I love you," he said; and saying it, he believed it. There was room in his thoughts for nothing but her in that moment. Inhibitions were forgotten, apprehensions laid aside; the youth in his heart cried out to the youth in her heart—nothing remained but youth and love and a great sympathy. He did not look to the future. He was living that minute with no thought of what the next minute might bring.

Andrée freed herself and looked at him gravely, with a sad scrutiny. "No," she said. "You do not love me. It is not possible."

"But I do—I do. Don't you love me a little—just a little?"

"Oh," she said in a little voice, "I am afraid."

"Afraid? Of what?"

"I do not know. I am so *solitaire*—so lonely—and I am afraid."

"If you love me—"

"*Non—non*. You do not love me. You only say. And if I love you—in a week, in two weeks, you go away to *l'Amérique* and leave me to be more *solitaire*. I should be more sad."

"No," he declared, and was about to expostulate and to declare that he would never leave her, but the words would not come. His mother had stepped in. "You will love me," he declared in spite of his mother. "We will love each other—and there will be happiness. If the best we can have is little moments of happiness, let us have all we can of them." He was honest in his sophistry.

"You would go away—in a week, in a month."

"No, no!"

He saw that she was crying, and suddenly she turned from him to bury her face in her arms and to sob quietly, not unrestrainedly, but with such a quietness



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as went with powerful impulse to his heart; he gathered her to him again and tried to comfort her.

"Why do you cry? What is it, *mignon*?"

She shook her head. "I do not know," she said, but he knew that she did know and would not tell. "I will go home now. I am sad, and you will not like me when I am sad."

"I like you any way you choose to be," he said, holding her close. She did not respond to his caresses; neither did she repulse them. She was simply negative, as if they were not happening to her at all. "I love you," he repeated insistently. "No." She wiped her eyes and got to her feet. "I must go to my house. Will you come?" she asked shyly.

"Of course. But—"

"No—no. You do not love me. You cannot. I do not believe—and I am afraid."

THEY walked down the street in silence. Kendall tried to talk, but grew discouraged, for Andrée was intent, thinking, thinking, thinking, and would not talk. He wondered if it were the end of matters between them, if he had been too impetuous and had frightened her away. The thought frightened him, and he tried to reassure her, but could find no words. He did not know how to reassure her, because he did not know what she feared or what she was thinking. How was he to understand? His eyes were not clear to see into her world, or his intelligence to understand it. He spoke of love in American; she understood him in French. How was he to know that?

They spoke hardly a word as the Metro carried them to the Place St. Michel; nor was the silence broken as they walked slowly up the darkened Boulevard. Andrée did not make him turn back at the usual spot. She seemed to have forgotten him, though she clung to his arm, and they went on to broad rue Soufflot, which leads off the boulevard at right angles to the Panthéon. In the middle of the first block, Andrée paused.

"It is necessary to go back now," she said, turning her face up to him, and he bent over so that he might see its expression.

"Why did you cry?" he asked.

"Because I was afraid," she said.

"You are not afraid now?"

"I—I have said I shall not have fear."

He took both her hands and drew her close to him. There were none to see. The street was deserted. Even the tables and chairs of the café at the corner were piled in close to the wall.

"You love me a little," he insisted.

There was a tiny pause. "Yes," she said. It was a queer, decided little syllable, uttered as after mature deliberation. She was looking up into his face.

"*Mignon*!" he said softly and kissed her. This time her lips were not cold; his caress was not tolerated, but returned. She returned his kiss. It was not the first girl Kendall had kissed, but it opened his eyes to the possibilities of a kiss. It went to his head, and he snatched her up in his arms. "You love me! You will always love me?"

"Yes," she said in that same voice of calm decision "And you?"

"Always—always!" he said.

"Non. I know. For a week, for a month. That is all. You are not *fidèle*. You will go away, and I shall be sad. I know, but I am lonely." She kissed him. "But we shall be glad," she said wistfully. "We shall have happiness—many little minutes of happiness. I shall pretend that you never go away to leave me *solitaire*."

WHAT could he say? He protested and asserted, but she smiled a grave smile of knowledge and of resignation. She knew what she knew. "To-morrow," she said. "Place de la Concorde—*sept heures*!"

"And you love me?"

"Do you not believe?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes."

"It is well. Good night, monsieur. To-morrow!"

She kissed him again and freed herself. In another moment her daintiness had been engulfed in the mysterious blackness. Once more she had vanished into her fairyland.

Kendall, young, inexperienced in serious thought as he was, realized that some sort of crisis in his life had arrived; events impended which were to modify him, which were to affect him and to continue to affect him so long as life should last. He did not know what. He did not realize what had just happened to him and to Andrée, and yet he wondered—wondered. And he loved her; he was sure of it—just as he was sure she was worthy of his love!

He was exalted; yet he was troubled, perplexed, so he walked. He felt that he could not sleep unless he walked himself to exhaustion, and so he continued on and on and on. His consciousness was the ground of a battle between the intimacies that came from his mother and those which came from his gentle father—in which his own individual, peculiar reason sought to intervene.

"Look out," said his mother. "She's French, and she must be bad. She's getting you into her clutches."

"Now, now," said his father, "she's a sweet little thing, purty as a picture. I don't see how there can be harm in her, and if there should be, it wouldn't be of much harm."

"She's nice," said Kendall himself. "She's a nice girl, and nothing's going to happen. Why—I tell you, she's a nice girl."

And so it went, suspicion, accusation, argument, defense, until his brain whirled and he was miserable, but always his intelligence, lighted by meager experience, emerged triumphant with the declaration that she was a nice girl, and no harm could come of it. Andrée was good. There was something about her that he claimed that she would continue to be good, and it was comforting to him. And he believed he loved her.

He went to bed and fell asleep with the remembrance of Andrée's kiss upon his lips.

The romances of Andrée and Kendall Ware comes to a turning point in the forthcoming installment of "The Little Moment of Happiness," in the next, the April, issue of The Red Book Magazine.

# THE SECRET TROUSSEAU

A Story That Is Too Good to Keep

By ELEANOR HARRISON

Illustration by Will Greff

BOB and I are back from our honeymoon and living in the dearest little house in Maywood. Mother and father were out to spend the evening with us last night and while father and Bob were enjoying their after-dinner cigars in the den, mother suddenly said: "Eleanor, I have a secret. Let's go up in that old back room and be comfortable while I tell you about it."

So we went upstairs and sat as we used to at home—mother in a big, upholstered rocker and I on a low Turkish chair at her feet.

When we were comfortably settled, the first thing mother did was to put her hand inside her waist and taking out something, she smiled and laid it in my hand. When I looked down, I saw it was a crisp, yellow \$100 bill!

"No, mother," I said, handing it back to her, "I don't want you to give me that! You have already given me too much and I know how easy you can use the money yourself. No, I couldn't take it and feel right!"

"But it's really yours, Eleanor," she protested. "And that's only part of my secret!"

But wait—I'm getting ahead of my story. Bob and I had planned to be married last May, but a few weeks before the date we had set his savings were swept away by the failure of a private bank and we had to start all over to save for our little home.

I kept my position at the office and also opened a savings account—with mother—toward the purchase of my trousseau. At noon or other times when I could spare an hour or two, I would meet her by appointment at Harper's and she would help me decide which suit, dress, coat or other garment I wanted. Then I would run back to my work and leave it to mother to pay the bill, see that alterations were made and that the package was properly addressed for delivery.

I had decided to buy all my clothes ready-made. There were no good dressmakers nearer than Chicago and since I was buying "piece-meal" as I accumulated the money, this would have meant a trip to the city for fittings or some other purpose every few days. So we confided in Mrs. Merritt—head of the ready-to-wear department at Harper's and an old friend of mother's. She was more than helpful and I really thought I was doing very well.

WELL, we were married three weeks ago. When the wedding day arrived, my trousseau was complete with attractive, stylish and becoming dresses, suits, waists and lingerie. I was delighted with everything! They seemed so much prettier at home than they had in the shop—not the least bit of a "ready-made" look about them when I tried them on in my room.

All the girls told me that my wedding dress was the prettiest thing they ever had seen. And when I had shown them all the new dainty things that made up my trousseau they couldn't believe that I had bought everything ready-made in town. On our honeymoon, too, I could not help observing the admiring glances cast on my gowns and suits.

So—to come back to last night—when mother said the \$100 was really mine, I felt sure that some mystery about my wedding clothes was going to be cleared up. But I had absolutely no idea of the real truth when mother drew my hand close to her and began to tell me her secret.

"In a way I suppose I deceived you, Eleanor," she said, "but I prefer to call it a 'surprise.' Not one mother in a thousand could do what I did and really keep it a secret, because less than one girl in a thousand would ever be so occupied to attend to her own wedding dress. Several times I was sure you would guess my secret. But if you suspected, you never let me know. So I'm going to confess at last. I made every dress, suit, skirt, waist and piece of lingerie in your wedding chest myself!"

I knew of course that mother was telling me the truth—and yet I could scarcely believe it!

"But, mother, you never told me you could do all that alone save like that! Those are the most wonderful clothes I ever had! Why have you always let me think you couldn't sew any more than I could?"

"Well, I couldn't, dear," she smiled mysteriously, "until last Fall. I had never made anything more difficult than an apron in my life! But I had wished so many times that I could make pretty, stylish dresses for you and for myself. Of course at my age I couldn't go into a school or shop to learn."

"But one evening I sat in the library at home, reading a magazine when I ran across

the story of an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a new and practical method by which any woman or girl—no matter where she might live—could learn right at home to make her own clothes and hats.

"That night before retiring, I filled out the coupon at the end of the story. I figured it wouldn't cost me anything but the postage. And it meant merely that I wanted more information. Next day I mailed it on my way downtown, wondering whether there could really be a home-study plan by which a woman as ignorant about sewing as I, could learn to 'design, draft, cut, fit, make, drape and trim even the most elaborate dresses.' That was what the article promised.

"WELL, in just a day or two the postman brought me a handsome booklet, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the success of thousands who had already joined the institute—wives and mothers, business women, girls at home or in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. It also contained many voluntary letters the institute had received from them praising its work and telling how much their courses had meant to them! Many of these letters were from mothers who expressed their delight in finding that they could learn in their own homes, at their own convenience, to plan and make stylish and becoming garments of all kinds for themselves and their children. And they could have them at a mere fraction of what such clothing would cost if bought in any other way.

"Many others wrote that the Institute had made it possible for them to succeed in dressmaking or millinery as a business. Lots of these women, I found, were older than I and others were girls of fifteen or sixteen years. Their homes are in all parts of the world. The majority, of course, live in some part of the United States but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully as if they were together in a schoolroom! Yes, and many others are learning cooking—the selection, preparation and serving of healthful, appetizing food at one-third less cost—which the Institute is teaching by the same proven methods.

"In the face of all the evidence, I couldn't help believing that I could do what thousands of other women had done so successfully!

"So, without telling anyone, I joined the Institute and took up Dressmaking. I could hardly wait until the first lesson came. And when at last it was in my hands, I went upstairs to my room and opened it almost breathlessly—like a girl with her first love-letter! I turned a few pages and looked at the wonderful pictures! There are nearly 2,000 of them in the dressmaking course alone and they illustrate perfectly every step that could possibly cause anyone difficulty. I learned eighty-three different stitches and seams in the first two lessons."

"WHAT did father think of the plan?" I interjected.

"That is one of the few things I ever kept from him," said mother. "I didn't want him to say 'I told you so' if it didn't work out all right."

"I kept my lessons and my work hidden in my bedroom closet and studied them only while you and father were at business. But the course can easily be finished in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. I found I couldn't help making rapid progress. The teachers take such a deep personal interest in your work! And it must be pretty hard to make mistakes, for the textbooks foresee and clearly explain everything."

"The delightful part of it is that almost at once you begin actually making garments. Why, after the fourth lesson I made that pretty waist you thought I bought in Chicago!

"And so it went all the way through the course. I learned how to copy models I saw in shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things which I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do, were perfectly easy for me! Best of all—the lessons taught me how to develop style in a garment and add the little touches that make all the difference between ordinary clothes and those of becoming charm and distinction!

"WELL, one day, the idea of proving the skill my course had given me, flashed into my mind. I had just completed the lesson giving complete directions for planning and making a bride's entire trousseau. I had plenty of time and wanted to do it for you as a complete



They seemed so much prettier when I tried them on in my own room

surprise. I wouldn't have thought it possible myself at the time—to save so much money on just your wedding clothes!

"The very first day we went shopping, I made up my mind how I could do what I had planned and keep it a secret from everyone at home. But I would have to let one person share it with me—Mrs. Merritt. She has been in charge of the ready-to-wear department at Harper's for years and we have been friends from girlhood. After you had gone, I told her about it. She agreed to try on you whatever garment you selected and fit you. Then after you had rushed away as you always did, I enlisted her aid in buying right there in the store the duplicate materials and trimming necessary to exactly copy the model.

"So I began work in earnest—and I didn't have the slightest trouble! Just once I got confused about your wedding dress. But I wrote to Mrs. Picken, Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute, who had been so considerate all through my course, and she gave me just the help I needed on the point that bothered me.

"And so," mother finished, "that is my 'surprise,' Eleanor! I made every stitch of your trousseau myself, bought every bit of material and trimming and actually saved \$100 on your outfit alone! Furthermore I have saved nearly \$75 more by making over into garments of the latest mode, a lot of out-of-date dresses and suits of my own—all through my membership in the Woman's Institute! Isn't it wonderful?"

"WONDERFUL!" I exclaimed, "why mother dear, it's simply miraculous! No ready-made clothes in all the world ever looked like those you made for me! And you have spoiled me—I shall never again be satisfied with the ready-made kind!"

So I have told you mother's secret—just as she told it to me. I've already arranged to join the Institute myself. And surely what mother did—in saving \$100 on just my wedding clothes—any woman can do over and over again on clothing for herself and her family!

Why not find out how the Woman's Institute can help you? The way is easy—simply write or fill out and mail the convenient coupon below. And you will receive—without obligation—a handsome booklet telling the full story of this great school which has proven such a wonderful blessing to women all over the world.

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## AN EYE FOR AN EYE

(Continued from page 24)

was to discover the individual who had slain his mate.

As he neared the front lines, the troops became more numerous. There were motor-trucks and ox-teams and all the impedimenta of a small army, and always there were wounded men walking or being carried toward the rear.

It was dusk when he reached a large camp hidden in the foothills of the Pare Mountains. As he was approaching from the rear, he found it but lightly guarded; the sentinels were not upon the alert, and so it was an easy thing for him to enter after darkness had fallen and prowled about, listening at the backs of tents, searching for some clue to the slayer of his mate.

As he paused at the side of a tent before which sat a number of native soldiers, he caught a few words spoken in native dialect that riveted his attention instantly: "The Waziri fought like devils; but we are greater fighters, and we killed them all. When we were through, the captain came and killed the woman. He stayed outside and yelled in a very loud voice until all the men were killed. Unterleutnant von Goss is braver; he came in and stood beside the door shouting at us, also in a very loud voice, and bade us nail one of the Waziri, who was wounded, to the wall; and then he laughed loudly because the man suffered. We all laughed. It was very funny."

Like a beast of prey, grim and terrible, Tarzan crouched in the shadows beside the tent. What thoughts passed through that savage mind? Who may say! Presently the soldier whom Tarzan had heard first rose and with a parting word turned away. He passed within ten feet of the ape-man and continued on toward the rear of the camp. Tarzan followed, and in the shadows of a clump of bushes overtook his quarry. There was no sound as the man-beast sprang upon the back of his prey and bore it to the ground, for steel fingers closed simultaneously upon the soldier's throat, effectually stifling any outcry. By the neck Tarzan dragged his victim well into the concealment of the bushes.

"Make no sound," he cautioned in the man's own tribal dialect as he released his hold upon the other's throat.

THE fellow gasped for breath, rolling frightened eyes upward to see what manner of creature it might be in whose power he was.

"What is the name of the officer who killed the woman at the bungalow where you fought with the Waziri?" asked Tarzan.

"Hauptmann Schneider," replied the black when he could again command his voice.

"Where is he?" demanded the ape-man.

"He is here. It may be that he is at headquarters. Many of the officers go there in the evening to receive orders."

"Lead me there," commanded Tarzan, "and if I am discovered, I will kill you immediately. Get up!"

The black rose and led the way by a

roundabout route back through the camp. Several times they were forced to hide while soldiers passed; but at last they reached a great pile of baled hay from about the corner of which the black pointed out a two-story building in the distance.

"Headquarters," he said. "You can go no farther unseen. There are many soldiers about."

Tarzan realized that he could not proceed farther in company with the black. He turned and looked at the fellow for a moment as though pondering what disposition to make of him.

"You helped to crucify Wasimbu the Waziri," he accused in a low yet none the less terrible voice. "And while he suffered, you laughed."

The fellow reeled. It was as though in the accusation he read also his death-sentence. With no other word Tarzan seized the man again by the neck. As before, there was no outcry. The giant muscles tensed. The arms swung quickly upward, and with them the body of the black soldier who had helped to crucify Wasimbu the Waziri described a circle in the air once, twice, three times; and then it was flung aside, and the ape-man turned in the direction of General Kraut's headquarters.

A SINGLE sentinel in the rear of the building barred the way. Tarzan crawled, belly to the ground, toward him, taking advantage of cover as only the jungle-bred beast of prey can do. When the sentinel's eyes were toward him, Tarzan hugged the ground, motionless as stone; when they were turned away, he moved swiftly forward. Presently he was within charging distance. He waited until the man had turned his back once more, and then he rose and sped noiselessly down upon him. Again there was no sound, as he carried the dead body with him toward the building.

The lower floor was lighted, the upper, dark. Through the windows Tarzan saw a large front room and a smaller room in rear of it. In the former were many officers. Some moved about talking to one another, others sat at field tables writing. The windows were open and Tarzan could hear much of the conversation; but nothing that interested him.

In the smaller back room a large red-faced man sat behind a table. Some other officers were also sitting a little in rear of him, while two stood at attention before the general who questioned them. As he talked, the general toyed with an oil lamp that stood upon the table before him. Presently there came a knock upon the door and an aide entered the room. He saluted and reported: "Fräulein Kircher has arrived, sir."

"Bid her enter," commanded the general, and then nodded to the two officers before him in sign of dismissal.

The Fräulein, entering, passed them at the door. The officers in the back room rose and saluted, the Fräulein acknowledging the courtesy with a bow and a slight smile. She was a very

# How Corrective Eating Removed My Indigestion In 48 Hours

By Roy W. Walter

FOR about a year I had suffered agonies. No matter what I ate I was almost constantly affected with indigestion of the worst type.

I went to business every day and went through the motions of doing a day's work but my mind was more on my stomach than on what I was doing, and about one day a week I had to give it up and go home. Sometimes in the morning when I'd go in to the bath-room to shave I'd become so faint from the gnawing at my stomach that I'd have to go back to bed and rest before going on.

One time I went to Chicago and I was so sick I had to sit up in the smoking compartment all night.

Naturally I got thin and weak. I tried everything—medicines, diets, exercising—all without avail. I was growing desperate. At thirty years of age I was an old man. Business, instead of a pleasure, became a terrible tax.

Finally one noon at the Hotel Vanderbilt in New York I was asked to join a party of men I knew at one of the tables. Among them was Eugene Christian, who was introduced to me as the great food specialist.

I ordered my usual simple lunch and we got to talking about various things. Finally the subject of food and its relation to health came up and I mentioned my troubles to Mr. Christian.

He looked at the lunch I had before me and smiled.

"It's easy to see why you are sick," he said. "That combination of foods you have before you, while it undoubtedly seems simple

enough to you, if hermetically sealed in a glass retort would explode and blow it to bits. No wonder you have indigestion."

And there I was eating what seemed to me the most digestible combination I knew of.

"There is nothing wrong with any of these foods individually," continued the doctor. "Each is a good nourishing food. The trouble is that they do not react well together. Unfortunately we do not digest each kind of food separately. Instead everything we eat at the same meal is digested together. You could not help having an acid reaction from that combination—and stomach acidity and fermentation are at the root of nearly all the ailments of mankind."

I was so interested in what Eugene Chris-

tian had said that the next day I called at his office and asked him to tell me what to eat in order to get on my feet again.

This he did, suggesting many of the same foods I had been eating but in different combinations and proportions. I immediately followed his advice, starting at noon of the day I saw him. That very afternoon I felt better than I had for a long time. That night I slept as I hadn't slept for months and by the second day following—just 48 hours after I first followed the great food specialist's advice, I felt like a new man—my indigestion had completely vanished.

And the wonderful part of it is that this day it has never returned. All I do is to eat the combinations that were recommended to me—that is all. No medicines of any kind. I had always thought that dieting was a mighty disagreeable thing; meant all sorts of hardships and deprivations, but not so with Christian's Corrective Eating—instead I enjoy my meals more now than I ever have before.

\* \* \* \* \*

The experience of the author of the above story is typical of that of thousands of sufferers from stomach and intestinal disorders who after trying everything available have at last turned to Eugene Christian and secured relief for the first time. And the beauty of it all is that results come immediately—usually only a matter of hours.

The reason for this almost universal success is because Corrective Eating is founded on nature's laws—laws that not one person in a hundred under our present system of living follows.

Food is the fuel of the human system. Yet some of the combinations of food we put in our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood, and a minimum of coal would be for a furnace and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of men today is but thirty-nine years and that disease of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Instead we all eat blindly, seeming to forget completely that the way foods form chemical reactions in the stomach and give off dangerous toxins which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sapping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined, foods that you can get in any restaurant or store. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

\* \* \* \* \*

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice, although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question that isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 1203, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves are more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

## Corrective Eating Society, Inc.

Dept. 1203, 443 Fourth Ave.,  
New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remit them to you within five days after receipt or send you \$3.

Name ..... Address .....

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## What People Say:

"Received the lessons three days ago and find they are just what I wanted. I have already benefited from them greatly."

"I wish to say that I deem the 24 Little Lessons a splendid aggregation of ideas on diet and their practical application to disease. Drugs need never enter a home when these Little Lessons abide."

"I have no more trouble with my stomach. I think they are the finest books I ever saw. I have also put my 3 babies on diet. I not only find it cheaper to live by the rules in the Books but food is delicious cooked by your method."

"If I had of been the possessor of such a set three years ago, I would never of been here in hospital today. Such is my firm belief."

"Your work is the best help yet in all my 20 years' search."



Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door; for several years he had suffered all the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble, until his doctors—some of the best noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. As a last resort he commenced to study the food question himself. As a result of what he learned, he succeeded in literally eating his way back to health without drugs or medicine of any kind, and in a remarkably short space of time.

Eugene Christian is today sixty-six years old—or almost. I say young! For he has more vitality, more vigor, more physical endurance than most youngsters in their teens. For almost fifteen years he has not even had so much as a cold.

What Eugene Christian has done for himself he has also done for thousands of others. Is it any wonder that some of the best people have sent him checks for \$500 to \$1,000 in addition to the amount of his bill in token of the wonderful results he has secured for them?

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pretty girl; even the caked dust upon her face and the rough, soiled riding-habit, could not conceal the fact. And she was young; she could not have been over nineteen.

She advanced to the table behind which the general stood, and taking a folded paper from an inside pocket of her coat, handed it to him.

"Be seated, Fräulein," he said, and another officer brought her a chair. No one spoke while the general read the contents of the paper.

TARZAN appraised the various people in the room. He wondered if one might not be Hauptmann Schneider, for two of them were captains. The girl he judged to be of the intelligence department—a spy.

Finally the general looked up from the paper.

"Good!" he said to the girl; and then to one of his aides: "Send for Major Schneider."

Major Schneider! Tarzan felt the short hairs at the back of his neck rise. Already they had promoted the beast who had murdered Tarzan's mate.

Impatiently he awaited the coming of the man he sought, and at last he was rewarded by the reappearance of the aide who had been dispatched to fetch him, accompanied by a medium-sized officer with fierce, upstanding mustaches. The newcomer strode to the table, halted and saluted, reporting. The general acknowledged the salute and turned to the girl.

"Fräulein Kircher," he said, "allow me to present Major Schneider—"

Tarzan waited to hear no more. Placing a palm upon the sill of the window, he vaulted into the room into the midst of an astounded company of the Kaiser's officers. With a stride he was at the table, and with a sweep of his hand sent the lamp crashing into the fat belly of the general, who in his mad effort to escape cremation, fell over backward, chair and all, upon the floor. Two of the aides sprang for the ape-man, who picked up the first and flung him in the face of the other. The girl had leaped from her chair and stood flattened against the wall. The other officers were calling aloud for the guard and for help. Tarzan's purpose centered upon but a single individual, and him he never lost sight of. Freed from attack for an instant, he seized Major Schneider, threw him over his shoulder and was out of the window so quickly that the astonished assemblage could scarce realize what had occurred.

A single glance showed him that the sentinel's post was still vacant, and a moment later Tarzan and his burden were in the shadows of the hay-dump. Major Schneider had made no outcry, for the very excellent reason that his wind was shut off. Now Tarzan relaxed his grasp.

"If you make a sound, you will be choked again," he said.

Cautiously, and after infinite patience, Tarzan passed the final outpost. Forcing his captive to walk before him, he pushed on toward the west until, late in the night, he recrossed the railway, and felt reasonably safe from discovery.

Until now Tarzan had given little thought to the details of revenge. Now he pondered what form the punishment

should take. Of only one thing was he certain; it must end in death. Like all brave men and courageous beasts, Tarzan had little natural inclination to torture—none, in fact; but this case was unique in his experience. An inherent sense of justice called for an eye for an eye, and his recent oath demanded even more. Yes, the creature must suffer even as he had caused Jane Clayton to suffer.

ALL through the long night the ape-man goaded on the exhausted and now terrified Hun. The awful silence of his captor wrought upon the German's nerves. If he would only speak! Again and again Schneider tried to force or coax a word from him; but always the result was the same—continued silence, and a vicious and painful prod from the spear-point. Schneider was bleeding and sore. He was so exhausted that he staggered at every step, and often he fell, only to be prodded to his feet again by that terrifying and remorseless spear.

It was not until morning that Tarzan reached a decision, and it came to him then like an inspiration from above. A slow smile touched his lips and he immediately sought a place to lie up and rest—he wished his prisoner to be fit now for what lay in store for him. Ahead was a stream which Tarzan had crossed the day before. He knew the ford for a drinking-place and a likely spot to make an easy kill. Cautioning the German to utter silence with a gesture, Tarzan approached the stream quietly. Down the game-trail some deer were about to leave the water. Tarzan shoved Schneider into the brush at one side, and squatting next him, waited.

The German watched with puzzled eyes. Who and what could this almost naked white savage be? He had heard him speak but once,—when he had cautioned him to silence,—and then in excellent German, and the well-modulated tones of culture. He watched him now as the fascinated toad watches the snake that is about to devour it. He saw the graceful limbs and symmetrical body motionless as a marble statue as the creature crouched in the concealment of the leafy foliage. Not a muscle, not a nerve moved. He saw the deer coming slowly along the trail, down-wind and unsuspecting. He saw a buck pass—an old buck; and then a young and plump one came opposite the giant in ambush, and Schneider's eyes went wide, and a scream of terror almost broke from his lips, as he saw the agile beast at his side spring straight for the throat of the young buck, and heard from those human lips the hunting roar of a wild beast. Down went the buck, and Tarzan and his captive had meat.

The two lay up until late in the afternoon and then took up the journey once again—a journey so frightful to Schneider because of his ignorance of its destination that he at times groveled at Tarzan's feet, begging for an explanation and for mercy. But on and on in silence the ape-man went, prodding the failing Hun whenever the latter faltered.

BY noon of the third day they reached their destination. After a steep climb and a short walk, they halted at the edge

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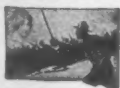


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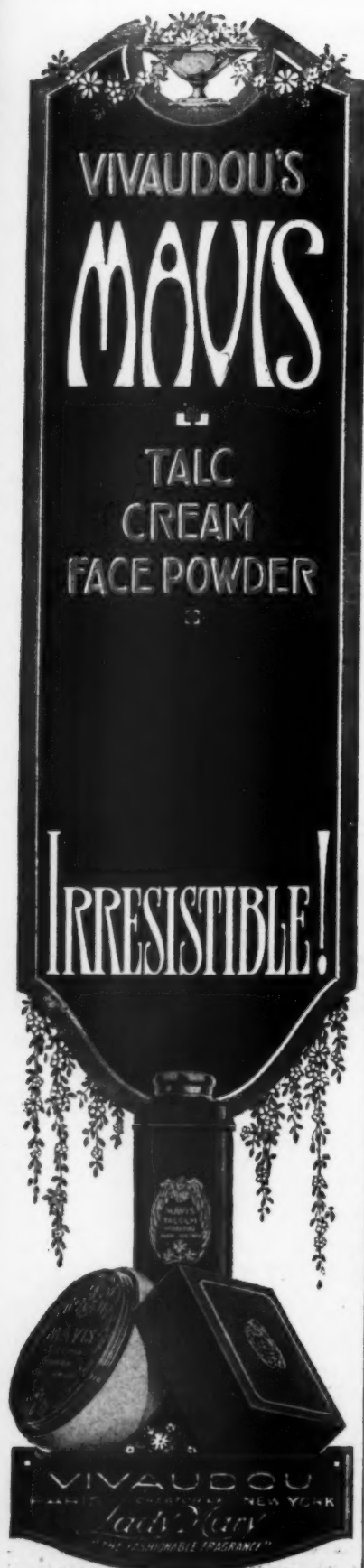
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of a precipitous cliff, and Schneider looked down into a narrow gulch where a single tree grew beside a tiny rivulet, and sparse grass broke from a rock-strewn soil. Tarzan motioned him over the edge; but the German drew back in terror. The ape-man seized him and pushed him roughly toward the brink. "Descend," he said. It was the second time Tarzan had spoken in three days, and perhaps his very silence, ominous in itself, had done more to arouse terror in the breast of the boche than even the spear-point, ever ready as it was.

Schneider looked fearfully over the edge, but was about to essay the attempt when Tarzan halted him. "I am Lord Greystoke," he said. "It was my wife you murdered in the Waziri country. You will understand now why I came for you. Descend."

The German fell upon his knees. "I did not murder your wife," he cried. "Have mercy! I did not murder your wife. I do not know anything about—"

"Descend!" snapped Tarzan, raising the point of the spear. He knew that the man lied, and was not surprised that he did. A man who would murder for no cause would lie for less. Schneider still hesitated and pleaded. The ape-man only jabbed him with the spear, and Schneider slid fearfully over the top and began the perilous descent. Tarzan accompanied and assisted him over the worst places until at last they were within a few feet of the bottom.

"Be quiet now," cautioned the ape-

man. He pointed at the entrance to what appeared to be a cave at the far end of the gulch. "There is a hungry lion in there. If you can reach that tree before he discovers you, you will have several days longer in which to enjoy life; and then, when you are too weak to cling longer to the branches of the tree, Numa the man-eater will feed again for the last time." He pushed Schneider from his foothold to the ground below. "Now run," he said.

Trembling in terror, the German started for the tree. He had almost reached it when a horrid roar broke from the mouth of the cave, and almost simultaneously a gaunt, hunger-mad lion leaped into the daylight of the gulch. Schneider had but a few yards to cover, but the lion flew over the ground to circumvent him, while Tarzan watched the race with a slight smile upon his lips.

Schneider won by a slender margin, and as Tarzan scaled the cliff to the summit, he heard behind him mingled with the roaring of the baffled cat the gibbering of a human voice that was at the same time more bestial than the beast's.

Upon the brink of the cliff the ape-man turned and looked back into the gulch. High in the tree, the German clung frantically to a branch across which his body lay. Beneath him was Numa—waiting.

The ape-man raised his face to Kudu the sun, and from his mighty chest rose the savage victory cry of the bull-ape!

## JOHNNY SAP'S LITTLE SISTER

(Continued from page 67)

gave any gentleman a mortgage on my affections. But if it'll make you feel easier—"

When Mademoiselle Lola had finished the missive, she crumpled it up and threw it back on the table with a gesture of relief. "That's Eddy Ransome all right, but I don't see what there is to put on such a sketch about! He only says good-by; probably he won't be back to Broadway for a long time; I should give his regards to the bunch; and he's disappointed I wasn't in the last time he called me up. Of course I'm sorry he's out of luck, and I'd be willing to do anything for him—but it's beyond me why you had to mix in and bring this here to Foley's."

"Perhaps it was wrong"—Miss Ransome moistened her dry lips slowly from her glass—"but don't you see, my brother was everything my mother and myself had in the world! We put all our love and our money into his education. And the only return we asked was his manliness and his success. And when I got that telegram out of a clear sky, and came East, and found that it was too late—that even our love couldn't bring back his health, and most of our money was gone, why, it made me so bitter that I vowed I'd go on to New York and see some of the places and the people that had helped ruin Eddy's life, and try to make them understand what they'd done to him and us. And while that couldn't help him now, perhaps it would save some other boy like him. I heard him talk about you so

often; and when I persuaded him to give me this note, I didn't know quite how I'd find you, or what I'd say, but—"

"I think you got an awful nerve," Mademoiselle bridled, "blaming your brother's finish on a casual acquaintance! If a person don't know enough to go in when it rains, you can't spend your life holding an umbrella over them. But it's certainly too bad he couldn't stand the pace. If you give me the address, I'll send him up some flowers or something."

"He was a dreadfully nice boy," she reflected. "You used to travel with him some, didn't you, Mr. Sheridan? D'you remember, he was all the time pulling the boobest remarks, funny as a crutch when he's drinking, and never wanted to go home. We used to call him the Little Hick That Never Went Home! Always thin as a slat and having a cough, and I s'pose I ought to have seen he was running wild and give him a talking-to, like a sister; but a person has their own affairs to attend to, and— You say he's been mentioning my name?"

"Yes,"—tearfully,—"he's always saying you dress like a million dollars, and are the best dancer he ever knew, and he has a long panel picture of you that—"

"The one where I'm wearing my Carmencita costume," interrupted Mademoiselle Inconnata eagerly, "with my hair brilliantined, and a sailor hat in my hand!"

Miss Ransome flushed and nodded.

"I expect I wrote something foolish on that! Well, I certainly did have a



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Evan-Burrows Fontaine giving the early birds in Riverside Park a treat.



Photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago

Laurette Taylor and Lynn Fontanne as they appeared at the fancy-dress Victory Ball in Chicago.

"**PHANTOM**," Mildred Cram's daring and dramatic story of one woman's tropic adventure, leads the fascinating March number; it has all the mystery and allure of "The Garden of Allah." Others of the ten notable short stories are Olive Wadsley's delightful "Splendor of Youth," Opie Read's "A Lord Is a Lord" and May Edginton's "The Believer." E. Phillips Oppenheim's brilliant "The Wicked Marquis" and Kate Jordan's much-discussed "Against the Winds" both are represented by specially engrossing episodes. Channing Pollock in his "The Winter Crop" contributes a playwright's criticism of the month's new theatrical productions. Burns Mantle offers the latest gossip of stageland in "What's What on Broadway." And there are striking pictures and photographs galore. If you want to keep wide awake during your reading-hours, treat yourself to the March issue of—

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swell time with his crowd. They were an awfully nice bunch of boys." Mademoiselle Lola's habitually expressionless features were momentarily overcast with a reminiscent cloud; then she demanded suddenly: "What is this Catskill place, a couple of tents and a morgue? Could a person get there and back in a day or so?" "Why, why, of course," stammered Eddy's sister. "I'm going back to him tomorrow. If you'd really like to send a message—"

The dancer leaned swiftly toward her, with leveled gaze. "Make it to-night, and I'll go with you, dearie!"

"Go with me!" Miss Ransome drew back bewilderedly. "Why, I don't understand— After saying you're only a casual acquaintance, and the way I've talked to you, and—"

"I guess I don't hardly understand myself. But if he is up there all alone, wouldn't he like it better if we surprised him personally and took along some flowers, and some fruit or something? You see, before he left town, he called me up a good many times—and I was never in, and I couldn't explain so well in a letter how sorry I am. We might get a paper-train, mightn't we, Mr. Sheridan, and just carry him up a bit of the old cheer-o?"

"That would be splendid!" Rolly came hastily out of an astounded perspective and consulted his timepiece judiciously. "And there ought to be a train. But wouldn't to-morrow be better?"

"No. If I'm going, I'm going to-night—while the orchestra's playing 'The Spring Song' and the dimmers are on the lights. If I wait, probably to-morrow Eddy Ransome won't mean anything in my young life. What d'you say?"

"Why, I—I don't know!" Miss Ransome looked dubiously at Rolly. "Would it be all right, Mr. Sheridan?"

"Of course, if you really think I'm a vampire—"

"Oh, no, I don't mean that. But I didn't fancy you'd take it like this. I thought—I guess I don't know what I thought. I only knew that before I went home I had to have it out with somebody about Eddy. And—and—"

The girl's voice faltered, painfully near a complete breakdown. Mademoiselle Lola gave her escort one glance that asked the sanction of his authority; then she clasped a firm but gentle hand over Miss Ransome's fingers and took command of the situation. "For heaven's sake, dearie, don't pull any of that sob-stuff in here! They'll only think you've got a crying jag. I'll take you in back, and you can wait in my dressing-room till I have a little session with the works. You might call a taxi, Mr. Sheridan, and we'll meet you downstairs in half an hour. And if you have time, step in the office and look up a time-table to this Catskill dump."

**W**HEN they met again, under Foley's green-awninged entrance, Mademoiselle Inconnata had exchanged her dainty splendors for a severely tailored suit and replaced her superior Iberian "atmosphere" with quiet American competence.

"Of course, Miss Ransome, you'll want to go round and check out of your hotel. Have you found us a train, Mr. Sheridan?" she asked.

"You'll have scarcely an hour to wait."

informed Rolly, consulting a folder he had pilfered from the taxi-starter.

"Good!" cried the dancer, hurrying his visitor into the car. "That'll give us just time to pick up a few things for the kid Eddy, and grab off a sinker and a cup of coffee in Childs'."

It was hardly an ideal time for a shopping-tour; yet when they reached the Grand Central, Miss Ransome's arms clasped a long florist's box, and Rolly was weighted down with a huge basket of fruit and a roll of magazines.

Mademoiselle Lola giggled as she looked around the deserted concourse. "Aint that Joseph Urban effect lovely on the ceiling? This reminds me a whole lot of the night Nita got her telegram to join 'The Wisacres.' Will you please get the tickets, Mr. Sheridan?"

He drew her aside on pretext of taking some messages for her friends. "You'll take good care of Miss Ransome?" he urged anxiously.

"You bet I will!" she assured him. "And if it's any question of keeping that poor boy up there in the tamaracks, I'll rustle the coin from his old crowd without her ever knowing how it happened. She's one nerry little kid, aint she? Hung the jay sign on me all right to-night. Though honestly, Mr. Sheridan,"—she coughed throatily and dabbled her eyes with an aromatic wisp of lace,—"honestly, I've always tried to play the game square with the Johns. Only, I never had it brought home to me before how every time Broadway shakes down another sucker, it's somebody else's funeral too."

"Oughtn't we to be getting aboard now?" Miss Ransome called. "They're letting the passengers through."

Mademoiselle Lola held out her hand to Rolly. "You've been an awfully good boy, trotting us around all night. Drop into Foley's sometime and we'll talk things over. Good-by."

Eddy's sister faltered a less imperious farewell. "Thank you so much, Mr. Sheridan, for all the kindnesses you've shown me in New York. I'm afraid I've not repaid them very well. But I just had to do—what I did to-night. And now most of my bitterness is gone. And my brother will have a few happier hours. So perhaps there's been no harm."

"And you were quite wrong about her," she whispered earnestly as Mademoiselle Inconnata moved elegantly forward in the wake of a porter.

"Yes," replied Rolly soberly. "You're a couple of regular fellows, both of you. And please forget all that rot about my doing you any kindness; it's been entirely the other way. Now give my regards to the old kid, and tell him we all hope—he'll soon be on his feet again."

"Thank you—I'll tell him," answered the girl bravely.

He waited until their train pulled out; then he crossed the deserted concourse, which now seemed doubly deserted, and mounted the forsaken ramp. "Hm, cheer-o!" he pondered, pausing a moment at the curb to draw in a deep breath of Manhattan's chill morning air. "And I thought I knew a little about Broadway, and a whole lot about women!" Lighting a meditative cigarette, he turned up the collar of his topcoat and walked slowly along Forty-second Street.

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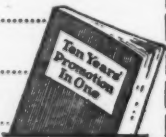
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## THE RIDER OF THE KING-LOG

(Continued from page 72)

"I tried to—but he called me names. He isn't willing to say one word about what happened down country."

"And here's the reason!" Donald slapped the letter. "In the woods, eh? Up here to camp out, dude-fashion, and pussyfoot around to see her when old John isn't looking!"

"He's an engineer. I have heard of him. He was at Broad Falls."

"But he must be one of those city snobs, just the same. They're all alike. Here! Stick down the flap of this envelope, so that it won't show. Then give me the letter. I'll take it up to the house with the mail. I may get a chance to watch her face when she reads it."

KEZAR did have opportunity for scrutiny. Clare helped her father with his mail before she opened her own letter. But her countenance revealed nothing under Kezar's jealous stare.

"Harriet Tell sends you her best wishes and hopes you are well, Daddy," she said when she had finished. She made no other comment, and the young man's angry suspicions were deepened.

"Aye, I remember the girl! She showed me some kindness when I needed it." His manner revealed that the memory was not a pleasant one. Abruptly he turned to Kezar.

"What's this news from the Portage, boy? Wicked doings there last night, they tell me."

The young man was able to control his expression, for he had expected that Kavanagh would ask for information on a subject which was engaging all tongues.

"Never mind the bloody details!" broke in Kavanagh, after Kezar had made a start in his narrative. "It's enough to know that they Kilkenny-catted each other. Good riddance! And ye were there, eh?"

"Only by accident. I was down that way doing business with Tom Wallin about some hackmatack."

"These days are fine long days for doing business, my boy! Ye'd better use the nights as God planned for 'em."

"I usually do, sir. But last night I was obliged to wait for Wallin." He was glad of the opportunity to get in his lie before any other reports came up the river. He wished he saw as good a chance to bolster his lie about Lola Hébert.

Clare hastened to speak to the young man when he rose. "I have something to ask too, Don. I'm going to a wedding dinner to-day. Will you be my beau?" She couched the request in the familiar manner of a proven friend, and he replied to her smile gratefully. "It's Timothy Mulkern and Rosie O'Shea. They were married at the church by Father Laflamme early this morning."

Kezar was very willing to escort Clare, and acquiesced eagerly.

"It's the spoiling of a good dynamite boss to make a poor husband," growled Kavanagh, as Kezar turned away. "She's a slip of a girl, and he more fit to be her father!"

"But getting a good wife ought to make him a better man, Daddy. —I'll be ready at noon, Don," the girl called after Kezar.

"WHAT do ye make of him, colleen?" Kavanagh demanded bluntly. "I have a good eye for men when they stand before me in their boots. I have needed grit and muscle in men—I have never minded much else about 'em. But in picking men, a woman has something better than an eye. What do you make of him?"

"Why, Daddy," she replied with a laugh, "I never thought that Don was sufficiently complex to require any study. I don't believe I could add anything to your opinion of him."

"Oh, so that's it!" There was distinctly a touch of disappointment in his tone. "Oh, so *that's* it!" he repeated, and this time there was just as distinct relief. "Well, perhaps it's better as it is. With the tongue, the Kavanaghs are quick on the trigger; but with the head"—he tapped knuckles against his forehead—"they don't shoot till they know whether the game is worth while—whether it's quill-pig or bear."

"I know what you're thinking about," she told him. She went and leaned against the barrel chair and put her arm about his neck. "But I can't help you any, for I have never thought about it."

"I leave you free to choose, *alamnah*!"

"But what I said against marriage, against Mulkern, it doesn't stand. It's only because a dynamite-boss shouldn't have a wife in his mind when he has the bang-juice in his hand. But pass this along to Rosie with my good word." He took from his wallet a packet of new bank-notes, bound with the teller's tape. "She mustn't make him afraid. With old Marthorn's devils getting more underfoot every year, I need Mulkern. He will go further into the heart of a jam and will heat his stuff nearer the busting-point than any other hell-roarer in the Toban."

His voice had a plaintive tone. He changed the subject. "Colleen, ye're doing much to help me these days. So willing are ye, and that's the joy of it. And if some things I may ask you to do seem strange and not quite to your taste, as a fine lady, will ye do 'em for me just the same?"

"I will! I know you have good reason for asking."

"Aye! Good reason. The fine folks, might think the things strange. But there are no finer folks here; they're your own good friends in the Toban. You'll be pleasing them. And remember—most of all you'll be pleasing me."

She queried with her eyes, but he shook his head. "All in good time, darlin'. I have your promise. Now run off by yourself for a time. Get ye on your ribbons for the wedding-dance. Here comes old Dot-and-Carry-One."

ABNER KEZAR brought posies in his hand as usual. He gave them to the girl when she met him at the door.

"I picked them when the dew was on. I'm sorry I did not send them by Donald. But my mind was—was—"  
"Come along here, you stuttering old laggard! I'll have something for your mind."

When Clare had gone, Kavanagh called for Dumphy. "Close the outside door, man, and stand against it. Let no one in! I'm busy." He flung a gesture toward his desk. "Get pen, Abner, pen and paper. Pull your table close."

After the man of business had seated himself and squared his elbows, Kavanagh leaned toward him and spoke low. "Write it with care, Abner, and help me with advice when I ask for it. I'm going to make another will."

Kezar laid down his pen and sat back in his chair. "And the one you made—"  
"This has nothing to do with the one I have made. That is signed and sealed and stands as it is. This is my will about my funeral." He snapped his fingers under his factor's nose. "Don't saucer-eye at me in that style! When a man dies, there's a funeral. You don't think I'll live forever, do you?"

"But the arrangements can be—"

Kavanagh was in no mood for interruptions that day. "It's my own funeral; I'm paying the bills, and the arrangements are mine. And understand this at the start, Kezar: I'm in a hurry, and there's much to be written. Don't hand me advice till I ask for it. And the advice I'll need is about different kinds of ways to give folks a good time. That's the kind of funeral I propose to have."

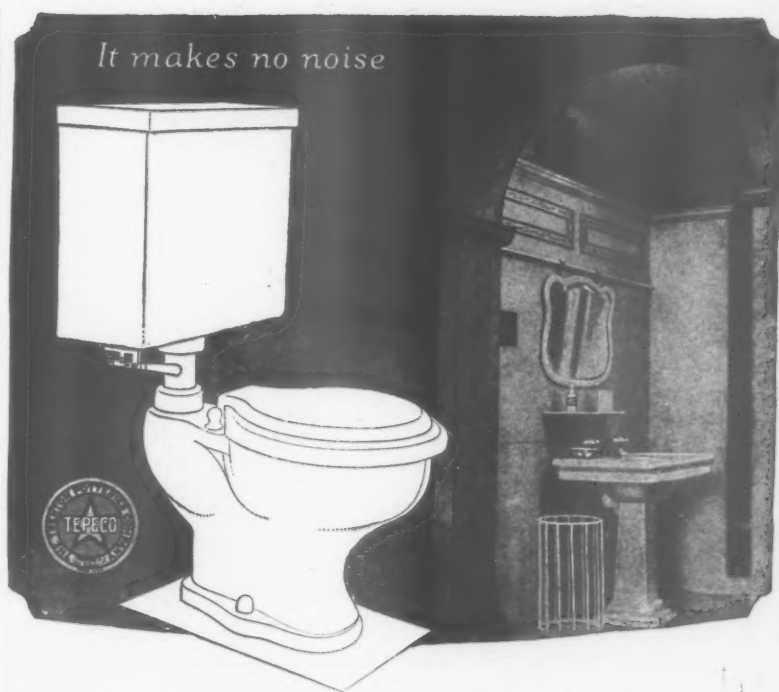
The continued amazed stare from Kezar annoyed the master.

"Don't think I'm a lunatic! Understand right now that there's method in what I'm doing. I'll waste a word or two on you at the start, so that you may be ready later when folks say I was crazy. Abner, I'm leaving my girl to follow after me in my business. Once you would have told me that *that* idea was crazy. What talk have you now?"

"She is fully capable."

"Aye, she is! She has shown all of us a few points. It's in her! When I am gone, the devils who have been yapping at the heels of my business will try to set their teeth into it. Old Marthorn's gang is waiting. She'll need many friends. By the gods, I'll leave 'em behind me for her! I owe the boys a treat, Kezar. I promised 'em a band at the home-coming. But sorrow was in me, Abner, sorrow was in me that night. I owe 'em much for their disappointment. I'll pay! To make friends for the colleen and keep green my memory! I promised 'em a band at the home-coming. There shall be two bands at the funeral. Note it! There'll be other things as well. Dip your pen! And there'll be telegrams for you to write this day, Abner. It's near! It's near!" He put his hand upon his breast. "I have lived close to the wilderness, like an old bull moose, Abner. And instinct tells the old moose when the time is at hand. I have seen 'em stagger to their hiding-places. I'm at the end. Write!" He spoke hastily, eagerly.

DONALD KEZAR came for Clare a little before noon, and the two went to the door, where Dumphy was on



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guard. "He said it was private business, Miss Clare, but sure it can't be orders for you," apologized the sentinel, and he opened the door for them. Kavanagh halted in his monotone of dictation. "Whist, man, turn your papers upside down!"

"We're off for the wedding-party, Daddy. And if you don't mind, we'll stay for a dance or two."

"It would not seem friendly if you did not, darlin'! I'm glad to have you friendly with all. We need our friends. Kiss the bride for me and take a step with the smart, upstanding boys."

"I'll carry your best wishes to all."

She had come only a few steps into the big room, out of deference to the business which engaged him. She turned to leave with Donald.

"Alannah!" called her father. He spoke softly, tenderly. "Come! Just for a moment." He pulled her onto his knee. "And now that ye're here, I can't remember just what it was I wanted to say to ye." Constraint, a queer awkwardness, suddenly seized upon him. "But I think it was for this, darlin'!" He put his palms to her cheeks and drew her to him and kissed her forehead. He was silent for a few moments, holding her close to him. "And now off with ye, and be gay!" he said huskily.

But her lips quivered when she rose, and she turned her face away so that he might not see the tears in her eyes. Between them the subject of his health was taboo. But with love's apprehension she had watched, day by day, the sallow whiteness taking the place of the healthy tan; the gaunt hands had trembled more than ever before when they touched her cheeks. She controlled herself and turned at the door and flashed a smile at him.

When she stepped forth into the radiance of the noonday sun, her father stared after her with such pathetic intensity that Abner Kezar dropped his pen and laced together his nervous fingers.

"Dumphy, leave the door be for a bit!" Kavanagh kept his eyes on her till the brow of the hill barred his vision. Then he raised his hand, and the guardian of the door understood and closed the portal without noise.

"God bless ye and keep ye, my colleen! Good-by!" He put his shaking hands to his face and wept weakly.

"John, you shouldn't let her go away from you—not the way you're feeling," urged Kezar.

"It's no sight for a girl! I have seen many a man die. And I have always remembered how they died instead of how they lived."

"But John—John! You don't think you're going to die—not soon!"

"Who knows best what means this chill from my toes to my knees, you or me, you old arithmetic? It's coming on—it's coming up—like I've felt the icy water when I've waded on the drive in the spring. It's easy to die when you're done. It's only to stop breathing. But I'm not done. Your pen, man! What was we? It's the third day of it, we were planning. Have I made it plain how ye shall set the wangan bateau on the big wheels for my hearse?"

"Yes," choked the scribe.

"It shall be made such a day that they

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will never forget John Kavanagh's wake! It's owing to 'em! I have always paid my debts. And ye shall tell 'em, Abner, that though my legs were cold, my heart was still warm when I planned. Write!"

## CHAPTER XII

THERE were a good many others in the Toban besides John Kavanagh who failed to approve the match between Timothy Mulkern and little Rosie O'Shea. But though Tim's wisdom was questioned, his love for the girl never was. So many courtships attract no especial attention! But somehow it seemed as if everybody had a word to say about Tim's romance.

Rosie was a bit of a public character in a proper sort of way. She came up from the city to be a waitress at the tavern at Ste. Agathe. She had bright eyes, a snub nose, a freckle or two to set off the peachblow of her cheeks; she stepped quickly in her high-heeled shoes and flicked her short skirts tantalizingly.

And Rosie had a reputation quite her own. One evening, in front of the big store, she slapped the face of a sportsman whom liquor had made loving, and on another occasion she threw a glass of ice and water into the face of "a traveling gentleman" who had undertaken a gay sortie on her in the tavern's dining-room.

And the second time they met, she slapped the face of Tim Mulkern. But she smiled when she slapped him.

"It was a big mosquito!" she explained. "Mercy! There he was biting and biting, and you didn't seem to notice him."

It is doubtful whether Tim Mulkern just then would have taken his attention from Rosie O'Shea to devote any of it to a bulldog chewing on his leg.

The girl was looking on something she had never seen before; she saw utter, blind, worshipful, wistful, adoring self-surrender. That was the beginning of the courtship; the end of it was a prompt promulgation of the banns, to the amazement of Ste. Agathe.

When Clare and Donald walked up the little hill into the yard of Mulkern's home, they saw groups of men clustered at windows, heads close together. They were inspecting the cottage. But they were vigorously resisting all of Tim's urgings to come in and walk on the carpets and sit in the chairs.

"It's a right enough place for our women-folks," said a spokesman, "but it's too good for critters like us to trample into."

Under the pine trees near the house long tables were spread.

"Sizzle" Cyrus, volunteer chef for the occasion, was shoveling the tamped earth from the top of the bean-hole; the vapor rose about him as he toiled.

In the shed at the rear of the cottage was a big jug with plenty of pannikins ranged around it, and an old man sat there in the shade and fiddled industriously; he had dressed for the occasion; he wore a long-tailed coat of faded blue, and sported a red made-up bow buttoned against a celluloid collar.

Mulkern came hurrying out to meet the daughter of his master. His new gray suit had not a crinkle in it.

"Only one other moment of joy this

# Can Barely Read and Write Yet Earns \$60,000 a Year

By James C. Clayton

## Author's Note

The Man about whom this is written has succeeded without even a common school education. He says success is a knack. Think how much better you could use this knack than a man who can barely read or write. Perhaps this article may prove the turning point in your life—at any rate it's worth investigating.

IN lower New York, in the basement of one of the sky-reaching office buildings, is a store owned by a man whose income runs over \$60,000 a year. The story of this man's remarkable success is one of the most amazing in the annals of American achievement.

At the age of eight, he was left alone in the world. He became a street urchin and sold newspapers to keep his body and soul together. Soon he acquired a newsstand and year in and year out in sunshine and rain, in snow, in sleet, and in the bitter cold, he earned his living by working fourteen and sixteen hours a day. School was out of the question. He was too busy earning his living to think about education.

This man was denied the opportunity of gaining experience through reading what others had done. Until recent years, he could not even read and could barely write his name. There is not one man in a thousand who had fewer advantages than he. Yet, not one man in a thousand earns as much money.

Here are just two incidents which show how this man makes money hand over fist. Two years ago a proposition was made to him which had been turned down by a dozen others in his line. He accepted and pushed the thing for all it was worth and cleaned up \$150,000. Last September another proposition was brought to him, which dozens of men urgently recommended that he accept, but to all entreaties he turned a deaf ear. As matters turned out, had he gone ahead with the plans which others urged upon him, he would have lost thirty or forty thousand dollars.

Many people say that this man's success is due to luck. Others call it intuition. But if you talk to him he will tell you that his success is due to common sense plus the knack of being able to make decisions, and to stick to them after they are made, and to fight and overcome every obstacle until his goal is reached.

George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial Bank, of Chicago, in a recent article in the American Magazine, stated that *decisiveness* was the vital element in life, whether it is in business, politics, or in every-day social affairs. The man who can barely read or write, but whose income today is over \$5,000 a month, calls this same element *will power*. He says that his success is due to his ability to say "yes" when his heart tells him to say yes, and to say "no" when his heart tells him to say no. He does not flounder around, he does not waver in his decisions—he makes up his mind quickly on what he wants to do—and then does it. The moment you meet him you are dominated by his supreme power of will.

A strong will is a simple recipe for success—yet how few people have the will power to get what they want! If a man with no education can earn \$60,000 a year because he has a forceful will, how much would YOU be able to earn with a dominating will?

Have you ever thought of what your big handicap is? Has it ever occurred to you that your main trouble is weak will-power? The average man uses about one-tenth of his brain—over nine-tenths remains unused. Most of us want things half-heartedly. We are cowed by men with stronger wills than ours. We are dominated by men who force us to abide by their wills. We have ideas, but they go to waste, simply because we have not the strength of will to put them over. We think there is some magic about money-making, but the only magic is the power that crashes through all opposition—the power that utilizes every asset of your brain instead of only one-tenth.

Perhaps you feel that will power is something God-given, just as the color of your hair or the color of your eyes. The truth is that a strong will can be developed just

as easily as strong muscles.

The reason the average man's will is weak is because he has not used his will. If you carried your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather; if you lived in a pitch-dark room for a year, your eyes would become powerless to see in daylight; if you sat in a chair for a year, you would become powerless to use your feet; and what is true of the muscles of the body is equally true of the brain faculty called will power. You can develop your will to any degree of strength you desire, by intelligent use and exercise.

Until recently, however, there has been no definite plan—no definite method of developing the will. Everything that has been written on the subject was mere preaching—telling you the necessity of developing your will, but not how to do it. But now there is a set of rules, exercises, and lessons which show exactly what to do to make your will as dominating a force as you want it to be. These rules, lessons, and exercises were formulated after twenty years of study and research by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson, and Royce. So practical and so simple are these instructions, and so helpful are they to those who practice them, that the results achieved are almost miraculous. In one case they enabled a young man to increase his earnings 800 per cent in one year. Another man writes that one day's study netted him \$300. Another increased his earnings from \$40 to \$90 a week. Still another writes that his first week's profit was \$897. A young man tells how he increased his earnings from \$20 a week to \$15,000 a year. But one of the most remarkable cases is that of the young man whose earnings had never been greater than \$30 a week, but who increased them to \$1000 a week as a result of having practiced Prof. Haddock's methods.

These rules, lessons, and exercises for developing will power are already in the hands of nearly three hundred thousand others. Among those who have used and praised them are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, ex-United States Chinese Ambassador; S. R. McKelvie, Governor of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, Senator Capper of Kansas and hundreds of others equally as prominent.

The very rules and exercises that Professor Haddock has formulated are now available to you in convenient book form. They are published under the title of "Power of Will" in a single volume by the Pelton Publishing Company of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized by them to say that you may examine the book without sending any money in advance. When you receive your copy I suggest you take time to read particularly the articles on the law of great thinking, how to develop analytical power, how to concentrate perfectly on any subject, how to guard against errors in thought, how to drive unwelcome thoughts from the mind, how to develop fearlessness, how to acquire a dominating personality.

Simply by mailing the coupon form below or a letter "Power of Will" will be sent you prepaid for free examination. Keep it and read it for five days and if you are not satisfied that it will revolutionize your life return the book and it will cost you nothing. If you are satisfied, as you surely will be, simply send the small price of \$3 after examination. As the first step in will training I would suggest immediate action in this matter. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Co., 31-F Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn. The book will come by return mail.

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day that's ahead of this moment, Miss Clare," he cried, "and that was when Father Pierre gave us his blessing, and I knew the knot had been tied." His joy was almost hysterical. "Glory be, she has taken old Tim!"

Clare held out her hand to him, and all the other men took off their hats and smiled on her. "She has found a good husband. My father adds his word to mine." She went into the cottage and kissed the little bride. Then she led Rosie away, slipping an arm confidentially about the girl's waist. "I have a message from my father, and you must show me your new home, every corner of it."

The bride, departing, turned a look of gratitude on Mulkern with brimming eyes; she was thanking him for having raised her to such a plane of respect as this.

Young Kezar had stopped at the threshold, and Mulkern hurried to him.

"My best to you, Tim! You have a right to be proud of her."

"Aye, man, you're right. It's grand to be married. And there was pride in your own face when you walked up here just now."

"The wedding bells are ringing gay," stated somebody jocosely. "Seems to be fine weather for it. Probably a wedding will follow a funeral even at old Joel's place; they say that Paul Sabatis is going to marry the Hébert girl."

KEZAR walked up and down the yard, his hands behind his back, pondering. It was in his mind to rush affairs with Clare, copying the precipitateness of Mulkern's courtship. He felt that haste was necessary in his case, and he was ready to take desperate chances.

In a few moments Cyrus gave the wood-cook's call: "Ay oi-i! Grub on the ta-a-be!"

The guests made a little procession and marched twice around the yard, the fiddler leading and playing "Hull's Victory." Clare walked happily at Donald's side and snuggled close to him when they were seated at table.

"A wedding!" she exclaimed. "It makes everybody so happy, and it ought to!"

"That's right!"

"Then why are you so solemn, Don?"

"I don't dare tell you," he stammered.

"Don't dare?"

"It's because I am thinking of you."

Her frank laughter put him out of countenance still more. All about them was shrill hilarity of women; the men bawled jests.

"I don't mean that you're a solemn subject," he apologized, leaning close to her. "But when I think of you, I feel so worthless! I wish I hadn't stayed in the woods as I've done. It spoils a man. He doesn't know anything. He's green. You've seen 'em outside. You know the difference."

"The principal features I noticed were selfishness and snobbery. I really didn't investigate very much to find other qualities. Perhaps I wasn't enough interested."

Being himself so well versed in guile, Kezar wondered just what she was hiding under that indifference.

"But of course, in looks and—style—and education," he floundered on.

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"they stack up better than anybody you've seen up here in the woods."

"Are you fishing for compliments, sir?"

"I reckon you'd have to stretch the truth a little to pay any compliment to me," he returned bitterly.

"No, Donald. But I'm not going to pay you any compliments. They're my particular aversion."

"Yes, I know it. I've heard you talk. But I wish—"

He looked away from her and was unable to finish the sentence. There were so many things he wished he could do! He dared not mention one of them. He wished he could know what place Kenneth Marthorn occupied in her thoughts; he wished he could tell her how wildly he wanted her for his own; he felt an almost irresistible impulse to crush his lips against her red mouth.

Clare had often found that comedy would turn the flank of the most critical situation. His ardor was apparent, and she did not frown or turn unkindly eyes on him; rather her mien was a bit tender and encouraging. But when he stumbled over the "wish" and halted in confusion, she picked up the wishbone which she had removed from the breast of her fried chicken.

"Put it in your pocket, Don. Hang it behind the stove till it dries. Then we'll break it between us, and perhaps you may get that wish!" Her merriment scattered the half-formed projects as a wind scatters leaves. She turned away and took up conversation with the others.

FOR the dancing, Mulkern had laid planed boards for a platform under the trees, and an accordion and a flute supplemented Tom's fiddle. In the late afternoon the sound of the music was in the ears of John Kavanagh, panting for breath in his barrel-chair.

Ahner Kezar, his papers folded and put away, sat with his master. His face was as white as Kavanagh's. "Oh, John, John! You should have had one of the great doctors long before this."

Kavanagh wagged slow negation with his head.

"I ask again. Wont you let me send a telegram to bring one?"

Old X. K.'s scowl answered him on that point.

"But it's a cruel thing not to let your daughter know."

"Man, man! I know what I do! Where I'm going I don't know. But I'm taking with me the happy smile she gave me when she passed out of that door. The smile of her! Not the sorrow and the tears of her were she here now whilst my eyes are closing! I don't know what the other place is like. But if I'm to be John Kavanagh there, my memory will go with me; her smile is a blessed memory."

He stood up, showing sudden strength and resolution. He stripped from him the dressing-gown in which he had been wrapped.

"If I'm to be John Kavanagh there, I'll go right! Dumphy!"

The servitor opened the door and stepped in.

"Dumphy! Bring the boots with the spikes, and my belted jacket."

"Don't stand up, John!" pleaded Kezar. "It aggravates your trouble. It's



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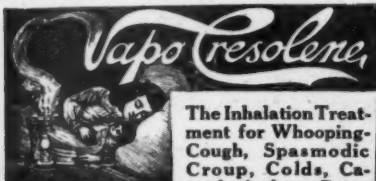
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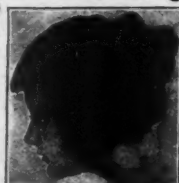


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bad for you. Stop, Dumphy! He doesn't want his boots and jacket!"

"Who is it that's giving off orders over mine? Dumphy! Do as I bid ye!" His demeanor was that of the Kavanagh, long master of men, though a touch of delirium was apparent in his manner and speech.

He pulled on the jacket when Dumphy held it for his arms; he put out first one foot and then the other, and the man dragged on the boots and laced them.

"Bring the chair into the open before the door. I've lived under God's high sky, and I'll die outdoors under it!"

"It's pretty music," he said, after he had sat and listened for a time. "Somewhere! But I can't see that far—now, Abner." He stroked his palm across his filming eyes. "What is it about?"

"It is the dance—at Tim Mulken's."

"Oh, aye! I mind me now. I told her to stay and dance. It will make the friends for her. And are the logs running? Do you see?"

"Yes, John!" whimpered the old man.

"The rear will soon be in the beam. The boys can well afford to knock off for the funeral. It's a fine comfort for me to know it's all arranged. Oh, about one thing I have second mind, Abner. Hand me my letter to my colleen."

He received it, and tucked it into the breast pocket of his jacket.

"Second thought, Abner! It's better than to have you give it to her. Tell her it's here. It will seem quite as if I gave it to her with my own hands. I do not worry. I have her promise to do as I say!"

Then he looked down and studied the spike-soled boots for some time.

"There's a law against wearing 'em into a tavern or a railroad train," he murmured. "But I'm starting out with 'em on—wherever it is I'm going! I haven't the cheek to believe that I'll be going up. It's most like to be downhill, Abner, and they'll save me from slipping!"

He straightened suddenly in his chair, stared into the unseen with distended eyes; and then his chin sagged slowly to his breast. So, with a jest on his lips, the Kavanagh set forth on the Long Journey!

## CHAPTER XIII

AFTER Kenneth Marthorn had reappeared in the city, Vice-president Donaldson threw himself in Bob Appleton's way in a manner which that investigator tried to pass off as casual. He gossiped about young Marthorn's escapade. Mr. Bob pasted a mental label on the interest of Donaldson, and with the sapience of the skilled scandalmonger, allowed the Marthorn agent to do most of the gossiping, hoping to get a few more facts to add to his own stock. He adroitly dodged all the questions Donaldson asked, and the agent finally showed pique.

"Look here, Appleton! You know a lot about this matter. Why pretend you don't?"

"If I pretended I did know anything about it, I'd be lying to you, and that would be very disrespectful."

"But you gave out the first stories!"

"No, merely commented on a matter of public record—a marriage by special license."

"But that license doesn't give the right address of the lady—that is, it merely gives a New York hotel, and we can't trace her beyond that." In his zeal Mr. Donaldson was exposing a great deal.

"That so? I didn't even know just what hotel she lived at. I saw her only at the country club and—and—a few other places."

"But you told Colonel Marthorn that she was not an actress."

"Yes, he seemed to need cheering up a bit."

"How do you know that she was a widow?"

Mr. Bob turned a discomposing stare on Donaldson. "Look here, dear man! Why is Colonel Marthorn wasting his time and yours on my mere guess—so? Kenneth has been home two days. He has more information to give out about his own wife than I have. Being old-fashioned in my notions of propriety, I promptly lost interest in the young lady the moment Kenneth married her."

Thereupon Mr. Donaldson growled a naughty word and went away.

DESPITE Mr. Bob's conclusions on the subject, Kenneth Marthorn, returning to his father, had exhibited a chastened spirit and filial respect.

However, the elder Marthorn, on his part, showed no respect for his son's mood. He broke in furiously on the young man's first words. "You'll tell me what you think is best, you say? You'll tell me all!"

"Up to a certain point, sir, I can tell you. After that it seems to be wholly my affair."

"Who and what is that woman? Where is she?"

"That's the part I can't tell you."

"Can't tell me anything about the woman you have married, to the disgrace of our family?"

"I was married, but I have no wife. I assure you, on my honor, that I have no wife. I am the same as I was. That ought to be satisfactory to you."

"Do you think for one moment that I'm to be left satisfied with that ridiculous riddle? Make a clean breast of it, sir!"

"And that means, of course, telling the family and the friends of the family?"

"Telling the world. If you have escaped from an adventuress, I propose to have everybody know it. Your position in society depends on an understanding that will stop gossip."

Young Marthorn's thoughts flashed back to Omaha and to the *status quo* which he had established between a dotting old man and a foolish girl wife; it was not in his mind to undo what his diplomacy, his pledges of secrecy, his manly pleadings, his honest efforts and his crucified feelings had accomplished.

"Father, this is no whim on my part. It's bitter necessity. I did a foolish thing. I'm not going to follow it up by betrayal of a secret which isn't mine."

"You had given me your man's word!"

"I broke it. I'm ashamed. But I'll be hanged if I ever break my word



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again!" blazed the young man. "I have given that word in this case!"

"Your allowance stops! That woman will get none of my money."

"She has so much of her own that she doesn't need it. But I was going to suggest that you'd better stop the allowance. It wouldn't come from a free heart, under the circumstances. Furthermore, having too much money to spend and too much time on my hands, I got into a silly scrape. I'm going back up-country on the job!"

"You've done your last day's work for our company."

At this, young Mr. Marthorn rose from his chair and then sat down on the edge of the table.

He had quite recovered his composure. "Please listen to me for a moment, sir. That father-and-son dispute—it is definitely ended; you announced your ultimatum, and I accepted it. No more! No more!" he cried, putting up a protesting hand. "It will simply stir my temper again, and will get us nowhere. Now we come to business—the business of the company of which you are president. As you know, for most of a year I have been working in my spare time on the water-conservation plans for the company. The field superintendent has ordered me to start with the surveys this summer. I selected my crew weeks ago. The men are ready to start. I'll never hand my plans over to another man. If the Temiscouata hires a new chief engineer, he'll have to do the plans over, and the survey work in the Toban will be set back months. Now what do you say?"

"You're a rebel in your family! I won't have a rebel in my employ. I tell you, you are discharged!"

"You can discharge me as your son till you come back to your better senses, Father. But you haven't power to discharge me as chief hydraulic engineer of the Great Temiscouata. Only the directors can do that, after presentation of charges. I know our company rules!"

"Get out of here!" shouted Colonel Marthorn, in the upheaval of his emotions not quite able to tell whether he wanted to kick this bold young recalcitrant or slap him on the back with hearty and admiring indorsement of his grit.

"Certainly! By the way, Mr. President, I'm anxious to be on my job and would like to leave for the Toban to-morrow. But as to that hearing before the board—"

"There'll be no hearing. If you'll get into the woods and stay there, your family may be able to have a little peace."

"Thank you, Mr. President! Now, Dad—"

"You get out!"

"Sure!" agreed young Mr. Marthorn, showing no perturbation, seeming to guess why the Colonel turned his back. "See you to-morrow before I go! We need to have a bit of a powwow over the plans."

"It's about time to have plans in the Toban," growled the Colonel. "If you can raise head of water enough to drown a man named Kavanagh, I'll start your allowance again."

BUT after the chief engineer of the Great Temiscouata had led his men into the summer woods of the Toban,

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And I k

seeking sources and courses and levels of the waterways, he found enough for his attention without going out of his way to settle any of the paternal scores. As a matter of fact, though his mother had told him about his father's "run-in" with Kavanagh, Kenneth did not harbor special resentment against old X. K.; the son had often found his father's tongue mighty provocative of temper. And when news came of Kavanagh's death, it roused in Kenneth no particular emotion.

The invitation which went with the news was by word o' mouth, but its authority was not questioned; it embraced all persons; it promised much. The wake of John Kavanagh was on at Ste. Agathe! Three days of hospitality! On the fourth day the funeral! But men talked about it as if it were a festival instead of a funeral.

After hearing two days of the talk, after seeing so many bateaux and canoes hastening down the river in steady procession, after the Temiscouata bosses had been forced to declare a holiday season for the men, who threatened to desert their jobs without permission, Kenneth Marthorn gave in to his own inclinations. The call of such an event in the monotony of woods life was not to be resisted. He and his men took canoes and joined the procession. It was on the third day of the wake that they journeyed down; they pulled ashore at Ste. Agathe when the twilight was deepening.

Just as the men had reported, it was more a festival than a funeral. The big house on the hill was dark and solemn; they who were feasting on the dead man's bounty did not disturb the new sanctity which invested the mansion. They kept away and made merry in the village at the foot of the hill.

On the river slope, showing in the gloom like a huge, fiery gem, was a pit brimming with wood-coals which sent up flickers of flame. Constantly above these coals, spitted on bars of steel, were carcasses of oxen, their roasting timed so that one was always ready for the knives. Every now and then men held chickens over the glowing coals at the end of long rods.

Marthorn and his men were wolfishly hungry; they were welcomed by the helpers at the tables. But a man, half drunk, came and glowered on the strangers. "I know ye! Ye're Temiscouata scum. It was your people that killed John Kavanagh. It's a wonder he doesn't rise from where he's lying up there on the hill and—"

A servitor who was cutting meat laid down his knife and doubled his fists under the drunken man's nose. "You'd be the one to get the flat of his hand, were he here!" His will spoke for a welcome to everybody. You're shaming the words in his will. Even old Temiscouata Marthorn himself would get the best should he come. Along out with ye!" He grabbed the man's collar and flung him out of the tent.

"If there's any question—any—" began Kenneth apologetically.

"Man, there are no questions here till the funeral is over. I don't care who ye are. It's enough to know that ye're hungry," declared another of the helpers. "I know ye're thirsty too. Eat, and



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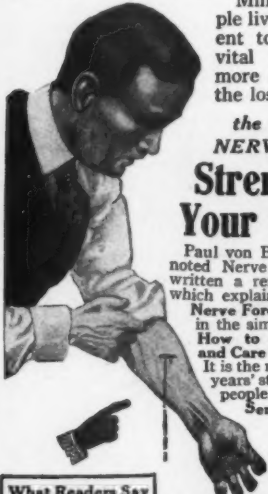
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God bless ye! It's by the will of old X. K.—rest his soul!"

SO they ate of the food of Kavanagh's bounty and strolled about the village, seeing what there was to be seen, and hearing what there was to hear. Therefore, keeping his ears open, young Mr. Marthorn heard much about the beauty, talents and fortune of the heiress of the X. K. Also he heard something which astonished him. He heard it often and was obliged to believe, for it was indorsed by that talismanic statement which was then controlling all the plans and doings in Ste. Agathe: "It's by the will of the Kavanagh!" The funeral procession was really to be a parade, and Clare Kavanagh was to lead it on horseback!

One of the men voiced Kenneth's own shocked sentiments, and his tones were incautiously loud. "No girl in her right senses would do anything like that, even if her father's will did tell her to."

"What's that?" demanded a wizened man who wore a silk hat.

"I wasn't talking to you, sir."

"Well, you wont be lowering yourself any by talking to Doctor Archaleus March. And I heard what you said about the Queen of the Toban, even if you are now denying it."

"I am not denying anything," expostulated the incautious person. Men were gathering around. But Doctor March of the whirling wits had resolved to make the most of a favorite situation: an opportunity to din speech into the ears of the public.

"I can see what you are. You're a dude from down-river. Your flannel shirt doesn't fool me. I've been down among your stuck-up noses. I went as the special doctor of John X. Kavanagh, and now I don't propose to stand idly by and hear his daughter slandered."

"Just a moment!" pleaded Marthorn. "You gentlemen misunderstood an innocent remark." Their situation was dangerous, and he lied brazenly. "Nothing whatever was said about Miss Kavanagh. None of us ever saw the lady; none of us knows her, and I'm quite sure that we never heard of her till very lately."

"Well, you must have lived a long ways off all your life never to have heard of Clare Kavanagh! And it's more or less of an insult to say that you never heard of her," declared an onlooker.

"He ought to be licked for saying it," stated the Doctor.

"Leave the both of 'em to me," urged a volunteer.

But Kenneth put a firm hand against the fellow's breast and pushed him back, stepping between the champion and the Temiscouata man. "Look here, men, all!" he cried sharply in the convincing manner of authority. "We are strangers here, but we are showing more respect for Miss Kavanagh and her father's memory than you are. We are behaving. You are trying to start a riot at a funeral, and that will disgrace everybody."

"That talk is right," concurred Timothy Mulkern, who had come hurrying; he had constituted himself a sort of chief of staff in the funeral management and kept a sharp eye on the gatherings of men. "What does his will say? It's welcome to all! Old Steve Marthorn could

walk through here this night, and I'd flatten the man who cocked at him so much as the quirk of an eye. Scatter ye! I've got a dozen or more o' the taradivils locked in the warp shanty a'ready, so that the funeral sha'n't be shamed. Ye'll join 'em if I hear more."

Marthorn walked on with his men; for the second time that night he had heard the name of Marthorn set as the limit of toleration by the henchmen of John Kavanagh.

Men were following them, grumbling, and in order to avoid further trouble, he and his party decided to get off the streets. In the crowded tavern they were obliged to put up with shakedown beds on the floor of "the ram-pasture," as the garret was called.

But nobody in Ste. Agathe slept much that night; the Kavanagh wake was all that the name implied.

## CHAPTER XIV

ALTHOUGH the nights and days of Kavanagh's wake had been turned into a festival, the day of the funeral was made decorous by the sincere mourning of the men whom he had led and the women whose homes had been supported by the wages he had paid. The funeral of John Kavanagh had a peculiar dignity, fitted to the man and his people.

Down the hill from the mansion came the cortège, moving very slowly. The band which led the way intoned the solemn strains of Chopin's "Funeral March." The musicians had been summoned from a far city, and the organization was a famed one. When the muted cornets voiced the weird wail of the wonderful melody, above the dolor of the moaning basses, the spell of the music and of the scene took possession of Marthorn. He shook his head when one of his men asked a question; he choked and was not able to speak.

When the music came abreast the tavern porch, tears sparkled in his eyes and he was obliged to stroke them away in order to see Clare Kavanagh clearly. She sat very erect on her big black horse; her gaze was straight ahead. Her dark hair accentuated the paleness of her face.

They who gazed on her understood why she had chosen the garb she wore. She was habited in white, according to the provisions of her father's request. When she had come into his arms on that day of their reunion at Manor Verona, she wore her graduation white, and the mental picture had been one of his dearest memories. His letter to her—the letter she had found in the pocket of his belted jacket—had explained his wishes, and she respected the whimsical view he took: "It's black that makes folks think of death—just death. They'll look at you and feel that I'm dead and you're alone. But the white—it will be as if I had stepped away for a bit of a rest." It was a pitiful attempt to reach out to her from beyond the grave the protection of the Kavanagh personality.

One of the X. K. wangan bateaux was slung on wheels, and across the big boat were laid cantdog-handles. On these were propped the huge burial casket. On

# My 10 years with a Corn

## By a woman who typifies millions

head and foot were coils of snubbing-warp. Eight men were standing in the bateau, bosses of swampers, choppers, drivers, teamsters, sawyers and boom-men. Timothy Mulkern was there. Six gigantic, slow-moving tote-road horses drew the makeshift catafalque which so perfectly characterized the life of the man who lay dead. On one coil of rope were his spiked boots; across the other coil was laid his belted jacket. Miles O'Corran, the X. K.'s best teamster, stood high on the bateau's prow and drove the horses.

Behind, in the dust stirred by the broad wheels, marched hundreds of men in uneven ranks. Their heads were bowed, and they carried their hats in their hands. Women walked too, many of them; little children trudged with their elders, gaping with the wonder of it all.

So rode John Kavanagh down the hill from the mansion, along the hollow of the valley past the red-brick office, and up the slope to the parish church where little Père Laflamme waited, his wet eyes staring at the great cross above the clustered graves. Kavanagh had kept his promise. There were two bands. The second one was at the end of the long procession and played "Auld Lang Syne," hushing the strains reverently.

When all had passed and Marthorn had recovered his composure, he discovered that most of his party had joined the marchers. He was annoyed by their disappearance, for the feeling was in him that he was inviting trouble by lingering in Ste. Agathe.

"Look here, Jackson," he remarked to one of the men at his side, "I think we'd better walk up to the church and quietly cut out our party and make a start up-river." He led the way.

ONLY a small part of the mourners could find places in the little church; the others waited outside. Marthorn prudently stopped before he came to the throng and sent ahead his men as skirmishers. But his isolation proved unfortunate. An officious Temiscouata time-keeper, wishing to curry favor with the son of the president, called to him. The busybody had a good position at one of the windows and offered to surrender it to Marthorn, who made no move to accept.

"But Mr. Marthorn!" he insisted, giving the name exasperating prominence.

Marthorn shook his head, turned and started back toward the tavern.

At the door of the church was Donald Kezar, volunteer chief usher and master of ceremonies.

Without haste, but resolutely, he forced his way down the steps and went to the man at the window. In guarded tones, affecting as much indifference as he could, he queried: "That man you just called to—you say his name is Marthorn?"

"Sure! That's Mr. Kenneth Marthorn."

Kezar pushed to the edge of the crowd and stared malevolently at the man whom he suspected. His thoughts were by no means clear, but he did have the savage thought that he was allowing legitimate prey to escape. So Kezar hastened after the engineer, controlling himself by effort of the desperate hypocrite, and pre-



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sending a countenance that was almost bland by the time he caught up with Marthorn.

“I heard your name by accident. I'll find a place for you in the church.”

Marthorn wondered what kind of trick his eyes had been playing him. This person now seemed rather cordial.

“I have some authority. My name is Kezar. My grandfather is the X. K. man of business.”

“I'm going to be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Kezar,” blurted the other, with one of his disarming smiles. “Some quarrel I had no part in seems to have strained relations between my father and Mr. Kavanagh. It has been borne in upon me that I'm not very welcome in this village. I thank you, but I'd better be going.”

“As to grudges, death ought to settle 'em!” replied Donald. “I think it would be showing respect if a man as high as you are in the Temiscouata would sit in with the mourners.”

“I'll be excused, I think!” said Marthorn.

“Everybody in that crowd heard what your name is. They'll take it for a slight on the family if you walk off like this. It might start a disturbance. I reckon you'd better come in. It's the safest way.” He put his hand on Marthorn's shoulder, and the engineer perceived that the eyes of the crowd were upon him. There seemed to be a threat about the whole situation; it was, he told himself, a hair-trigger proposition. He went to the church feeling like a captive.

THEY made way for him at Kezar's command, and closed in behind. In the church his conductor pushed him ahead up the center aisle, drove up a man to give Marthorn a seat and then stood over him like a guard. Kezar was wildly impatient to study their faces at the confronting. But when the services were over, Clare stepped quickly past the altar and disappeared with Father Pierre through the door leading into the priest's house.

The aisle was cleared, and the bearers carried away the heavy casket.

“I am very much obliged to you,” said Kenneth, grasping Kezar's lax hand. “I'd like to have you know that I have sincerely paid my respects to-day.”

“You'd better come along with me. I can show you about a little,” urged Donald.

“No—I can't. I'm starting at once for up-river.”

“But isn't there somebody here in the village you'd like to see?” probed his guide awkwardly. “I suppose you are pretty well acquainted with Miss Clare Kavanagh.”

“I have never met her.” This, after what Kezar had read in the letter, was considered by him as barefaced falsehood. He decided that there was a secret.

“She was four years in college in a place that your father had something to do with.”

“At Manor Verona? Is it possible?” Young Mr. Marthorn's countenance showed polite surprise.

“Wasn't your sister there?” Kezar had been furnished with certain facts by Doctor March.

“Oh, yes! My sister was graduated this year.”

“Then it would be the right thing for you to stop over a little while and give Miss Clare your sister's best regards and all that.”

“Thank you. I'll not intrude.” Even Kezar felt the rebuke in the tone.

“Up here you don't have to be so almighty genteel as those snobs are down-river. I'll go and tell her that you want to see her!”

This insistence was coarse and was becoming wearisome. But Kenneth confined himself to a bland: “No, I thank you!”

His reticence provoked Kezar all the more. “I hope you are not carrying the family grudge against her,” he said.

“My dear fellow, I don't know what a grudge is. But let me remind you that my feelings in regard to Miss Kavanagh or anybody else in the world are my own private business. I really don't deserve all the interest you're taking in me. Good day!”

The aisle was clear, and he walked away.

IN the churchyard one of the bands was droning a dirge. The body of Kavanagh was being committed to the grave. None of the Temiscouata men were in sight; they were mingled with the throngs about the grave. Marthorn made himself as inconspicuous as he could in a corner of the church porch and waited impatiently.

Meanwhile Donald took advantage of his intimacy as Clare's lieutenant: he went along the short corridor by which she had left the church, and entered Father Pierre's house.

In the living-room solicitous Dame Barbe was ministering to the girl, bathing her forehead, clucking kindly solace. The little priest sat beside Clare, patting her hand with a meaning tenderness which was better than words.

Clare turned desolate eyes up at the visitor.

“What else can I do?” he asked.

She shook her head.

Father Laflamme, usually meek, showed a bit of irritation. “There is nothing for her now except what we are doing in our poor way, my son. All has been done—what she has done has been done nobly. She will rest, and be well in a little while.”

“Come with me! I'll take you home, Clare.”

“I'll stay here for a time. Thank you for your kindness, Don.”

“I don't need any thanks. But folks in trouble ought to have their minds taken off their troubles. Clare, I want to show you that I'm your friend, always ready. Here's something I feel you ought to know and know right now. Excuse me for breaking in on your sorrow, but I'm a mourner with you—and I'm loyal to John Kavanagh, even though he has passed away from us.”

He noted that his preface had secured a portion of her attention.

“M'sieur Kezar,” exploded Dame Barbe, autocrat of the priest's household, “it's mos' a wonder you don't bring in beeg, *gros tambour* from the *bande de musique* and pound it in this room for to

make noise to bodder this *pauvre enfant*."

"If you feel that I ought to know anything now, tell me, Don."

"Kenneth Marthorn is here." He leaned forward and stared at her as a hunter intently regards game after the shot has been fired.

He did not produce an effect which satisfied either his jealousy or his hopes. He did not understand her expression. When she narrowed her eyes, he wondered whether she was resenting his interference or displaying dislike for Marthorn.

"He's here shaming the funeral and making fun of it," he persisted. "I thought you ought to know it."

"You should be sure before you say things to hurt the heart so much," rebuked Father Pierre.

"Sure? I am sure! Doctor March will tell you!"

"I believe he would have too much sense and kindness to tell this poor child any such thing," stormed the priest. "Why do you come here at this sad time with such wicked tattle?"

"Because Clare ought to know, so that she can have him and his gang thrown out of this village. I have come to you for the word, Clare."

In her turn she leaned forward, fixing him with stare as intent as his own.

"They are here," she said. "That's enough. If they show no respect, they shame themselves, not us. If a man in this village lays finger on any one of those persons, I'll have the rascal jailed. Go and give out *that* word!"

So, she was protecting Marthorn!

He obeyed, going sulkily, returning along the corridor by which he had come. He left the door open, and Dame Barbe slammed it, putting into that slam greater volume of resentment than most folks could express in speech.

"To come to you with such words! I thought he had a better nature," stammered the priest.

"Oh, we shall forgive Donald! We must forgive him," she cried, controlling herself.

She went to the window which overlooked the graves. The crowds were slowly scattering. There was the flash of the sunlight on busy spades. "Good-by, Daddy!" she whispered. "No, I'll not say good-by—I'll never say good-by to you. I'll come back at sunset when all the rest are gone."

HER horse was at the post near the cottage door. The priest helped her to mount. The lane to the highway took her past the porch of the church. The crowds parted to give her thoroughfare. Voices were stilled when she came in sight, and in the sudden silence the declaration of Donald Kezar, whom rage had made blind to her presence, rang out clearly: "I'll be responsible for you fifteen minutes. That's time for you and your Temiscouata scum to get to your canoes!"

Clare halted her horse. The young man who leaned against the pillar of the porch, his arms folded, had enough of resemblance to Cora Marthorn to be recognizable as her brother. That resemblance, stirring bitter recollection, brought color into Clare's cheeks.

"I think I made it clear," said Marthorn to Kezar, "that I did not care for the help you volunteered; now I most distinctly inform you that I don't need you as my keeper."

Kezar employed tactics which had served his need many times in the past: he said what would rouse adherents who would bulwark him in case of attack. "The snob who comes into Ste. Agathe and slurs Clare Kavanagh can't stay here. You may be old Marthorn's son, but you ain't big enough to get away with anything like that!"

Kezar heard the menacing murmurs and was emboldened. But young Mr. Marthorn did not lower his crest.

"I assure you and all others in hearing that I have not slurred Miss Kavanagh."

Clare struck her horse, and the animal leaped close to the porch. "By what right do you two men bandy my name in public?"

MARTHORN stood erect and took off his hat. But the smile he gave her did not soften her mounting indignation. The cad! The man who had eloped with some unknown creature! The snob! Self-satisfied conqueror of women and brother of smug Cora Marthorn! The son of the man who had insulted her in public and had driven her father to an act which had so shamed him! All the poison of Harriet Tell's gossip attacked her thoughts. And there was reflection more ugly still! The Temiscouata people! The Temiscouata president! Did not the two make the real reason why the spades were flashing the sunlight in the yard of the graves? She had heard her father's words of bitter blame in his weakness and his sorrow! She did not reason clearly. The Kavanagh prejudices, the Kavanagh spirit of retaliation and of combat were rioting in her. With all the ardor of her nature, suppressed for so long at school and now blazing, it seemed that she had been left to carry on the enmities as well as the affairs of the X. K.

"Step away from that man," she commanded Donald. But though her tones were harsh, her heart was forgiving the champion. His zeal was unwise—that was all.

"Gad!" mumbled a man on the outskirts of the crowd, getting close to a neighbor's ear. "Old X. K. didn't take all his grit to Purgatory with him!"

"Your name is Kenneth Marthorn?"

"That is my name, Miss Kavanagh."

"Your intrusion here this day is contemptible!"

"I understood there was a general invitation."

"For honest men and decent men who knew my father and respected him. You're like the rest of your family. You have come here as you and your kind go on slumming expeditions in New York! You—cur!"

His face frankly expressed his amazement at this outburst; he tried to find words for protest and apology, but merely stammered ineptly. Husky men were sifting out of the throng and advancing slowly and with menace.

"I have had enough of the airs and sneers of the Marthorn family. I am no longer alone at Manor Verona." Her eyes flamed. It was more of the

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avatar of the ancient spirit which had whirled dizzy fires within her father to the undoing of his resolutions and his better nature. More than ever did she feel that she was alone in her weakness and her strength, and must voice rebuke and declare antagonism. "I am here—with my own—upon my own!" She swept a wide gesture. "Take notice! I am the Kavanagh!"

The declaration was made with thrilling intensity of tone. There was something in her assumption of full authority that held her men in their tracks, though the ugly diapason of their growls threatened.

Marthorn's flush rivaled her color. "Just one moment!" he pleaded. "I am only a Marthorn, and that's what seems to be the trouble with me, Miss Kavanagh. I have no quarrel with you. I never saw you until to-day. I had no business to come here. I apologize for intruding. I will at once go away."

"Apologize for your sneers!" called Kezar, who had backed away when Clare had commanded.

"On that ground I have no apologies to make."

BESIDE herself, Clare raised her riding-crop; he stepped forward, placing himself in reach of the stroke which she threatened. "If I have said one word here against you or your father, I deserve to be lashed by you all the way to my canoe."

"I heard you!" insisted the tongue of the trouble-maker. He was using his weapon after his custom.

Kenneth did not take his eyes from hers. "The fellow lies!" Then he bowed respectfully. When he faced her again, he was astonished by the change in her demeanor. There had been the convincing tone of the honest gentleman in his calm, curt declaration. There was convincing sincerity in his poise. There was the same subtle rebuke that the sister had opposed to vulgar challenge and ill-considered insult. Clare lived over again those moments of her anguished shame when Cora Marthorn had won the victory over passion by the exercise of good-breeding's self-control. "Ould John Kavanagh's daughter!" Her lips trembled; she shut her eyes, not able to meet his proud stare of respectful protest.

"To the river with him!" bawled a man. "To the river—on a rail!" Other voices took up the cry.

She whirled her horse and faced her men. She shook her crop in their faces. "Away with you, you scoundrels! No actions like that shall shame Ste. Agathe. Away, I say!"

It was astounding change. They goggled at her as sheep might survey a shepherd suddenly turned into a wolf. The man named Mike nudged Mulkern. "Aint it the way of him, all over? They aint burying Kavanagh to-day! There he is with a white dress on!"

She turned back to Marthorn and for an instant seemed about to offer some sort of apology. But she frowned and lifted her chin proudly. "Are you here alone?" she demanded.

"No, I have my party of engineers."

"You'll please collect them. I'll see you safely to your canoes."

"We'll not trouble you to that extent, Miss Kavanagh," he returned, matching her pride with his own. "We shall not require guardians."

"If more folks had proper guardians, they would not make such fools of themselves. I do not except myself. On this matter I insist. I shall escort you. I have no disturbance in this village on this day."

IT was not necessary for Marthorn to collect his men; they had grouped close to him when danger seemed to be at hand. He stepped down from the porch and walked beside her horse, his men at his heels.

"Now show your manners, men," she called imperiously. "Make way, there! No talk! Let them have no story to carry up-river."

"Open the boom! Give the pulp-miller passage!" cried somebody.

"Old X. K. never would have any popple mixed with honest logs," said another.

On the way down the hill Marthorn ventured to speak to her. "Miss Kavanagh, I hope you'll allow me to repeat—"

"Any conversation with you, sir, may cause me to repeat some of my own folly. It is sometimes hard for me to control myself."

"But that fellow back there lied deliberately. I am grateful—"

"For this service?"

"I am, with all my heart."

"Are you grateful enough to do a favor for me which will please me very much?"

"Yes," he replied with earnestness.

"Then please don't open your mouth again until you're out of my hearing," was her tart rejoinder.

He obeyed so implicitly that he merely removed his hat and bowed when the little party arrived at the pull-out place. She sat her horse rigidly, her countenance expressionless, until Marthorn and his men were on their way. Then she struck the animal, and he went off at a gallop along the shore, through the valley and up the hill to the mansion.

"Ho, warder of the castle!" joked Marthorn's canoe-mate, resting his bow paddle in order to draw forth pipe and pouch. "Up portcullis! Down draw-bridge! Here comes the châtelaine! I am the Kavanagh! Jimmy ginger, child, Bernhardt never did a better bit at end of the third act. Some pep! I am the—"

"Shut up!" barked Marthorn. "Get that paddle into the water."

After a half-hour of unbroken silence the aide began to wonder what Marthorn was thinking about. "It's either some big idea that's keeping him quiet," he decided in his own mind, "or else he's bear about obeying her orders to keep his mouth shut. Well, I reckon I'd do anything that girl told me to do, even standing up, jumping through, rolling over and sneezing!"

And now Clare undertakes to prove that she is indeed the Kavanagh. You will find the next few chapters especially interesting. Watch for them in the forthcoming, the April, issue of The Red Book Magazine.

## THE DRONE THAT PLAYED GADFLY

(Continued from page 34)

"Thank you," she replied.

He looked at her a long moment; and she, trying at first to avoid his eyes, finally returned the gaze. Anger, mortification, stubborn pride, were on her face. She said no word. At length he shrugged his shoulders, and smiled again.

"As you like! Good night," said he. "I've cared for you a long time. It's been a habit, ever since you used to send me cushions for my college room and I hugged them when I was lonely. I wonder if Maria Judd ever sent any man cushions when she was young?"

The girl stamped her foot angrily, and suddenly two tears rolled down her cheeks. Tom watched them, fascinated, and she turned her face quickly away.

"After all," he said gently, "we see the world from different angles. I suppose really it's a different world, therefore, to each of us. Good-by, Kit."

She did not move or speak, and he left her, slowly, his face sober.

The next morning Tom called Lucy into his office.

"What would you say," he asked, "if I should fire you in a particularly harsh and unjust manner—because, let us say, you let three typographical errors in spelling by last week?"

"I'd say it was funny you knew they were errors," the girl retorted.

Tom chuckled. "Lucy, I hate to do it," he said. "I don't know how I'm going to get along without you. But you're bounced, just the same."

"Wh-wha-what do you mean?" she demanded, her eyes searching his face.

"Yes, you're canned, just for that sin of letting three typographical errors get into a paper that used to have three-hundred. Peter Shilling is going to run for Congress on the Republican ticket, and he asked me this morning if I knew where he could get a secretary-stenographer during the campaign. So you're fired."

Lucy's eyes slowly changed expression. "Are you going to open up on that old keg of soft soap?" she asked.

Tom nodded. "And you a Republican organ!" said she. "What'll Mr. Parker say?"

"I fear he will die," Tom smiled. "But we'll have to take that chance. Now, remember why you are fired, and go home. You'll get your pay just the same. On your way home, stop at the telephone-office and tell your friend Jane how you are fired—get real mad about it. Jane will tell her father at noon, and he'll tell Shilling at the store. Oh, you say to Jane you've got to hunt for a new job now, and you'd like to be somebody's secretary. If this doesn't work in two days, go to Shilling and apply direct, but give him time to send for you."

"I'm on," said Lucy. "But what am I to do when I get the job?"

"Keep your ears open, and never lose your notebooks," Tom replied. "Don't come here or try to see me. We'll meet behind the old mill at midnight. Is there an old mill in Stoneham?"

Lucy laughed. "Maybe we'll have to

use the Congregational horsesheds," said she.

He put out his hand, and as their fingers met, their eyes laughed together.

"It's going to be great fun," she said, "if—if you'll take me back."

"I promise—if there's any paper left," he answered.

TOM'S opening attack was subtle. He offered his sixty-six per cent of the water-company stock to the town, at par, showed how the elimination of the large private profits would result in a great saving to all consumers, and added casually that Peter Shilling, the former State Representative, now running for Congressman on the Republican ticket, old citizen of Hancock, proprietor of the local general store, former selectman and assessor, owned fifteen per cent more of the capital stock, and would also, no doubt, be willing for the good of his native village to sell his stock at par and thus enable the town to acquire eighty-one per cent of the company at the best possible figure.

The *News-Courier* had been on the street but an hour when Peter Shilling entered the editor's office.

"See here, Tom," he demanded, "what do you mean by this crazy article? I won't sell my stock, at par or any other figure. The town would only make a botch of the company. Are you one of these municipal-ownership cranks? We've got to keep things like our water-company out of politics."

"Why, why, why—how you talk!" said Tom. "You know the peepul can always be trusted to do the right thing, and you know you love your native town more, aye, than life itself! I'm surprised, Mr. Shilling. Besides, if you sacrificed your fat dividends, I'd be sacrificing over four times as much. Next week I'm going to print the water-rate you've paid for the past fifteen years, as contrasted with other rates in town. We both love our town, don't we, Mr. Shilling?"

"If you dare," the man cried, "I'll take my advertisement out of your damn' two-for-a-cent paper. What's the matter with you, anyhow? Have you turned Democratic? You'd better be careful, or I'll expose how you treated that poor little secretary of yours."

Tom turned his face away for a second, and then looked once more at the politician, very gravely.

"Well—I—I must expect that," said he. "I can't hope the town will understand my passion for accuracy in this paper, a passion which goes so far that I'm going to dig up your record at the Statehouse, and show how you voted on every bill."

"I voted the way my constituents wanted, and you can't prove I didn't."

The pompous figure of Peter Shilling was distended with rage; and Parker, peering in at the door, retired in terror.

"You—you—*you puppy!*" he shouted.

"I'll break you; I'll smash your paper; I'll drive you out of town!"

"All right, but I'm busy now," Tom



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smiled calmly. "I've got to write something to fill the space your advertisement usually occupies."

"I haven't said yet I withdrew the ad," the man blustered.

"But I have," Tom replied quietly. "I refuse to take it any more. You've threatened the precious integrity of this palladium of opinion and champion of the people's rights, Mr. Congressman. Is that the proper lingo? You can't bribe a free press. Now, beat it."

BY printing an exact account of the visit of Peter Shilling to his office, Tom filled the space in question, and supplemented by a recital of how he had voted in the State legislature on every measure affecting public welfare. He had voted against a minimum wage for women, against suffrage, against the removal of sewage-pollution from rivers and streams, and so on through a long list. In every case, too, he had voted against any public-health measures which put any added burden on the farmers or milk producers.

"Of course," Tom added, "this will please the voters of this region, the average farmer being quite as selfish and local in his viewpoint as the average Congressman. The water-rates, however, should interest some milk-producers we know."

Of this issue four hundred extra copies were printed, and they were sold, too. The farmers were angry, and the Republican Town Committee immediately waited on Tom in a body.

"I'll see you," he said, "if you don't offer me any campaign cigars."

But they had no cigars. They were grieved and indignant and perplexed. Why was he "knocking" Peter Shilling this way? What was the game, anyhow? What was he trying to unload his water-stock on the town for? Just what was his game? Was he going to turn the paper over to the Democrats?

Tom gasped. "Gentlemen," he said, "to me you seem curiously unreal; you are anachronisms. You are left-overs from a past age. I offer my stock to the town, because the town ought to control the company for the general good. I knock Peter Shilling, because he's the type of man who's keeping this country from attaining democracy. I took a jab at our farmers because they are a narrow-minded, pig-headed lot. Next week I'm going to take a crack at the Democratic candidate, just to be impartial."

But before the next week came, Tom lost his one large advertisement, on which *The News-Courier* chiefly depended for its support. This was a weekly page ad of a department store in the near-by city, where most of the town shopping was done. No reason was given. On the same day he received the letter from Webster and Cook, he got word from Lucy to meet her that night at a prearranged spot on the outskirts of the village, behind an abandoned barn.

TOM waited in the shadows for the sound of Lucy's light footfall, and when she came, he took her hand.

"Greetings! My, I'm glad to see you!" he whispered.

"Are you?" she asked, looking up at him, her face glimmering in the dusk.

"Perhaps it isn't good to see you, after spending eight hours a day with that—that creature around! Have Webster and Cook taken out their ad yet?"

"To-day," said Tom. "It's the end of the paper, though I'll stick it out a few more issues, just for spite. I didn't expect the end quite so soon, and we had the circulation on the jump, too."

"You're a trustful soul, Mr. Seymour." "Call me Tom," said he. "I'm afraid of getting dignified with all the delegations that are waiting on me these days."

"Well—Tom," she half whispered, "you are a trusting soul. Why did you think Old Soft Soap voted against the minimum wage and the eight-hour day for women?"

"Just because he's a mossback, and employs a bookkeeper in his store—at least, that's reason enough for him."

Lucy brought forth a paper from her bosom. "Here's a transcript of his letter yesterday to Webster and Cook," said she. "It was sent by special messenger on the trolley to Mr. Webster. He demands that in return for protecting their interests at the Statehouse, *in re* the minimum-wage bill, and so forth, they withdraw their ad from your paper. You can print that in place of the ad this week."

"Lucy, you're a darling!" Tom cried.

"It will cause more talk than the ad, but it won't be so remunerative," she added. "Oh, Mr. Sey—Tom—what are you going to do if the paper goes up?"

Tom laughed, dangerously loud for a conspirator. "I might revert to my former active life," he said, "though I've got so many mortgages to collect now that it will be difficult."

"You wouldn't!" she said. "You couldn't!"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want you to change a bit. I want you to scrap, though. I want you to go away from here, where you just rile people because they're so contented just as they are, and scrap among the new people, the radical people, somewhere. You are a good scrapper, Mr. Sey—Tom. You know you love it now. Oh, dear, why am I saying all this to you?"

"Why are you?" he asked softly. "I—I don't know. I—I want to see you just having fun with—with life in this active way, I guess, and fighting for right things just because they are right."

Tom took her two unresisting hands. "Lucy," said he, "when you talk to a man like this behind the old barn at midnight, you are taking desperate chances of being made love to."

"I—I'm not afraid of taking chances," she flung up at him.

And there was only one answer Tom could think of, and it was wordless.

In the next issue of *The News-Courier*, Peter Shilling's letter, in great, black type, occupied the entire page formerly used by Webster and Cook. It was headed, in letters two inches high:

### WHY GIRLS GO WRONG

On the editorial page was a short squib about the Democratic nominee. Tom wrote:

We have not turned Democrat. We have never been able to work up any passionate loyalty for a zero-sign.

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FG a short nominee. t. We up any gn. If

there were a Socialist or Prohibition nominee in this district, we might be induced to go to the polls. At least, he would stand for something positive as opposed to our Democratic candidate, and something moral, as opposed to our noble fellow-townsmen and ardent patriot, the Honorable Peter Shilling.

ON these two features Tom rested. They were sufficient. Hancock was in a furor. There were some who rejoiced. There were more who didn't. There was even talk of tar and feathers for the man who had been so low and base as to "steal" a private letter. Peter Shilling talked of prosecution. Katherine Buck, meeting Tom on the street, barely nodded to him.

But Parker touched his heart. "What am I going to do now?" cried the poor little man. "I'm too old to get another job—and all my—my responsibilities at home."

"I really hadn't thought of you, Parker," Tom said soberly, regarding the weak, mild figure before him. "I guess I'll give you the paper—I've not quite killed it, you know. You can turn it good Republican again, and get all the ads back, and support vice and crime in the dear old traditional *laissez-faire* way. How would that suit you?"

"Oh, Tom, you—you can't mean it!" he cried.

"I do, though. It's nothing, Parker, nothing! I'll simply keep my water-company stock, which the town seems reluctant to accept, and raise the rates a little more. Consider it settled."

Parker went from the room, unsteady with joy, and almost immediately Lucy entered.

"Fired again," she remarked, her gray eyes snapping. "He's traced the note, and found there was no other possible leak; so he put me through the third degree. He got as good as he gave, but he's sure, just the same, and he's going to have me arrested!"

Tom jumped up. "I'd like to see him try it!" he cried. "You've done, from his point of view, a highly unpraiseworthy, not to say unethical thing; but there's not a law he can invoke. Cheer up! I looked that up before I fired you."

"Don't worry," Lucy laughed. "He's ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths bluff. What's worrying me is—do I get a job back here?"

"No," said Tom. "I've just given the paper to Parker. You're jobless. I don't see that there's anything for you to do except to starve for my convictions."

He looked at her, his eyes twinkling.

"It wouldn't be your convictions, Tom," she answered, coming close to him and speaking with much earnestness. "You've just been having a lark with this old paper, making people mad and shocking 'em. You know that, really. But you're going to have convictions, and I'd gladly starve for them—honest, I would."

Her face was radiant with enthusiasm, and Tom, gazing at her, felt suddenly humble—and inexpressibly happy.

"Lucy," he cried, "I'm sorry I still have one hundred thousand dollars and we can't starve, either of us. The farmers just insist on paying their interest. Will you go away with me, some-

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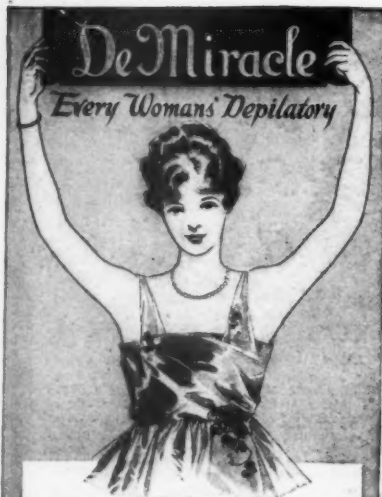
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where far off where nobody knows I'm a lazy drone that tried to play the gaddy, and teach me what my convictions are?"

"I will go anywhere with you, to the ends of the earth," she answered.

Then he took her in his arms; and Parker, starting to enter, hastily withdrew again, on silent feet.

**F**OR the next issue Tom prepared an announcement of complete and unequivocal transfer of the paper to its former editor. He said:

Hancock will breathe a sigh of relief, and we shall echo it. Dear village of our nativity, farewell! We had prepared a motto for this paper, to cap the first page, but it will never be printed now. It was: "*Know the truth, and the truth shall make you itch.*" However, we bow to the inevitable. We give up our vision of a free press, and retain our stock in the water-company. Hancock is content with Pollyanna preferred, and we can worry along with our fifteen-per-cent dividends, though we may have to raise the rates a little now and then, much as we shall dislike to do anything to displease our patriotic and progressive fellow-townsmen, that peerless leader and incomparable statesman, the Honorable Peter Shilling. The new proprietor assures us that *The News-Courier* will henceforth be unimpeachably Republican, and we believe him, with which soothing assurance we say good-by. *Dulce et decorum est pro veritate mori.*

"You know, Lucy," he said wistfully as she read the proof, "I really did have a sneaking conviction or two behind what I've been writing. If it hadn't been for poor old Parker, I'd have kept on, without any advertisers, till the last mortgage was gone. It's been rather—rather stirring to sting for the truth, even in this hopeless little burg."

"Of course you have convictions, dear," Lucy smiled. "That's what made me love you—that, and the way you cheerfully squander twenty thousand dollars for the sake of 'em."

"But that means nothing. I simply enjoy a joke more than a dividend. I'm built that way."

"Thank God!" said she. Then she grew very sober. "Tom," she added, "you once loved—well, somebody—I won't mention names. Are you sure you don't love her still? I can have convictions too. I wouldn't go away with you, though it broke my heart not to—and it would, if you still loved her, deep down. She—she's your people, and I'm a little Irish upstart."

The man thought a moment, while her gray eyes hungrily watched him.

"I did love her once," he answered slowly. "Or I loved love, with her as a symbol. It's hard to say when one is twenty. In the days of my dronehood I kept up the habit. But this foolish little flyer in journalism waked something up in me, and I suddenly saw that she and I were looking at two different worlds. She is not my people. I indignantly deny it! My people, your people, anybody's people, are not Saxon or Irish, Latin or Slav, but the people whose minds leap to meet you, whose hearts beat with yours—as my heart beats to you, dear girl. I feel a mission descending on me. I think I've got to preach this to the nations! You and I will go forth out of Hancock, bearing a torch!"

Lucy let her lashes droop over her flushed cheeks.

"Mother will insist that we be married first," she whispered.

"Aren't mothers funny?" he smiled. "Come, we'll go see her now."

## THE DERELICT

(Continued from page 44)

He swallowed hard, then said:

"My mother restored the money to Brill, out of her own little savings. But he insisted on prosecuting. Before I got out of prison, Mother was dead. It was the shame that killed her—shame and a weak heart. You see, I was all she had in the world. I was everything to her. She'd tried so hard to keep me straight, from the time I was born. But one kind chum was able to undo all her work. It was a real achievement for you, Phil!"

"Good heavens, man!" gurgled Venable, shaken. "I didn't know—I had no idea! Why didn't you—"

"Oh, you had done your share," cut in Barret. "You had humanized me, all right, and made a he-man of me. I grant that. All I've wanted, from then on, was to kill you—most of all, when they sent me word that Mother was dead. But there wasn't a chance, in those days, of my getting you, without swinging for it. Legally, all you had done was to buy me a drink or two. Morally, you'd wrecked my life and killed my mother. I—"

"If you had let me try to help—or—" "I'd had all your help I wanted. And I found new helpers. I was always a companionable kid in those days, as friendly as a collie pup. And in the pen

I picked up a sweet lot of new friends. When I got out, at the end of my bit, it was to those new friends I went. Mother was dead. My reputation here at home was worse than dead. So I never came back to this region till three months ago. In the meanwhile I lived the only way a weak boy with a smashed heart and a prison stain on him could live, after a two-year sentence. I owe you that too, Phil, old friend. And I've dropped in to-night to settle."

"But, Jack! I—I didn't know! I—"

"**DEAR!**" called a woman's voice just outside the locked door.

At the sound, Jack Barret started. Big sweat-beads pushed through the skin of his forehead. His pallid face writhed as if in physical pain. Plainly—apart from the new element of danger—the voice roused memories that were torture.

"Dear," said the woman's voice outside, "is anything the matter? Can't you sleep? I heard the bath running, and then I heard you moving around your room. Shall I come in and read to you till you're drowsy again?"

Judge Venable's scared face had brightened. His parched lips were parted in eager speech.

With a growl, as murderous as it was low-breathed, Barret spun about and jammed the pistol-muzzle against the Judge's abdomen.

"A bullet, there, is always fatal," he whispered fiercely. "It doesn't kill at once, but it always kills—at the end of the third day, and after a hell of suffering. That is how McKinley died."

"Are you ill?" asked the voice, and the doorknob rattled. "Let me in."

"I'm—I'm all right," babbled Venable between castanet teeth, as the pistol-muzzle gouged his ample paunch. "I'm all right, Carrie. I was—I was just dropping to sleep again."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I disturbed you," replied the voice, and light steps died away down the hall.

The Judge groaned aloud. He had hoped his wife would detect the dread in his voice and summon help. But apparently his disjointed and quavering utterances had fallen on her unimaginative ears only as the accents of a sleep-drugged man, who was annoyed at being roused.

Barret wiped the sweat from his own brow, pocketed the revolver and sat down again.

"It gave me a shock to hear her voice again, after all this time," he said, forcing himself back to a semblance of his former careless mien, "a real shock. And yet her voice has changed—even more than I have. Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman. And now, well, years of public speaking have done undesirable things to it. I've always taken the home paper. I've read of her activities. Among other uplifts, she is the local champion of weaker women, I believe. I read that she has urged legislation, several times, for the punishing of the men responsible for such women. I wonder what punishment she would think suitable for the man who knocked my life to pieces, by way of a practical joke?"

Venable made as though to speak. Barret gave him no time for reply, but continued:

"Think it over, dear old Phil. And while you're thinking, let me tell you something to comfort you. I've been sick of this life, ever since I went into it. If a crook would put one tenth the risk and the brain and the work into a legitimate business that he puts into crime, he'd make ten times the money. I've figured that out. And for a year I've tried to find some berth where I could stay straight and still make a living. It isn't reform. It's only sanity. And my friends, to-night, told me my plans had worked out. But I have to finish this job first."

He went over to the table and picked up the roll of bills.

"I was sent to jail for stealing two hundred dollars," he said, counting the money. "I never stole it. It was your theft, Phil. It was you who were responsible. My mother paid old Brill. So the money is mine, the money and its accrued interest. The interest on two hundred dollars for one year at six per cent is twelve dollars. For thirty years, it's three hundred and sixty dollars. (That doesn't count compound interest. I'm no *Shylock*.) So you owe me five hundred and sixty dollars, Phil. And that's all I'm going to take from your wad. See,

here it is—five hundred and sixty dollars. And now for the wind-up."

HE opened a chiffonier drawer, took out a voluminous silk handkerchief and approached Venable from the rear. Before the Judge could guess his intent, Barret had deftly gagged him.

Then he went to the window, leaned out and presently walked back to the table carrying a disreputable handbag, its outer surface soggy with rain. Opening the bag, he extracted a fat bottle filled with an ugly grayish substance.

Next he produced from the bag something that looked like a length of thick gray cord. Uncorking the bottle, he cautiously affixed one end of the cord to the narrow neck of the flask. He laid the bottle directly under Judge Venable's chair, and turned to address his captive.

The carelessness was gone from Barret's voice as he spoke. His accents were solemn; his mouth was set and stern.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "you have heard the charge against you. You have had a chance to defend yourself. All you have been able to say in your own defense, has been to the effect that you did not know your deed would have such results. As a veteran attorney and a judge, you of course know that in the eyes of the law ignorance is no excuse."

Venable twisted. His half-muffled face grew yellow. His eyes bulged.

"You have wantonly committed a deed which ruined the life of an innocent boy," went on the terrible voice, "and which caused the death of a gentle old woman. The court sentences you to atone for your crime by death. And may God have mercy on your craven soul!"

Deliberately, he struck a match and applied it to the end of the length of gray cord. The cord sputtered and sizzled, filling the room with powder-reek. Venable gurgled and groaned and twisted futilely, behind his gag. His face was becoming corpse-gray; his eyes were glazing.

"This is a piece of ordinary blast-fuse," explained Barret with a return of his light manner. "It will burn for exactly eight minutes before it reaches the explosive. The explosive, by the way, is the most powerful known to the modern safe-blower. At the end of eight minutes you and a portion of your home will disintegrate with extreme suddenness. Good night, Phil."

Without one backward look at the fright-palsied figure or at the maddened appeal of the Judge's bulging eyes, Barret went to the window, stooped and passed through the aperture, disappearing into the rainy blackness of the night.

AT breakfast time, failing to elicit an answer to repeated knocks, Mrs. Venable and the servants broke down the door of Judge Venable's bedroom.

In a chair in the center of the apartment perched the Judge, bound hand and foot, head on breast, and so deep in a swoon of horror that the doctors worked over him for nearly three hours before he revived.

Under the chair, at the end of a trail of ash-fluff, a servant found a small-necked, fat bottle.

It was full to the mouth—with gray sand.

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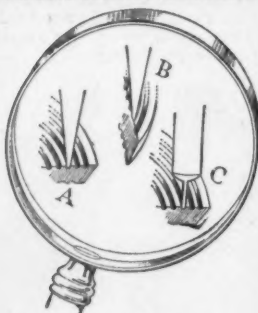
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## THE BLUSH

(Continued from page 49)

office-boy and surprisingly lank; but he had a deep pride in his position. He felt it a very gentlemanly thing to be employed in the office of Yardley & Wyman, cotton factors. It enabled him to wear, with dignity, a very high white collar that was clean on Mondays and Thursdays, and to purchase a tallish white straw hat which turned very far up in the back and very far down in front.

THAT afternoon both the bosses had been absent from the office for more than an hour; it was rather better than an even chance that they would not return that day. Miss Sara Washington had strolled by and smiled at him through the front window. She was two years older than Chester, and ample, but his education and gentility gave him confidence beyond his years. In a nonchalant manner, with an elegant swing of the shoulders, he had strolled out of the office, overtaking Sara, who had just happened to pause by the mouth of the alley. Immersed in conversation, they had naturally drifted up the alley.

Presently they were standing in the little back yard of the office and about midway between the rear door and the alley. Chester was smoking a cigarette, in the height of genteel form, and dilating grandly in admiring glances from Miss Washington's shiny dark eyes.

Upon this consummate scene there suddenly burst a sound of rage—a furious agglomeration of words, among them being Chester's given name, and indiscriminating references to the canine species. This startling sound was evidently advancing rapidly through Yardley & Wyman's back room toward the rear door.

Miss Washington gasped and made an exit to the alley much in the manner of a plump, frightened duck. Chester started, lost color and in a panic flung away his cigarette, a bare half-second before a fat, purple-faced, coatless man appeared in the rear doorway, breathing destruction. Pop-eyed and panic-stricken, Chester dumbly followed his outraged employer into the office.

This outburst upon Chester had the psychological effect of a climax. Some fifteen minutes later the two partners sat lumpishly at the table, where they had gone through the useless rigmarole of figuring up the exact amount of their indebtedness to the First National Bank. In the reaction they were limp and vapid.

Wyman frowned slightly in a mechanical, spiritless fashion and said—in that vague, listless manner which shows that one's mind lies with flapping sails and abandoned rudder: "Seems to me I smell smoke."

Yardley glanced dully at the window and replied apathetically, "Guess not." He gave a dolorous little laugh and added: "What difference would it make, anyway?"

Fire was the enemy that ever stood over the cotton district. In another mood the faintest suspicion of it would have sent them sniffing and exploring like dogs on a scent. In that case they

would surely have discovered, within a minute, the tiny pearl-gray feather that drifted lazily up from the spot where the live coal in Chester's cigarette—after feeding along meagerly on stray threads—was at length nibbling snugly into the edge of quite a drift of fiber. But Kilgore's blow had stunned them, leaving them so empty that nothing really interested them; and in a few seconds after Wyman spoke, the vague idea of fire had quite drifted out of their lax minds. A couple of minutes later they left the office together, suddenly, by the front door.

Kilgore left the bank somewhat before five o'clock—his weapon primed and ready. At ten o'clock next morning the bank would call Peter Pemberton Johnson's loans. The banker's car was waiting at the curb. He got into it and was driven to the spacious new home up on the hill.

A few minutes after six his wife rapped at his study door and entered when he called tersely: "Come."

She stood in the doorway in a white dinner-dress, carrying a white fan. With her dark hair and eyes, white was very becoming to her. She had that complexion of dusky rose which does not fade readily. He thought a stranger would not take her to be thirty-three and the mother of two well-grown children. The thought had a sting.

"There's a bad fire downtown in the cotton district, Frank," she said. "We just been telephoning. They've been fighting it nearly an hour, but can't get it under control."

The perfectly simple, assured, wifely way in which she addressed him—exactly as, any day the last dozen years, she would have mentioned such an incident—subtly confused him. It seemed to allege, with conviction, that the structure of their marriage stood four-square and strong as this house itself—impregnable to even the suggestion of a fatal fissure.

It subtly confused him, so that he did not find it convenient to speak, but arose silently and followed her down the hall and out to the brick-paved terrace in front of the house. The view there commanded the whole town, which lay on the flat three hundred feet below.

KILGORE swiftly noted the location of the fire and the bearing of the wind. He thought most likely it would sweep the cotton district and then perhaps the factories, lumber-yards and cottages across the narrow river. But there seemed no danger to the greater part of the town.

Standing on the terrace, he appraised this phenomenon with the cool, shrewd judgment which never failed him in a matter of business. He was not at all alarmed. In fact, the faintest smile showed in his steady eyes and beneath his close-cut dark mustache.

Down there lay a world of cotton—thousands upon thousands of bales—which in the present situation was really unmarketable. If it burned, the insurance companies would pay for it. The First National and other institutions, carrying

millions in cotton-loans, would find themselves in an easier position. The smile broadened a little—with a certain humorous appreciation—as he realized that Yardley & Wyman could now cash in on their insurance policies, pay their debts and continue in business.

Then it struck him that there would be no calling of Peter Pemberton Johnstone's cotton-loans in the morning. A concept of the mysterious ways of fate rose upon his mind, and he felt an indefinable disturbance.

Presently they went in to dinner—Kilgore abstracted and thoughtful, vaguely baffled over that disturbance deep down in his mind. As often happened, when they dined alone, the conversation was mainly between his wife and children. He watched them with an odd feeling that they had a warm, sweet, gay intimacy of their own and that he really stood outside of it. Of course, he was a very busy man. All three of these beings—so intimately bound to him—had alike the appearance of a fond and merry innocence. If he spoke, his wife met his eye as instantly, openly, smilingly as the children did. He was disturbed.

They dined simply but leisurely. Three quarters of an hour passed before they left the table and went out on the terrace to look at the fire. As Kilgore stepped out slightly behind his wife, he heard her give a cry of dismay. It had grown dark. The wind had shifted and stiffened. The smoke-pall now rolled ominously over the city. Behind it lay a smoldering ruin under a flame-shot haze.

For a moment Kilgore stood at a loss, as though a landscape as familiar to him as his own face had suddenly been changed into something strange. He couldn't fit that picture beneath him into the plan of the town which his memory held. Then he realized that the tall structure whose serried windows poured smoke was the new Union Trust Building, half a block from the First National. All but its four upper stories should have been screened from him by intervening structures. He saw that nearly a square in the heart of the town was gone. The wind seemed to be rising.

It came to Kilgore that the city was going—all that accumulation of the toil, the scheming, the hopes, the passions of men. What an infinity of effort, of anxious planning, of fineness and meanness, of integrity and crime, of love and hate, had gone first and last into the making of it! Going fast now, as a schoolboy rubs his slate clean—only the sponge here was something superhuman, terrible and beautiful. Wiping it all out!

It seemed to teach one humility and forbearance. Kilgore felt it that way—felt it meant that man was rather small and futile and would do well to hold fast to those who loved him. A few hours earlier he had been down there planning vengeance. Now the sky reflected fire over an expanse which seemed illimitable to the upturned eye. The heavens were blushing.

Like one of those far-flung dots of flame, a thought struck fire in the banker's mind. The devastation marched rapidly toward the old residence district on the further side of the business section. Peter Pemberton Johnstone lived there,

on Magnolia Street, in a nice old two-story brick house, with three great elms on a neat lawn behind an ornamental iron fence. He had said that he was going home to dismiss his servants and go to bed, being dead for sleep.

Kilgore tried to put the thought out, but it only leaped higher and hotter.

His wife was saying again that the fire was surely getting near the old residence district; it would be terrible if it took all those fine old homes, and the beautiful trees and the shrubbery and flowers. She was ready to weep over it. Lovely old St. James' church—the Martindales—the Slocums—it would be awful if they should go! Tears stood in her eyes.

"And Peter's, too! Why, it would break Peter's heart if he should lose his elms!" Yet she evidently regarded that as a lesser calamity than the loss of St. James', the Martindale place, the Slocum house.

Kilgore answered her at random, being busily engaged in pouring water on the fire in his own mind. Of course, he told himself, there would be a great racket, abundant warnings and alarms; everybody would be got out of the houses. It was absurd to suppose anything else; his judgment told him so, and he clung stubbornly to his judgment. All the same, an instant after he had the fire fairly out, up it leaped again, more vigorous than ever.

A MOMENT later he was aware of an excited figure at his side—his daughter's. She had slipped over to Mr. Duncan's next door. Mr. Duncan had just come from downtown. When he left, they were getting ready to dynamite all the buildings along Magnolia and Pine streets—trying to save the library and hospital; those were the explosions now. The girl trembled with the news.

Her mother talked with her a moment in an incidental fashion. Then she made a little pause, as when one is struck by a new thought, and turned to her husband.

"Frank—you know, he said he was going home to sleep—his servants going away. You don't suppose—it couldn't be possible—" She spoke quite collectedly with just the thinnest edge of anxiety, and with almost an apologetic touch—as though invoking such a remote, impossible horror as that must be superegregatory.

"Of course, there's been all this din for hours—enough to wake a dead man," the banker replied evenly. "Certainly they'd see that everybody was out of the houses before they dynamited them."

"I suppose they would," she said, and dropped the subject—so far as speaking of it was concerned. Observing her, he thought she didn't drop it from her mind. She seemed nervous and thoughtful. He apprehended that the idea troubled her, but she valiantly forbore to trouble him with a woman's baseless whim.

Presently he addressed her gravely: "That notion of Peter—it makes me uneasy. He must have been warned in plenty of time; but he was going to sleep—the servants were going away. I'm sort of nervous. I'll feel better to go down and make some inquiries."

"Oh, I wouldn't," she replied anxiously. "He must have been warned. You could



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do no good now, anyway." She was thinking of the perils down below.

"I'll feel better to make some inquiries," he repeated, and turned toward the house to order the car.

"You'll be careful, Frank!" she urged with a fond woman's solicitude. "You won't go near the fire?"

"I couldn't get near it if I wanted to," he answered lightly. "They'll have lines all around it. I'll see what I can hear."

"Don't stay," she urged again. "I shall be nervous till you get back."

"I'll come soon, or send word," he said.

His voice was steady as ever; but there was a tumult inside, and he was thrust through by a conviction—coming he could not tell whence or how—that Peter Pemberton Johnstone was dead.

AT two o'clock next morning Kilgore stood in the hall of a small, strange house on the far southern outskirts of town. He looked wan. His collar was wilted with sweat and soiled with dust and smoke. There was a sooty smudge on his cheek. Sam Yardley was explaining to him how it had happened:

"I was feeling pretty blue when I came home to dinner last night," he said with a pale grin which referred to the banker's particular knowledge of why he should feel blue. "I thought I'd step over to Peter's. Nobody like Peter to cheer a fellow up when he's blue, you know. I couldn't raise anybody at his house. That seemed sort of odd, because my wife had seen him come home in the middle of the afternoon, and I could see his car in the garage. But I thought likely he'd let Jim and Martha go to that colored picnic over at Jefferson, and walked uptown to dine at the club. Just then Tom Mooney drove along and said the fire uptown was getting bad. I hopped in with Tom, and we ran uptown.

"You see, when the fire got down our way, it was going mighty fast. Some few things my wife was bound to save. The house was full of smoke before we got 'em out, and the air outside would fairly burn your face. Then the militiamen came along warning everybody away so they could dynamite the houses. We ran, but somehow I thought of Peter. I couldn't be satisfied, you know. I told my wife to beat it, and ran back and kicked in the front door, and there he was. He must have waked up, you see, and started to get out, half dazed and overcome with smoke, and tumbled downstairs. We had quite a time finding any place to put him, for the hospital wasn't safe; but finally we got him over here."

A nurse stepped in and addressed the banker: "He's still asleep. He was in a good deal of pain from the bruises and the dislocated shoulder. They gave him an opiate."

Kilgore had been assured that Peter was not seriously hurt, but he craved the assurance of his own eyes. The time that he had spent searching for Peter measured only five hours by the clock; but by what he had experienced, it was all that time which is required for a man to live through purgatory. He said to the nurse: "I want to look at him now."

Of course the whims of Mr. Kilgore were to be respected. She led the way.

Four other persons, injured in the fire,

had been brought to this house. Peter lay on a cot in an upstairs bedroom. Sunk in deathlike sleep, he seemed older. His face had lost its high color; his hair was tousled; his eyes looked sunken. It came to Kilgore that if he were dead, he would look little different from this.

But under this aged, deathlike mask, the banker mysteriously saw a child—open-hearted to all the world, overflowing with genial affections, even blundering like a child, and as a child incapable of quiet. He had never felt a deeper emotion than that up-welling of affection and contrition. It was not he but Sam Yardley who, unsatisfied, had run back.

LEAVING the improvised hospital, Kilgore drove home. Directly after breakfast he let his wife have her wish to view the desolation that was so much her own.

All but a corner of the business section was a smoky ruin. Yet not all, for across the wreckage, its marble face blackened but stanch and tight, stood the First National Bank without a crack in it. When they put the building up, Kilgore had insisted upon the heaviest fireproof construction. A little candy-shop also stood unharmed, to the east of it. The bank's fireproof walls had saved it. It seemed odd to Kilgore—the little candy-shop huddling safe beside his impregnable bank.

The old aristocratic residence region had been grotesquely transformed into a desolate grove of chimneys. Most of the houses had been of wood, and only the chimneys stood. Where houses had been of brick, the walls now lay in cinder heaps.

All along the streets and in many of the yards beautiful old shade-trees had stood. Every one was dead now, with charred trunks and blackened, mutilated limbs. They seemed to hold up their black impotent arms and to say to Kilgore: "But why did you burn us?"

Beyond this lay the negro quarter—once densely built over with poor cabins, mostly one-story and unpainted. That now was a lesser grove of chimneys. Nothing else that suggested human habitation stood upright. Crowds of forlorn negroes, weary from the night of terror, haunted the ruins, lingering around the spot where their poor little household goods had vanished. Perhaps the contents of a dozen cabins would have fetched twice that many dollars at a secondhand store, but they had been precious to their owners—the scant margin over nakedness which their toil had won.

"Poor souls!" Mrs. Kilgore commented. "I suppose they had no insurance, nothing to fall back on. Poor souls!"

Looking across the scene, Kilgore said: "I'm going to rebuild this quarter better than it was before. I'm going to make good every negro's loss."

She looked quickly around at him. Like the swift blooming of a flower, joy and admiration shone in her face. She nestled her fingers into his palm and cuddled close beside him.

"Oh, Frank! How good you are!" she murmured. "I think you're the best man in the world!"

The banker blushed.

## THE SAFE MISS SEATON

(Continued from page 28)

Disturb the routine? That was the expression that stuck. Miss Seaton, to whom he found it more and more easy to be kind, had made hay of the routine. She had, in fact, established something worthy of the rather pompous name of routine, and in a hundred subtle ways made so many changes that Martin sometimes wondered if he were not in some other man's house. He kicked himself for thinking so. It seemed in a sort of way disloyal to Peggy, who was now in San Francisco disclosing to Dolly what marriage meant, and being a woman of the world.

Wiseman and Carbery laughed when they found that, as they had expected, Dick Martin didn't go near the Club. "Mary Seaton's at it again," said Carbery. "This is the third time I've known of her looking after the home when the wife was away. The safe Miss Seaton—ye gods!"

As the days went by, easy-going, honest Dick Martin forgot all about his friend Epictetus, because he never felt less inclined to anger in all his life. His house was running with the well-oiled smoothness of a smart hotel. Miss Seaton's quiet, capable hand was felt everywhere. Nothing had escaped her detective eye. Even the nursery was shipshape without being prim. Teddy-bears frequently lounged about the drawing-room, and golden-haired dolls with aristocratic smiles often invaded the den, but at least an hour before Dick's latchkey was slipped into the door, they were philosophizing inwardly about life in the recesses of a huge closet, startled at the new system which had been introduced so suddenly. Waddie and Pops, too, brought in for a game with Father before they were put to bed, were as clean and spruce as though going to a party. And, wonder of wonders, there had not been a cloud even as big as a man's hand hanging over the kitchen.

Three days before the one chosen by Peggy for her joyful return which she had telegraphed to Dick, Peggy received a short, pithy letter from her most intimate friend which put her, bag and baggage, on the Sunset Limited for New York. The letter read: "I have just come away from your apartment. I ran in to see that all was well with your little family. Peg, dear, what have you done by letting that woman into your house? Don't you know that her very new-art sitting-room is hung with the scalps of married men, and that she lives by a polite form of blackmail that pays all her bills? Dick adores you and is a good, true fellow—there's no doubt about that. But so were Burton, Wiseman and Elliot Carbery and others, many others, whose wives thought her so safe. Hurry back, hurry, hurry!" There was a lot more, but that was enough for Peggy.

At the moment when her train was a little over three hours away from New York, Dick let Mary Seaton into his apartment. It was Christmas Eve, and the arms of both were full of parcels,

big and small. A large tree, very carefully hidden by Santa Claus behind the curtain in the dining-room, was to be dressed after dinner.

"Creep," whispered Dick, "or the children will hear. I'd rather be made bankrupt than destroy their belief in the old gentleman with the white beard."

There was a soft glow on the safe Miss Seaton's pale face, and a look of exquisite sympathy in her long dark eyes. They hurried into the den and hid all the parcels in a safe place. "Oh," she said brokenly, clasping her hands to her breast, "to have been born under a mother star, to have been blessed with the joys of home and wifehood!"

Dick's kind and simple heart was touched. It was not the first time that he had been given a glimpse of the emptiness and pain of this quiet woman's life. "Bad luck," he said with boyish awkwardness. "Still, there's lots of time yet." He wished that he had put it differently when he saw the funny smile on her lips. For the life of him he couldn't understand why a girl—she was a girl really—so exemplary, so attractive, so gifted, so bravely humble, should have been left like this. It was incredible.

She wore a new dress for dinner, a soft black thing cut very low. It suited her wonderfully—her skin was so white. And the string of strange stones was matched by earrings that made her look like the heroine of a D'Annunzio play—a marchesa or something. She laughed softly, like a woman living a dream, when presently she helped him to dress the tree. Their hands touched several times, and once her hair brushed across his lips when she helped him to spread the snow along the branches.

Dick liked her for being so disingenuously excited over what was to give Waddie and his blue-eyed little girl so much joy. "It's fine," he said finally, standing back to admire their joint efforts. "It was a great notion of yours to get those little colored lights. And we've never had that frost on the snow before. You're an expert in Christmas trees, Miss Seaton. I wish Peggy could see it."

Miss Seaton was silent for a moment. She stood gazing at the crowded tree, hung with innumerable toys that would fill the child mind with great delight, with her white shoulders hunched rather oddly, as though suffering from a stab of pain and anguish. "It makes me strangely jealous," she said in a low, vibrating voice. "Christmas holds many dear memories for me—and yet I might have been spending it alone in my rooms but for you—I mean Peggy. By the way,"—she turned to him suddenly,—“you must come and have tea with me one afternoon and see my little hole in the wall and my small company of Lares and Penates. Will you?"

"Of course I will," said Dick heartily. "Good! And now we'll leave Santa Claus' handiwork and turn out the lights and go into the drawing-room. There's something I want to play to you."

"One second." Dick went over to the



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buffet and filled two small glasses with crème Yvette, gave one to her and clicked it with his own. "Merrier Christmases, and many, many thanks!"

She nodded and smiled and drank; and then quickly and deftly touched a hanging toy here and there, turned out the colored lights, led the way into the drawing-room, sat at the piano and let her hands wander liquidly over the keys. "Look over my shoulder," she said. "There are words to this song."

He stood behind her as she wished. It was an old Yuletide ballad with a simple and honest and reverent sentiment. He liked both the melody and the words. They suggested lavender and scented closets and an old antler-hung hall, good will toward men and the delicate, fragile figure of a gray-haired, smiling woman whose face he would never see again this side of the ever-opening door.

She played it twice with great feeling, and then, as though overwhelmed with a sense of homelessness, leaned back against him with her dark head on his shoulder.

"I've been very happy playing wife to you, Dick," she said softly. "May I call you Dick?"

He felt just a little bit uncomfortable, but he thought he understood. "Yes, of course," he answered.

"You must call me Mary, then."

"I'd like to, Mary."

And she gave a long, deep sigh and picked up his hands and put them round her. "Ah, me," she said, "but this was worth waiting for!"

Dick didn't know quite what to do. He was a clean-thinking, forthright fellow, an optimist, a believer in humanity, himself without guile, utterly in love with his Peggy. Even a little more uncomfortable, he took it that she was treating him as a brother because they had got along so well together and this was Christmas, when lonely people naturally felt lonelier. And so he stood there and looked down at the dark head and said, "I'm so glad, Mary," like a boy newly placed in a tall collar, and still a little awkward in it, though proud.

And she, well practiced in her arts, snuggled a little closer.

"How strong you are!" she said, adding flattery to her touch. "How protective and masculine! I feel almost weak in your arms."

"Play something else," he said, feeling rather panicky.

And knowing the influence of music, she smiled and let the "Moonlight Sonata" trickle from her fingers. This man was easy.

Dick moved away to get a cigarette.

"Come back," she whispered. "Come back to me, Dicky."

And at that instant, tired, harrowed with five days' constant anxiety, Peggy let herself into the apartment. The elevator man carried in her bags. She heard the piano, instantly sensed the difference in the very hall,—the absence of the children's toys, the circulars from the silver tray, the rubbers,—darted quickly and jealously into Dick's den, subconsciously caught the changes there,—the neat pile of mail, the evening paper folded on the desk, and went, with a sudden shiver of apprehension, to the door of the drawing-room. That woman, with such a smile,

in such a dress, playing so professionally, in a religiously lighted room—safe? That man, standing by the piano, drinking in the limpid music, with whisky and siphon, pipe and tobacco-jar so near at hand—safe? Oh, what had she done? She had lived in the proud self-complacency of childish assurance, and the results were—what? She had never seen any woman, except on the stage, look at a man like that, or conceived it possible that Dick, her own, big, wholesome, untheatrical Dick, who never had had an eye or a thought for any girl except herself, could lean over a piano in an attitude so sloppy and inane.

Peggy's first catastrophic impulse was to burst into the room, order Mary Seaton out of the apartment and tell Dick precisely what she thought about him. Her second—thank goodness her mother had been Scotch—was to go in naturally and cheerfully, as though everything were exactly as she wished it to be, and see how far the undermining had gone. There were two things that she resented to the limit of her feminine soul. One was this new tidiness; the other, Miss Seaton's mastery of the piano.

"Oh, hullo, everybody!" she said. "A pleasant surprise for you!" It was well and bravely done.

"Peggy!" cried Dick. "By Jupiter, this is great!" He caught her up in his arms and held her so tight and so warmly, with such joy and delight, that hope came into her dark and cloudy sky like a patch of blue.

Once before, just once before, Mary Seaton had used a similar swear-word beneath her breath. Why had the little fool chosen to come home at that moment of all others? With both hands outstretched and her face alight with pleasure, she went forward.

"Peggy, how splendid! You will be in time for the Christmas tree, after all."

"Yes," said Peggy, touching cheeks, "that's why I changed my mind and came back to-night. It's good to be home again. How nice everything looks!"

Dick broke in with a laugh. "And how tidy, eh? Notice that? Ah! Mary's made some pretty good changes in the old slap-dash routine, my dear."

Oh, how Epictetus and all the rest of the philosophers must have squirmed at that man's tactlessness!

All Peggy's mental fortifications staggered beneath the blow. Tampering with her routine. He called her Mary, too!

NEXT morning, after Dick had trotted off for a walk, supremely happy, with Waddie waddling along at his side,—Pops was still in the perambulator state,—the fight began.

Peggy would never forget that it was exactly six minutes past eleven when she went grimly, but with a palpitating heart, into the spare bedroom, or that rather wickedly exquisite aroma of a certain Paris scent that rose to her nostrils. Mary Seaton was sitting near the window reading a new Wells novel with palpable pleasure. Peggy noticed that her dress was no more really Greenwich Village than her shoes, but that they were, indeed, obviously Fifth Avenue. The dressing-table gleamed with expensive toilet

things, and the dressing-case of shining patent leather that stood haughtily in a corner was like one upon which Peggy had cast longing eyes for weeks.

"Have I made a mistake about you?" she asked, standing squarely in the middle of the room, her slight, girlish figure and her round, sweet face with its little blunt nose reflected in the long glass.

Mary Seaton looked up, frank and friendly. "I don't know, dear. Have you?"

"I thought you were a good sort, trustworthy and straight. I thought you understood friendship and loyalty in a way that many women don't. In fact, I thought you were safe."

The last word, with its implication of a pathetic kind of autumnity and hopeless spinsterhood, sent a flush of anger into the pale face.

Peggy went on, very quietly, holding herself tightly in hand. She would not have been one of Eve's sisters if she had not gloried in having drawn blood with that word. "I also thought, from what you told me of the lonely hours you spend in your rooms, that you would be glad to come into a little family and be made much of, just for a change. Was I wrong in thinking all this?"

Mary Seaton put her book away with a touch of irritation. "You know me better than most people do," she said. "Why should you have made a mistake?"

"I'm afraid I've made many," said Peggy, "but it's for you to tell me about this one."

She had seen the piano incident, then, was jealous and was going to make a scene. What a nuisance! But the expert Miss Seaton was safe, at any rate, in her knowledge of how to prevaricate. "I don't like your tone," she said with great dignity. "I must ask you to change it. I have done everything and more than you asked me to do. Look at the children, look at the servants, look at the apartment. As Dick said, they have never been in such good shape before. And as to Dick, one of these days perhaps you'll find that I kept him in good shape too—a man in a very dangerous position. However, we'll say no more about it. What a perfectly sweet frock! Where did you get it?"

Peggy, breathing quickly, but still keeping a firm hold of her temper, picked up the dressing-case, opened it and put it on the bed. "I knew that you were practical and domestic," she said, "and you've proved it by putting my slipshod routine right. I shall always be grateful to you for that. But I didn't know that you could tell such poisonous lies with such a straight face. Will you put your bottles in the case, or shall I?"

Miss Seaton sprang to her feet. "Oh, I see," she said. "You are giving me my marching orders. Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it," said Peggy.

"Suppose I don't take them? What then?"

"Then I shall ask the elevator man to put you into the street and throw your things after you out of the window."

There was a burst of rather shrill theatrical laughter. "Dick will have something to say to this."

Peggy straightened up, with blazing eyes.

"Whatever Dick will have to say," she said, "I know already. All your tricks have gone for nothing. He is more my man at this moment than ever he was. I'm the only one you've altered, and I'm grateful to you for that. The elevator will be waiting for you in ten minutes."

AS she shut the door behind her, trembling all over, she stumbled into Dick and Waddie, rosy from the keen wind.

"Hullo, young un," said Dick. "Why—what's the trouble, darling?"

Seized with an intense panic, Peggy ran them both into the den, flung her arms round first one, then the other. She kissed them both passionately, like a distracted mother who has saved her precious children from a street accident, and ran to the door. "Don't move," she cried. "Don't on any account come out. Promise me, promise me."

Dick nodded an astonished head, and Waddie, who would have been better named Swaddie in his Teddy-bear clothes, opened wide the very picture of a healthy little mouth. He also jammed two gloved fists into his large, round eyes.

"Good-by," said Peggy bluntly ten minutes later, looking into the elevator.

"Good-by," said Mary Seaton, with her hand on her shining case and a most ambiguous smile in her treacherous eyes. "A merry Christmas!" And as the cage slid away she added inwardly, with perfect confidence: "The happy New Year will be mine, because Dick Martin has promised to come to me."

When Peggy went back to the den, she found one of her babies down on his knees struggling to get the other out of his woolen suit.

She went down on her knees, too, and drew them both into her arms. "Oh, my dears," she whispered, hot tears washing all the powder off her little blunt nose, "try to forgive me for having been so foolish and silly. You sha'n't find toys all over the place and rubbers and circulars and have unpunctual meals and lazy servants, and hairpins on the floor. I'll learn to play the piano and keep the lights low in the drawing-room and fold the evening paper on your desk. We'll have the best and happiest Christmas of all our lives, because I've had my lesson, and I'm a woman, Dickie, and a real mother, Waddie, and we're a little family all alone."

Dick opened his mouth.

"She's gone," answered Peggy.

"Gone? Who?"

"That safe snake," said Peggy. "And if you've promised ever to have tea with her, will you break it? Say you will, say you will!" She clung to him with a sudden passion of protection. He was hers and he seemed so young.

"I only said I'd go because I thought she was your friend and you'd like me to. Why, dearest, I'd break anything for you," said Dick.

And while Waddie, rather bored with all this, marched off to break something more tangible, the man and his wife held each other tight, there on their knees, on Christmas Day, and inwardly renewed their vows of loyalty and love.

Quite a good thing to do, by the way, from time to time.



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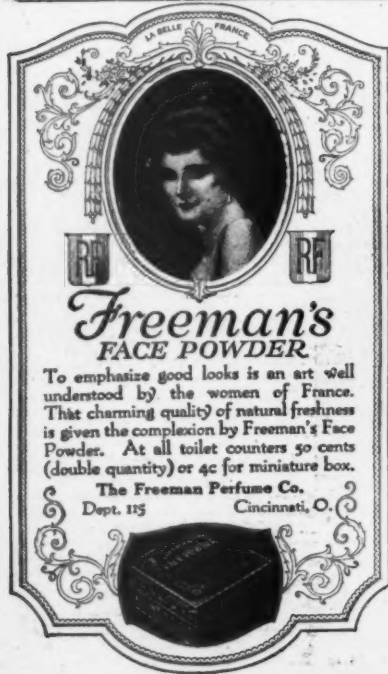
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## THE CUP OF FURY

(Continued from page 58)

"No, but—" She paused. She had not meant to open this subject. But he was determined to hear her version of what Larrey had told.

"How do you mean—she nearly cost you your life?"

"Oh, that's one of the dark chapters of my past."

"You never told me about it."

"I'd rather not."

"Please!" He said it with a surprising earnestness. He had a sudden hope that her confession might be an absolving explanation.

She could not fathom this eagerness, but she felt a desire to release that old secret. She began recklessly:

"Well, I told you how I ran away from home and went on the stage, and Sir Joseph Webling—"

"You told me that much, but not what happened before you met him."

"No, I didn't tell you that, and I'm not going to now, but—well, Sir Joseph was like a father to me; I never had one of my own—to know and remember. Sir Joseph was German born, and perhaps the ruthlessness was contagious, for he joined in the plots to destroy England's ships. He used every means just as his people did, and he used me for a messenger. I think he loved me, but he would have sacrificed me as he did himself and his wife to—*Deutschum*."

"And you carried messages for him!" Davidge mumbled, dreading to hear her confirm Larrey's hideous charges.

"Yes. He told me they were secret financial messages, but they were plain spy-plots."

"And you never suspected?"

"Well, I did and I didn't. I felt that queer things were going on, but I just couldn't believe that they were murder-schemes. Sometimes I was tempted to tell somebody, but that seemed quite too loathsome. So I just let it slip; and then—oh, I was paid up for it. And they were paid for using me; for, you see, I was too stupid to suspect the Intelligence people when they captured Nicky Easton and substituted one of their own. I met the man and believed his story that Nicky was ill and he was taking Nicky's place. I gave him the messages, and he forged the answers—if you can call it forging to imitate a criminal's writing. And I was to blame for Sir Joseph's exposure—if you can call it blame for exposing a criminal. For I suppose he was one, in spite of all his kindness to me. Anyway, I fell into the trap and I was punished for it, for I saw them die! I saw them take the poison and die!"

SHE shivered in a thrice of remembrance. Then she went on—told him the details of that night, and of Verrinder's cross-examination, details that Larrey had not known.

Davidge watched her writhing again in the toils, and gradually, unwittingly, she redeemed herself in his eyes. She ended the story with:

"If I hadn't been an American, they'd have put me in the Tower. If I hadn't

been an American, they'd have shot me, I suppose, though the British didn't shoot any women that I know of. But I've no doubt they've kept me under observation. I shouldn't be surprised if I had been shadowed most of the time. There may be somebody watching outside the house now, for all I know. If you have any respect for your reputation, you'll keep away from me."

She turned a harrowed glance his way, and saw to her bewilderment that he was smiling, broadly. Then he seized her hands and felt a need to gather her home to his arms.

She was so amazed that she fell back to stare at him. Studying his radiant face, she somehow guessed that he had known part of her story before and was glad to hear her confirm it, but her intuition missed fire when she guessed at the source of his information.

"You have been talking to Lady Clifton-Wyatt!"

"Not since I saw her with you."

"Then who told you?"

HE laughed now, for it pleased him mightily to have her read his heart so true.

"Never mind who told me. The main thing is that you told me. And now once more I ask you: will you marry me?"

This startled her indeed. She startled him no less by her brusquerie:

"Certainly not."

"And why not?"

"I'll marry no man who is so careless whom he marries as you are."

The whimsical solemnity of this made him roar. But a man does not love a woman the less for being feminine, and when she thwarts him by a womanliness, she delights him excruciatingly.

But Mamise was in earnest. She believed in one emotion at a time. It offended her to have him suggest that the funeral baked meats of her tragedy should coldly furnish forth a wedding breakfast. She wanted to revel awhile in her elegiac humor and pay full honor to her sorrow, full penalty for her guilt. She put aside his amorous impatience and returned to her theme.

"Well, after all the evil I have done, I wanted to make some atonement. I was involved in the sinking of I don't know how many ships, and I wanted to take some part in building others. So when I met you and you told me that women could build ships too, you awakened a great hope in me, and an ambition. I wanted to get out in the yards and swing a sledge or drive a riveting gun."

"With those hands?" He laughed and reached for them. She put them out of sight back of her as one removes dangerous toys from the clutch of a child, and went on:

"But you wouldn't let me. So I took up the next best thing, office work. I studied that hateful stenography and learned to play a typewriter."

"It keeps you nearer to me."

"But I don't want to be near you. I want to build ships. Please let me go."

out in the yard. Please give me a real job."

He could not keep from laughing at her, at such delicacy pleading for such toil. His amusement humiliated her and baffled her so that at length she said:

"Please go on home. It's getting late, and I don't like you at all."

"I know you don't like me, but couldn't you love me?"

"That's more impossible than liking you, since you won't let me have my only heart's desire."

"It's too brutal, I tell you. And it's getting too cold. It would simply ruin your perfect hands. I don't want to marry a longshoreman, thank you."

"Then I'll thank you to go on home. I'm tired out. I've got to get up in the morning at the screech of dawn and take up your ghastly drudgery again."

"If you'll marry me, you won't have to work at all."

"But work is the one thing I want. So if you'll kindly take yourself off, I'll be much obliged. You've no business here anyway, and it's getting so late that you'll have all the neighbors talking."

"A lot I care!"

"Well, I care a lot," she said, blandly belying her words to Abbie. "I've got to live among them."

It was a miserable ending to an evening of such promise. He felt as silly as a cub turned out of his best girl's house by a sleepy parent, but he had no choice. He rose drearily, fought his way into his overcoat and growled:

"Good night!"

She sighed, "Good night!" and wished that she were not so cantankerous. The closing of the door shook her whole frame, and she made a step forward to call him back, but sank into a chair instead, worn out with the general unsatisfactoriness of life, the complicated mathematical problem that never comes out even. Marriage is a circle that cannot be quite squared.

She sat droopily in her chair for a long while, pondering mankind and womankind and their mutual dependence and incompatibility. It would be nice to be married if one could stay single at the same time. But it was hopelessly impossible to eat your cake and have it too.

Abbie, watching from her window and not knowing that Davidge had gone, imagined all sorts of things and wished that her wild sister would marry and settle down. And yet she wished that she herself had stayed single, for the children were a torment, and of her husband she could only say that she did not know when he bothered her the more, when he was away or when he was at home.

WHEN Davidge left Mamise, he looked back at the lonely cottage she stubbornly and miserably occupied, and longed to hale her from it into a palace. As he walked home, his heart warmed to all the little cottages, most of them dark and cheerless, and he longed to change all these to palaces too. He felt sorry for the poor tired people that lived so humbly there and slept now but to rise in the morning to begin moiling again.

Sometimes from his office window he surveyed the long lines at the pay-windows and felt proud that he could pour



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so much treasure into the hands of the poor. If he had not schemed and borrowed and organized, they would not have had their wages at all.

But now he wished that there might be no poor and no wages, but everybody palaced and living on money from home. That seemed to be the idea, too, of his more discontented workmen, but he could not imagine how everybody could have a palace and everybody live at ease. Who was to build the palaces? Who was to cut the marble from the mountains and haul it, and who to dig the foundations and blast the steel and fasten the girders together? It was easy for the dreamers and the literary loafers to denounce the capitalists and draw pictures of them as obese swine wallowing in bags of gold while emaciated children put out their lean hands in vain. But cartoons were not construction, and the men who would revolutionize the world could not, as a rule, keep their own books straight.

Material riches were everywhere, provided one had the mental riches to go out and get them. Davidge had been as poor as the poorest man at his works, but he had sold muscle for money and brains for money. He had dreamed and schemed and drawn up tremendous plans while they took their pay and went home to their evenings of repose in the bosoms of their families or the barrooms of idleness.

Still there was no convincing them of the realization that they could not get capital by slandering capitalists, or ease by ease, but only by sweat. And so everybody was saying that as soon as this great war was over a greater war was coming upon the world. He wondered what could be done to stay that universal fury from destroying utterly all that the German horror might spare.

Thinking of such things, he forgot, for the nonce, the pangs of love.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

THE threat of winter was terrifying the long-suffering world. People thought of the gales that would harass the poor souls in the clammy trenches, the icy winds that would flutter the tents of the men in camps, the sleety storms that would lash the workers on the docks and on the decks of ships and in the shipyards; the final relentless persecution of the refugees, crowded upon the towns that had not enough for themselves.

To be cold when one is despondent is a fearsome thing. Mamise woke in the chill little cottage and had to leap from her snug bed to a cold bathroom, come out chattering to a cold kitchen. Just as her house grew a little warm, she had to leave it for a long windy walk to an office not half warm enough.

The air was full of orphan leaves, and Cossack whirlwinds stampeded them down the roads as ruthlessly as Uhlans herding Belgian fugitives along. The dour autumn seemed to wrench hopes from the heart like shriveled leaves, and to fill the air with swirling discouragements. The men at work about the ships were numb and often stopped to blow upon their aching fingers. The red-hot rivets went in showers that threatened to blister but gave no warmth.

The ambitions of Mamise congealed along with the other stirring things. She was sorely tempted to give up the unwomanly battle and accept Davidge's offer of a wedding-ring. She had, of course, her Webling inheritance to fall back upon, but she had come to hate it so as tainted money that she would not touch it or its interest. She left it on deposit, intending some day to give it all to some charity or to some good war cause. Not the least of her delights in her new career had been her emancipation from that slavery to that money which Mr. Verrinder had spoken of as her wages for aiding Sir Joseph Webling.

She was disgusted with her independence, but her antipathy to Germany still kept her from willingness to make use of her endowment.

A marriage with Davidge was an altogether different, a thoroughly patriotic livelihood. It would permit her to have servants to wait on her and build her fires. She would go out only when she wished, and sleep late of mornings. She would have multitudinous furs and a closed and heated limousine to carry her through the white world. She could save her conscience by taking up some of the more comfortable forms of war-work. She could manage a Red Cross bandage-factory or a knitting-room, or serve hot dishes in a cozy canteen.

At times from sheer creature discomfort she inclined toward matrimony, as many another woman has done. These craven moods alternated with periods of self-rebuke. She told herself that such a marriage would dishonor her and cheat Davidge.

Besides, marriage was not all wedding-bells and luxury; it had its gall as well as its honey. It was a terrible decision to take, for even in divorceful America, marriage possesses still for women a certain finality.

Mamise had no illusions about matrimony. She knew men and women, married, single and betwixt. She knew life, too. She was far, indeed, from that more or less imaginary character so frequent in fiction and so rare in reality, the young woman who knows nothing of life and mankind. Like every other woman that ever lived, she knew a good deal more than she would confess, and had had more experience than she would admit under oath. In fact, she did not deny that she knew more than she wished she knew, and Davidge had found her very tantalizing about just how much her experience totaled up.

WHEN Marie Louise contemplated matrimony, she had a pretty fair idea of what it involved. She had observed the enormous difference between a man and a woman who meet occasionally and the same people chained together interminably. Quail is a delicacy for invalids and gourmets, but notoriously intolerable as a steady diet. Mamise remembered that there had been prizes offered in vain to the man who could eat a quail every day for a month. On the other hand, bread is forever good. One never tires of bread. And a lucky marriage is as perennially refreshing as bread and butter. The maddening thing about marriage is what makes other lotteries



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irresistible: after all, capital prizes do exist, and some people get them.

Mamise had seen happy mates, rich and poor. In her lonelier hours she coveted their dual blessedness, enriched with joys and griefs shared in plenty and in privation.

Mamise liked Davidge better than she had ever liked any other man. She supposed she loved him. Sometimes she longed for him with a kind of ferocity. Then she was afraid of him, of what he would be like as a husband, of what she would be like as a wife.

Mamise was in an absolute chaos of mind, afraid of everything and everybody, from the weather to wedlock. She had been lured into an office by the fascinating advertisements of freedom, a career, achievement, doing-your-bit and other catchwords. She had found that business has its boredom no less than the prison walls of home, commerce its treadmills and its oakum-picking no less than the jail. The cozy little cottage and the pleasant chores of solitude began to nag her soul.

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The blowing up of the *Clara* had revealed the pitiful truth that men may toil like swarming ants and bees upon a painful and costly structure, only to see it all annulled at once by a careless or a malicious stranger. The *Clara* served as a warning, and the ship *Mamise* now on the stocks and growing ever so slowly might be never finished, or destroyed as soon as done. A pall of discontent was gathering about her. It was the turn of that season in her calendar. The weather was conspiring with the inner November.

The infamous winter of 1917-1918 was preparing to descend upon the blackest year in human annals. Everybody was unhappy; there was a frightful shortage of food among all nations, a terrifying shortage of coal, and the lowest temperature ever known would be recorded. America, less unfortunate than the other peoples, was bitterly disappointed in herself.

There was food in plenty for America, but not for her allies. The prices were appalling. Wages went up and up but never quite caught the expenses. It was necessary to send enormous quantities of everything to our allies lest they perish before we could arrive with troops. And Germany went on fiendishly destroying ships, foodstuffs and capital, displaying in every victory a more insatiable cruelty, a more revolting cynicism toward justice, mercy or truth.

The Kaiserly contempt for America's importance seemed to be justified. People



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were beginning to remember Rome, and to wonder if, after all, Germany might not crush France and England with the troops that had demolished Russia. And then America would have to fight alone.

At this time Mamise stumbled upon an old magazine of the ancient date of 1914. It was full of prophecies that the Kaiser would be dethroned, exiled, hanged perhaps. The irony of it was ghastly. Nothing was more impossible than the downfall of the Kaiser—who seemed verifying his boasts that he took his crown from God. He was praising the strong sword of the unconquerable Germany. He was marshaling the millions from his Eastern Front to throw the British troops into the sea and smother the France he had bled white. The best that the most hopeful could do was to mutter: "Hurry, hurry! We've got to hurry!"

MAMISE grew fretful about the delay to the ship that was to take her name across the sea. She went to Davidge to protest: "Can't you hurry up my ship? If she isn't launched soon, I'm going to go mad."

Davidge threw back his head and emitted a noise between laughter and profanity. He picked up a letter and flung it down:

"I've just got orders changing the specifications again. This is the third time, and the third time's the charm; for now we've got to take out all we've put in, make a new set of drawings and a new set of castings and pretty blamed near tear down the whole ship and rebuild it."

"In the name of heaven, why?"

"In the name of hades, because we've got to get a herd of railroad locomotives to France, and sending them over in pieces won't do. They want 'em ready to run. So the powers that be have ordered me to provide a hatchway big enough to lower whole locomotives through, and pigeonholes in the hold big enough to carry them. As far as the Mamise is concerned, that means we've just about got to rub it out and do it over again. It's a case of back to the mold-loft for Mamise."

"And about how much more delay will this mean?"

"Oh, about ninety days or thereabouts. If we're lucky, we'll launch her by spring."

Mamise was staggered. This relapse was almost worse than the death of the Clara. That tragedy had been noble; it dealt a noble blow and woke the heart to a noble grief and courage. But deferment made the heart sick, and the brain and almost the stomach.

Davidge liked the disappointment no better than Mamise did, but he was used to it.

"And now aren't you glad you're not a shipbuilder? How would you feel if you had got your wish to work in the yard and had turned your little velvet hands into a pair of nutmeg-graters by driving about ten thousand rivets into those plates, only to have had to cut 'em all out again and drive 'em into an entirely new set of plates, knowing that maybe they'd have to come out another time and go back? How'd you like that?"

Mamise lifted her shoulders and let them fall. Davidge went on:

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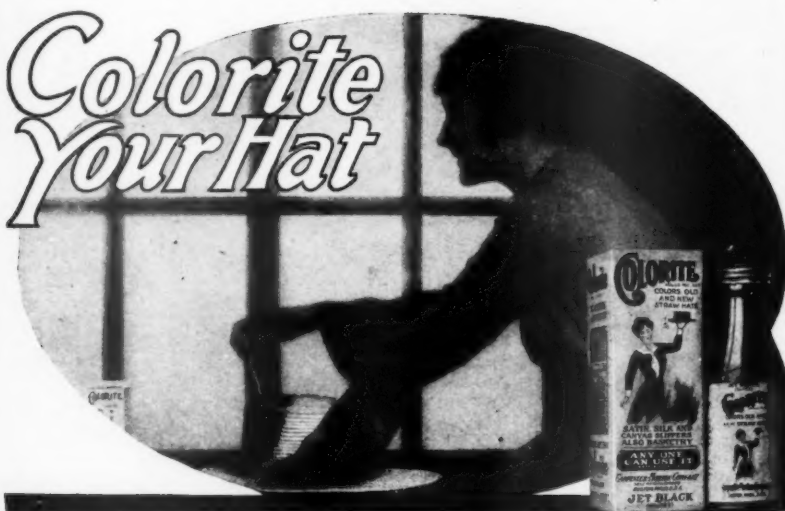
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Mamise realized for the first time the pathos, the higher drama of the manufacturer's world, that world which poets and some other literary artists do not describe because they are too ignorant, too petty, too bookish. They sneer at the noble word *commercial* as if it were a reproach!

Mamise, however, looked on Davidge in his swivel-chair as a kind of despondent demigod, a Titan weary of the eternal strife. She tried to rise beyond a poetical height to the clouds of the practical.

"What will you do with all the workmen who are on that job?"

DAVIDGE grinned: "They're announcing their monthly strike for higher wages—threatening to lay off the force. It'd serve 'em right to take 'em at their word for a while. But you simply can't fight a labor union according to Queensberry rules, so I'll give 'em the raise and put 'em on another ship."

"And the Mamise will be idle and neglected for three months."

"Just about."

"The Germans couldn't have done much worse by her, could they?"

"Not much."

"I think I'll call it a day and go home," said Mamise.

"Better call it a quarter and go to New York or Palm Beach or somewhere where there's a little gayety."

"Are you sick of seeing me round?"

"Since you won't marry me—yes."

Mamise sniffed at this and set her little desk in order, aligned the pencils in the tray, put the carbons back in the box and the rubber cover on the typewriter. Then she sank it into its well and put on her hat.

Davidge held her heavy coat for her and could not resist the opportunity to fold her into his arms. Just as his arms closed about her and he opened his lips to beg her not to desert him, he saw over her shoulder the door opening.

He had barely time to release her and pretend to be still holding her coat when Miss Gabus entered. His elaborate guiltlessness confirmed her bitterest suspicions, and she crossed the room to deposit a sheaf of letters in Davidge's "in" basket and gather up the letters in his "out" basket. She passed across the stage with an effect of absolute refrigeration, like one of *Richard III's* ghosts.

Davidge was furious at Miss Gabus and himself. Mamise was furious at them both—partly for the awkwardness of the incident, partly for the failure of Davidge's enterprise against her lips.

When Miss Gabus was gone, the static momentum was lost. Davidge grumbled:

"Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"I don't know," said Mamise. She gave him her hand. He pressed it in his two palms and shook his head. She shook her head. They were both rebuking the bad behavior of the fates.

Mamise trudged homeward—or at least houseward. She was in another of her irresolute states, and irresolution is the most disappointing of all the moods to the irresolute ones and all the neighbors. It was irresolution that made "Hamlet" a five-act play, and only a Shakespeare could have kept him endurable.

Mamise was becoming unendurable to herself. When she got to her cottage, she found it as dismal as an empty ice-box. When she had started the fire going, she had nothing else to do. In sheer desperation she decided to answer a few letters. There was an old one from Polly Widdicombe. She read it again. It contained the usual invitation to come back to reason and Washington.

Just for something positive to do she resolved to go. There was a tonic in the mere act of decision. She wrote a letter. She felt that she could not wait so long as its answer would require. She resolved to send a telegram.

This meant hustling out into the cold again, but it was something to do, somewhere to go, some excuse for a hope.

## CHAPTER XLIV

WASHINGTON was no Paradise that winter, even to the disconsolate Mamise when she arrived there, for Polly had telegraphed:

Come without fail dying to see you bring along a scuttle of coal if you can.

Mamise showed Davidge the telegram. He was very plucky about letting her go. For her sake, he was so glad that he concealed his own loneliness. That made her underestimate it. He confirmed her belief that he was glad to be rid of her, by making a lark of her departure. He filled an old suit-case with coal and insisted on her taking it. The porter who lugged it along the platform at Washington gave Mamise a curious look. He supposed that this was one of those suit-cases full of bottled goods that were coming into Washington in such multitudes since the town had been decreed absolutely dry. He shook it and was surprised when he failed to hear the *glug-glug* of liquor.

But Polly welcomed the suit-case as if it had been full of that other form of carbon which women wear in rings and necklaces. The whole country was underheated. To the wheatless, meatless, sweetless days were added the heatless months. Major Widdicombe took his breakfasts standing up in his overcoat. Polly and Mamise had theirs in bed, and the maids that brought it wore their heaviest clothes.

There were long lines of petitioners all day at the offices of the Fuel Administration. But it did little good. All the shops and theaters were kept shut on Mondays. Country clubs were closed. Every device to save a lump of coal was put into legal effect so that the necessary war-factories might run and the ships go over the sea. Soon there would be gasolineless Sundays by request, and all the people would obey. Bills of fare at home and at hotel would be regulated by law. Restaurants would be fined for serving more than one meat to one person. Grocers would be fined

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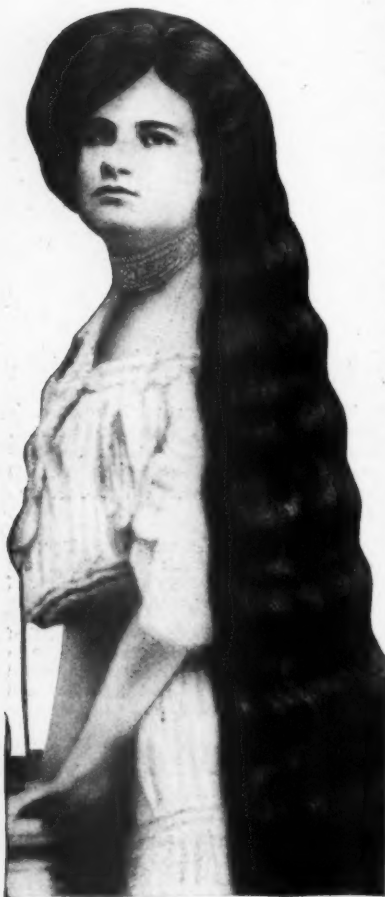
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for selling too much sugar to a family. Placards, great billboards and all the newspapers were filled with counsels to save, save, save, and buy, buy, buy, Bonds, Bonds, Bonds. People grew depressed at all this effort, all this sacrifice with so little show of accomplishment.

American troops, except a pitiful few, were still in America and apparently doomed to stay. This could easily be proved by mathematics, for there were not ships enough to carry them and their supplies. The Germans were building up reserves in France, and they had every advantage of inner lines. They could hurl an avalanche of men at any one of a hundred points of the thin Allied line almost without warning, and wherever they struck, the line would split before the reserves could be rushed up to the crevasse. And once through, what could stop them? Indeed, the whisper went about that the Allies had no reserves worth the name. France and England were literally "all in."

Success and the hope of success did not make the Germans meek. They credited God with a share in their achievement and pinned an Iron Cross on Him, but they kept mortgaging His resources for the future. Those who had protested that the war had been forced on a peaceful Germany and that her majestic fight was all in self-defense came out now to confess—or rather to boast—that they had planned this triumph all along; for thirty years they had built and drilled and stored up reserves. And now they were about to sweep the world and make it a German planet.

The peaceful Kaiser admitted that he had toiled for this approaching day of glory. His war-weary, hunger-pinched subjects were whipped up to further endurance by a brandy of fiery promises, the prospects of incalculable loot, vast colonies, mountains of food, and indemnities sky-high. They were told to be glad that America had come into the war openly at last, so that her untouched treasure-chest could pay the bills. In the whole history of chicken-computation, there were probably never so many fowls counted before they were hatched—and in the final outcome never such a crackling and such a stench of rotten eggs.

But no one in those drear days was mad enough to see the outcome. The strategical experts protested against the wasteful "side-shows" in Mesopotamia, Palestine and Saloniki, and the taking of Jerusalem was counted merely a pretty bit of Christmas shopping that could not weigh against the fall of Kerensky, the end of Russian resistance in the Bolshevik upheaval, and the Italian avalanche down their own mountain-sides. Of all the optimists crazy enough to prophesy a speedy German collapse, no one put his finger on Bulgaria as the first to break.

So sublime, indeed, was the German confidence, that many who had been driven to cover because of their Teutonic activities before America entered the war, began to dream that they too would reap a great reward for their martyrdom on behalf of the Fatherland.

**T**HE premonition of the dawning of *Der Tag* stirred the heart of Nicky Easton. He had led for months the life

of a fox in a hunt-club country. Every time he put his head out, he heard the bay of the hounds. He had stolen very few chickens, and he expected every moment to be pounced on. But now that he felt assured of a German triumph in a little while, he began to think of the future. His heart turned again to Mamise.

She had always fascinated him, and her coldness toward him had enhanced her in his eyes. They had been intimate enough in England to have secret meetings and to exchange mysterious notes. But these had not been *billets doux*, and the opportunities had been wasted because of her indifference to him.

His life of hiding and stealing about from place to place had compelled him to a more ascetic existence than he had been used to. His German accent did not help him, and he had found that even those heavy persons known as light women, though they had no other virtue, had patriotism enough to greet his advances with fierce hostility. His dialect insulted those who had relinquished the privilege of being insulted, and they would not soil their open palms with German-stained money.

In his alliance with Jake Nuddle for the blowing up of the *Clara*, and their later communications looking toward the destruction of other ships, he kept informed of Mamise. He always asked Jake about her. He was bitterly depressed by the news that she was "sweet on" Davidge. He was exultant when he learned from Jake that she had given up her work in the office and had gone to Washington. Jake learned her address from Abbie, and passed it on to Nicky.

**N**ICKY was tempted to steal into Washington and surprise her. But enemy aliens were forbidden to visit the Capital, and he was afraid to go by train. He had wild visions of motoring thither and luring her to a ride with him. He wanted to kidnap her. He might force her to marry him by threatening to kill her and himself. At least he might make her his after the classic manner of his fellow-countrymen in Belgium. But he had not force enough to carry out anything so masterful. He was a sentimental German, not a warrior.

In his more sentimental moods he began to feel a prophetic sorrow for Marie Louise after the Germans had conquered the world. She would be regarded as a traitress. She had been adopted by Sir Joseph Webbling and had helped him, only to abandon the cause and go over to the enemy.

If Nicky could convert her again to loyalty, persuade her to do some brave deed for the Fatherland in redemption of her backsliding, then when *der Tag* came, he could reveal what she had done. When in that resurrection-day the graves opened and all the good German spies and propagandists came forth to be crowned by *Gott* and the Kaiser, Nicky could lead Marie Louise to the dual throne, and describing her reconciliation to the cause, claim her as his bride. And the Kaiser would say: "*Ende gut, alles gut!*"

Never a missionary felt more sanctity in offering salvation to a lost soul by way

of repentance than Nicky felt when he went to the house of an American friend and had Mamise called on the long-distance telephone.

Mamise answered, "Yes, this is Miss Webling," to the faint-voiced long-distance operator, and was told to hold the wire. She heard: "All ready with Washington. Go ahead." Then she heard a timid man saying:

"Hallow, hallow! Iss this Miss Vape-link?"

She was shocked at the familiar dialect. She answered:

"This is Miss Webling, yes. Who is it?"

"You don't know my voice?"

"Yes—yes. I know you—"

"Pleass to say no names."

"All right. What do you want?"

"To see you."

"Where are you?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Well, you evidently know my address."

"You know I cannot come by Vashington."

"Then how can I see you?"

"You could meet me some place, yes?"

"Certainly not."

"It is important, most important."

"To whom?"

"To you—only to you. It is for your sake."

SHE laughed at this; yet it set her curiosity on fire, as he hoped it would. He could almost hear her pondering. But what she asked was:

"How did you find my address?"

"From Chake—Chake Nuttle."

He could not see the wild look that threw her eyes and lips wide. She had never dreamed of such an acquaintance. The mere possibility of it set her brain whirling. It seemed to explain many things, explain them with a horrible clarity. She dared not reveal her suspicions to Nicky. She said nothing till she heard him speak again:

"Vell, you come, yes?"

"Where?"

"You could come here best?"

"No, it's too far."

"By Baltimore we could meet once?"

"All right. Where? When?"

"To-morrow. I do not know Baltimore good. Ve could take ride by automobile and talk so. Yes?"

"All right." This a little anxiously.

"To-morrow evening. I remember it is a train gets there from Vashington about eight. I meet you. Make sure nobody sees you take that train, yes?"

"Yes."

"You know people follow people sometimes."

"Yes."

"I trust you always, Marie Louise."

"All right. Good-by."

"Goot-py, Marie Louise."

She was trembling so that her hand could hardly place the receiver on the hook. She was afraid of so many things that might have been and might still be.

That strange encounter of Marie Louise and Easton in Baltimore, and many other interesting episodes are described in the next installment of "The Cup of Fury," in the forthcoming, the April, issue of The Red Book Magazine.

# Making a Clean Job of it

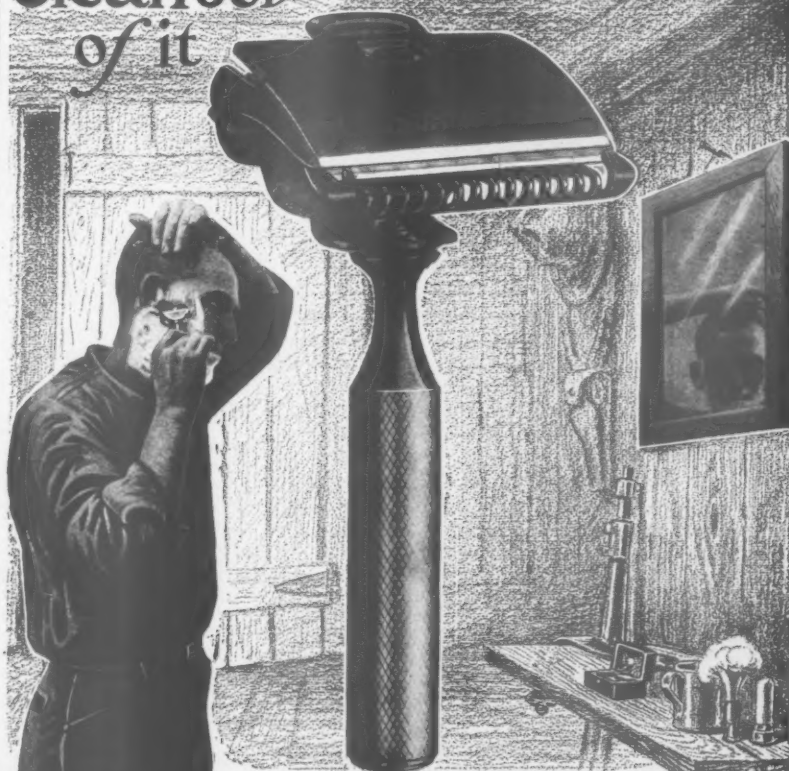


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## HENNESSY'S HOUSE

(Continued from page 54)

a little flock of bills came flocking into Michael's office one morning by the hand of the mail-carrier. Now, the news of the loosing of the appropriation at this time was, of course, public, and it rasped like a file across the nerves of young Arthur Bradshaw, tortured as he was by the memory that Bradshaw & Son had been unsuccessful bidders for a portion of this work. Accordingly Arthur went into executive session upon the entire subject with his friend Jim Morgan.

"But what real evidence have you got, Arthur?" Jim demanded. "It takes something besides suspicions to go before a grand jury."

"Why, look at the bids," argued Arthur. "Lathing—not for a total, but so much a foot; painting so much a yard; roofing the same—all at figures lower than any man can do honest work for. Bradshaw & Son couldn't touch a thing on the job."

"But how do they work it?"

"There's something phony about that building-committee, for one thing," insisted the young contractor. "Bowen and Anderson—those fellows would stand for anything. The minute I saw them go on the committee, I knew there was something wrong."

"But Hennessy—Hennessy's not crooked. I defy them to put anything over on him," said Jim stoutly.

"Not crooked? Don't you know, Jim, that Hennessy was a poor man, working at his trade, when he was elected councilman. And do you know, Jim, that Hennessy's built himself a pretty fair house since he was elected?"

"But he built it with his own hands—or started to."

"Bunk!" snapped Arthur fretfully. "That house is a piece of graft, Jim, pure and simple. The city will pay for that house when it pays for the hospital."

"You've looked up a good many things, Art," Jim observed, with an ironic smile that was meant for himself. "Have you happened to come across the fact that I'm pretty sweet on Kate Hennessy—that I'm going to marry her, in fact?"

"Jim! For heaven's sake! And Hennessy's a crook. He's helping these fellows steal from the city."

James Moran was a powerful and fairly human young man. Automatically his fist doubled, was lifted and brought to within an inch of the jaw of his dearest friend, Arthur Bradshaw, before reason returned to him and he stopped it—"pulled the punch" in the parlance of the fighting game.

MICHAEL HENNESSY, all this while, was innocently thumbing his little batch of bills, thumbing and puzzling. Toward the end of his attempt to reconcile the unreconcilable. Hedrick entered with another bill. Michael snatched it.

"Just a minute, Bill," he called as Hedrick was turning to go, and instantly Councilman Hennessy spared an eye into the marrow of the bill, searching for the very thing which, in his experience this afternoon, he had learned to look for and to find.

"Aha! There ye are!" he exclaimed with a grunt of savage dissatisfaction. "Ye have a bill here for five thousand one hundred and fifty-four yards, and that's more than—"

"But Mike," protested Bill in mildly reproachful tones, for he was quick to sense what was coming, "don't you expect the contractor to make any money at all?" Hedrick ventured a laugh.

"Not that way, I don't," replied Mike, and his face was mirthless.

"But look at the total. It's not too much for the job, and it's not too much for the city to pay."

"By golly, Hedrick, five cents more than ye agreed is too much for the city to pay. There's just four thousand two hundred and fourteen yards, or my inspection is liars. Ye got a bill here for—"

"Say, Hennessy, where do you get this stuff?" demanded Hedrick, growing indignant. "What do you think you're chairman of the pesthouse building committee for? Who got you the job?"

A queer expression flitted across Mike's face, and he started slightly.

"Did ye—did ye, now?" he inquired.

"We did," responded Hedrick boldly.

"We did. We had you put on that committee because we figured you'd be fair and liberal."

"Fair and liberal, is it?" echoed Hennessy, wrath rising. "Look here, thin!" And he took up a bill at random from his desk. "This lathin' bill aint right. Bein' a plasterer, I know somethin' about lath."

"But—but that's Tim, here. Why, Tim give you the lath for your house?"

"And did he that?" Mike's tone was rasping, and his small eyes snapped scorn while he pawed at the little pile of bills before him. "Look ye! This is Steve Otis' bill for the lumber. He's billed for joists that aint in the floor. He's billed for studdin' that never went into the walls. He's billed for surface where he gave 'em rough, and he's billed for finish that was so blamed unfinished that we rejected it. And he's billed for the rejections the same as the used." Mike's ire mounted higher as he catalogued the successive discrepancies in the Otis bill, and then he turned to another.

"Here's Parkinson's for the concrete—more yards by four hundred than went into the building; Carrigan's for brickwork, with enough left over bechune his figures and mine to build the chimney on the new incinerator. Higginbotham's for guttering and cornice work! He's got enough gutterin' in here to gutter the City Hall. And ye expect me to put my John Henry on them things!"

"What's the use of all this grandstandin', Mike?" Hedrick was cynically impatient. "You aint ringin' doorbells and making campaign speeches now. You're making good with your friends. Get down to cases. We took care of you, and the time's come for you to take care of us."

"Took care of me?" asked Mike, noting the emphasis.

"Didn't we build your house for you?"

"But—ye did that out of kindness—"



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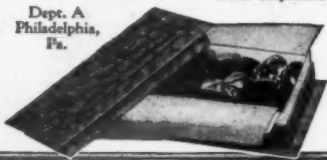


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M. LEONE BRACKER

because I was a credit to the community. Ye furnished the plaster, ye told me, as a compliment to a workin' man who had lifted himself above the common herd and had gratified his ambition to serve his neighbors in the council. Them was yer own words, Bill. I have them wrote down in me album, and your name signed to them.”

A jeering grin of incredulity broke over Hedrick's face.

“For the love of the old sod, Mike, quit kiddin' yourself,” he adjured. “Didn't we have something else in view, don't you think?”

There was a look of conflict on Hennessy's face, as if his mind comprehended but his heart refused to believe.

“Ye mean that they expected the city to pay for me house?” he asked gropingly.

“You could put it that way if you wanted to make an unpleasant remark about your friends,” answered Hedrick cuttingly.

Mike appeared to wince.

“Speak softly, and let me be sure I understand ye,” he pleaded. “Are ye tellin' me that Murphy and Parkinson and all them lads that done these things for me—that they was actuated by pee-cuniary motives? That they are a pack of dhirtty grafters?” And Hennessy's voice rose suddenly high.

“That's your word, Hennessy, not mine,” retorted Hedrick warningly, “and you better take a look over your shoulder before you get to tossin' it round very much. If the papers found out how you got your house, they might be applying it to you.”

“Ye're insultin' me!” said Michael, rising and hefting a paperweight.

“Don't be a fool, Hennessy. I'm talking straight to you—that's all. Think it over!” And Bill Hedrick turned on his heel and walked out.

**H**EFTING the paperweight, Michael estimated the range to the back of Hedrick's head, deliberated—and put the paperweight back upon the top of the bills, letting himself down gently into his chair.

“Me house!” he murmured sadly. “The joy of me heart—the pride of me ould wife—the roof-tree of me childer! To think that them lads—” Hennessy's voice had a husky far-away sound, and a dimness came into his eyes.

“I'm fair crushed,” Michael soliloquized. “'Tis a dommed old fool that I've been. 'Tis a terrible puncture to me vanity.”

And then slowly Hennessy rallied. He smiled at himself sarcastically, and a cunning, roving gleam appeared in his eye, as if the mind were searching for an idea. Presently the eye ceased to rove, and the underlip of Hennessy tightened noticeably. Gathering up the file of bills, he went out and down a side-street to a little hole-in-the-wall photographic studio.

“Can ye take a pitcher of a dockyment?” Michael inquired. “Of a bill for paintin' a house, fer instance?”

“Certainly,” assured the expert with the black box.

“Take one of this!” directed Hennessy, producing Otis' bill; and standing by watchfully, he received the same back again, when the camera had clicked. One

by one he passed over and received back the rest of them.

“Now develop 'em while I'm waiting here.”

This was done, and Hennessy waited while the negatives were dried.

“Give me the prints, every last one of them that ye made,” was Hennessy's next requirement, “and bring the negatives out here and pile 'em up.”

“I get you, brother,” acquiesced the photographer amiably, and made a neat package of negatives and prints.

Hennessy produced the price assessed, took his package contentedly under his arm and departed for the City Hall, where he placed the photographic records carefully in a vault, after having labeled it: “Michael Hennessy. Particular.”

Returning to his own office he placed the original bills once more upon the table fronting his desk, struck a match upon his trousers, and applied it to the bills, watching with evident satisfaction while they burned. Next he called up Tom Murphy.

“Could ye come out to my house to-night, Tawm, for a little chin? Eight o'clock sharp. I may have somethin' else on later.”

“Sure, I could. Anything wrong, Mike?”

“Some people is gettin' suspicious,” confessed Michael, designedly vague.

“Well, don't worry,” said Tom, guardedly that he was almost whispering over the phone. “And don't tip your hand to a soul, Mike, till you see me.”

“That goes from me to you, too, Tawm,” answered Michael cannily.

“Got you!” said Murphy, and hung up.

**A**BOUT the same sort of telephone conversations now took place between Michael and the rest of the pest-house contractors, including Hedrick; but there were also exchanges with certain other gentlemen whose names were in the house album but who did not happen to get a place at table when the pesthouse pie was passing. As a result of all this telephoning, eight o'clock brought a plethora of callers to the little bungalow on the windy West Side. A shock of unpleasant surprise came to each arrival as he noticed the presence of others, but according to the cunning necessary to his kind, he masked that surprise.

“What's this you're framing on us, Mike?” they all laughed with one accord.

“'Tis a bit of advice I'm seekin' from me most true and l'yal friends,” explained Mike affably enough. Then he proceeded to his unbosoming.

“I'm fair distressed to-night, me friends,” he began soberly. “I am confronted be the first crisis of me budding young political career. I was elected on an antigraft platform, and to-day I was asked to be a dhirtty grafter—by a man I thought was a friend of mine and a friend of yours. 'Twas Hedrick, settin' over there,—I make no bones about it,—the poor prune! He put in a bill to-day for plaster and stucco that called for nine hundred yards more work than I done.”

Michael was dignified; he was solemn; he was almost sublime as he waited in dramatic silence for his conception of the enormity of such an offense to soak in.

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"Fatima is second best seller"
- CAMP MERRITT, Dumont, N. J., Officers' Club:  
"Fatima is largest-selling cigarette"
- CAMP ZACHARY TAYLOR, Louisville, Ky.:  
"Fatima is most popular high-grade brand"
- CAMP UPTON, Yaphank, N. Y.:  
"Fatima is called here 'the officers' cigarette'"
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- CAMP SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Ohio:  
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- CAMP MORGAN, Mobile Bay:  
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the consciousness of all present. As for Hedrick, reddening under the glances shot sidewise at him from all directions, he was so paralyzed by the cool audacity of Hennessy that he could only bide his time in sullen silence, his eyes snapping like those of a trapped wolf. Hennessy went on:

"When meself I tuk the trouble to call Hedrick's attention to the error, that enterprisin' corruptionist unblushin'ly declined to correct it. 'I give ye the plaster fer yer house,' he says; 'what do ye think I done it fer?' 'Fer love,' I says, 'like you said you did.' 'We done it,' he says, 'because, bein' liberal with you, we had a right to expect you to be liberal with us.' 'With the city's money?' I says. 'Who else's money have ye got?' he says. 'Ye have none of yer own.'

"So there it is, boys. I am asked to be a dhirty grafter; and here, in me own home, with me wife and me daughters and Jim Moran, that's goin' to marry Kitty, and his friend Arthur Bradshaw, the risin' young contractor, settin' by, I come to you that have shown yourself me best friends, and I ask you for advice.

"Shall I O. K. Hedrick's bill? Against I do, 'tis the duty of the representative of the District Attorney's office, settin' here, to find it out and to send his prospective father-in-law to jail. And to send Hedrick to jail also.

"And what do ye say to the nefarious implication that ye are all tarred with the same stick—that ye all took care of me, expectin' my votes to help make the city take care of you. Here's Murphy and Sullivan and Parkinson and Otis and Carrigan and Higginbotham and all the rest of the meltin'-pot of me particular friends. Yes, and here's the union secretaries or presidents or business agents that honored us by bein' here the night of the house-warmin' when ye all, out of the generosity of yer hearts, out of the goodness of yer souls, like ye wrote it in the album, the pages of which I was turnin' this very evenin' before I sent it down to repose in a safety vault.

"Now gentlemen, what shall I say to Hedrick's proposal to me? And what do ye all say to his nefarious imputation that it was pecuniary interest ye had in mind and not friendship when ye helped me build my house?"

HENNESSY finished with his lashless blue eyes gazing in mild innocence at an array of poker faces. These men were skilled in dissimulation. Not a single one of them, except perhaps Hedrick, looked the concern he felt.

Murphy tilted his cigar at a lofty angle and gazed reflectively at the ceiling. Stephen Otis made a gesture of the lighting of a cigarette. Eddy Parkinson, whose father was a Civil War brigadier, was as calmly judicial in his bearing as Harley Higginbotham, whose ancestor had burned a witch, or Marty O'Day, whose forbears came out with Robert Emmet.

"By the way, me friends," Michael went on presently, as if not noticing that the silence threatened to become painful, "them of you that's workin' on the pest-house—I'll have to put ye all to the trouble of makin' new bills. The old ones happened to an accident this afternoon. While I was absorbed in studyin'

out the extent of Hedrick's perfidy, a lighted match fell on the pile of them, and every last one was burnt to ashes afore me eyes, as I can prove by the burnt place on me desk, at which ye are all welcome to look the next time ye come to my office, which I hope will be soon and frequent."

A certain lightening of countenance was instantly noticeable upon those seven of the poker faces which had hitherto looked most grave.

"Ye are bashful about givin' me advice," observed Hennessy now. "Shall I call on ye by name?" And he jabbed the atmosphere with his pipe-hand to indicate the general direction of several gentlemen he had reason to know should be particularly interested. "There's Murphy, settin' there lookin' up his seegar like he was tryin' to count the stars in the flag on the end of the liberty pole. What do you think of it, Tawm?"

Tom shifted his cigar slowly, eyes still fixed, with the air of a man yet in profound thought, but he nudged Higginbotham, sitting next him.

"What do you think of it, Hig?" he asked—Hig, whose roofing bill was now in ashes, along with Murphy's charge for paving.

"Most impudent thing I ever heard of," said Higginbotham, and turned indignantly upon Hedrick. "You've got a nerve like one of those cast-iron dogs they call down at the Hall, to go getting fresh with my name—I'll tell you that right now."

"What's your idea, Steve?" inquired Murphy next, lowering his eyes from the ceiling now and rolling them at Otis on his left.

"Hedrick talks too much with his mouth; that's my idea!" snapped Otis, turning and glaring at the stucco-contractor, who—outraged beyond prudence by this cowardly defection of his comrades, yet held in leash by fear, for it had not as yet been made clear that his bill had been incinerated with the other—merely sputtered reproachfully:

"That's it. Take it out on me now. Make me the goat! Hennessy's got you all buffaloed, and you know it."

"What do you think, Parkinson?" poked Murphy again, dignifiedly ignoring Hedrick.

"I think," yapped Parkinson, virtuously indignant,—his bill also being in ashes,—"that any man that says I'm a grafter is a liar. I'll send Hennessy a new bill in the morning, and he'll see that it covers just the work I did and no more."

"That's me," declared Tom Murphy, swaggering to his feet so suddenly, now that a clear lead had been opened to his mind, that his great bulk knocked over chairs as he arose. "Murphy Brothers duplicate bill will go in, in the morning, and Hennessy, it'll be the fair answer to what Hedrick's been mouthin' about. And I want to go on record right here and now, that what I did for Mike Hennessy I did because I liked him and because I thought he was a credit to the workin' classes. So far as I'm concerned, this little home of his here is a monument to friendship.

"If there was any doubt about Hennessy's not being square and deserving he's proved it here to-night, when he invites us in like friends and asks our advice and warns us that some poor fellow

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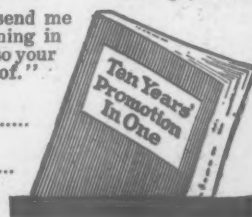
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that don't hardly know enough to figure a job, is traducin' our good names. And here's our advice: go ahead, Mike Hennessy, and be square, like you started out to be. An honest councilman's the noblest work of God—and some people think he's about the rarest.

"As for Bill Hedrick, I wouldn't be too hard on him. The probability is that Hedrick, bein' a kind of a nut anyway, as we all know, was just having a little fun—just trying Mike out, so to speak; and—was Hedrick's bill burned, Mike?"

"The same as the others," assured Hennessy blandly. "But I might say, to the gentlemen interested, that I tuk the precaution to take photographs of all them bills before they was accidentally burnt up. The photographs and the negatives and all is locked up in a vault, along with the album, nobody knowin' where or what they are but me, and me beginnin' to forget already—unless some emergency should recall them to me mind."

**F**OR a moment Tom Murphy's glance, as he contemplated the full meaning and the extent of the craft of Hennessy, was a mingling of hate and admiration; but the latter appeared to triumph.

"Mike," he concluded heartily, "ye hold my friendship in the hollow of your hand."

"I thought ye was goin' to say I held it in me safety vault," was what one part of Hennessy's mind mischievously whispered to another part of it. What he said outwardly and responsively was:

"'Twill not be my fingers, Tawm, that crushes the tender flower of it."

The meeting by common consent began to break up; men crowded round to congratulate Hennessy.

"I'm doggone glad you got your house, Mike," said Eddy Parkinson. "It's an eye-opening thing to do business with a man like you."

"The same to you, Eddy," reciprocated Mike. "My eyes will be poppin' wide from now on, seein' that the city don't pay for me house, and that nobody takes it away from me on some kind of a grafter's lien."

"I guess ye'll be able to hold it, Mike," said Tom Murphy grimly. "And if there's anybody put money into your house that wishes they had it back, they're stung good and proper, and can consider it assessed against 'em for exemplary damages."

"Thank ye for the suggestion, Tawm, though I didn't need it. It has been me habit to believe well of a large part of mankind, and I hope to be able to continue the practice. The next function in the house will be a weddin'." Mike turned to rest his eyes in solemn joy on Kitty and Jim Moran.

Jim advanced promptly.

"Father Hennessy," he said, "let me introduce my best man, who came in so late you didn't get a chance to meet him, though you knew who he was." At the same time Jim presented Arthur Bradshaw.

"I am proud to know you, Mr. Hennessy," said Art. "Proud!"

## LITTLE MOP

(Continued from page 62)

me for the one minute. The people of the strange religion where I used to go told the stories of the great flying dragons that would come to carry off the cattle and the sheep. They said that Brother Andros had shot one down, and they showed me the place where he fell. And they said that the people not good might be carried off by the flying dragon. Often I dreamed of the great beast. Sometimes I would sneak my father's gun and hunt in the woods. I liked to shoot. Down by the lake I was, in the rushes, waiting for the duck. Then I hear a great whir. I look up and almost freeze with scare, for there was the great bird-dragon, flying low. I aim quick and fire both barrels. And down falls a man. I run to the house and hide the gun. Then we see you come and run out to get you. And now when you make me love, you must hate."

**S**HE threw the cloak into the room, slammed the door and was gone. Murray could not spring to his feet; he scrambled, scuffled, and then his power to act rushed back upon him. He leaped to the door, snatched it open, sprang out into the yard, calling Mop, but she did not answer. He ran about in the dark, piteously repeating her name. He climbed the fence and roamed off into the marshland.

Wandering about, he lost the yellow glow of light from the house. He shouted, listened, and heard only the rain falling on the leaves. Hours, it seemed, he

wandered. Then from far off he caught the dim glow of a candle. Toward it he struggled, sometimes tripped to the ground by tangled vines. He came to a fence, a gate, and he knew that he had wandered back to the home of the girl. At the door he listened, but there was no sound. Slowly he opened the door, and there by the fireplace, Mop sat, the bronze clank about her, rain-diamonds sparkling in her hair. She sprang up, tore off the cloak, almost baring her bosom.

"And now you may kill me."

"Oh, my precious one, what are you saying? God knows that I love you with all my soul."

She swayed as if to fall, but he was there with his arms supporting her. She sobbed, but not because of sorrow. He sat down, his heart pouring forth words of tenderness. She sank upon her knees, her arms across his lap, her hands hanging limp. Over her he bent, his lips touching her hair.

"Yes, you shot me and I fell—fall into the glory of love, Little Mop."

And now her sobbing was more like a half-hushed song.

The latch rattled. The girl did not move. Murray looked up, his hand on her hair. Old Parmenas stood in the doorway. He did not seem to notice them. He pointed to the faded banner above the mantelpiece, and slowly he spoke:

"From Washington the news has come. The nation is aroused by insult and murder; the old flag is going into the

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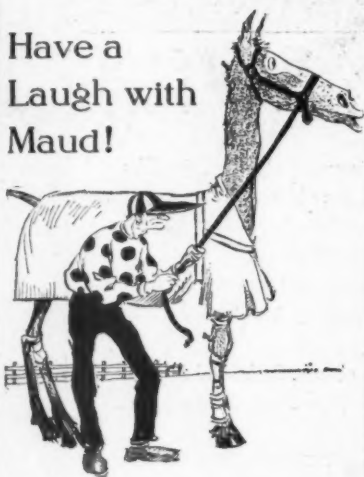
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## PEACOCK'S FEATHERS

(Continued from page 75)

Christopher—oh, drat it, what is that name? Christine Hooker, that's it. I got her at Colonel Winthrop's. She's been cookin' for him all summer."

**C**OLONEL WINTHROP was the Boston aristocrat whose summer residence at Wellmouth Neck was the architectural wonder of the county, just as the number of his automobiles and servants and dollars was of the township. Captain Elnathan stared blankly at his friend.

"You got her at Colonel Winthrop's!" he repeated slowly. "You got a house-keeper from Colonel—"

"Yes, yes, yes!" broke in Mr. Nickerson, losing patience. "Don't talk my words over after me, like a poll-parrot. I was up to the Center, and I happened to hear that the Colonel was shuttin' up his place and goin' South for the winter, same as he always does. I knew he probably had a schooner-load of hired help on hand, and I thought maybe one or two of 'em might not be goin' South with him and the family, but would be on the lookout for a job up North here. So over I went, and by godfrees, I landed one. And if style's what you want, Nate Snow, I cal'late you'll be satisfied. She—"

"Here! Heave to, Obe!" ordered Captain Elnathan sharply. "Shut off steam for a minute and give me a chance, can't you. What about wages?"

Obed seemed a trifle embarrassed. "Why, yes," he admitted, "we talked about wages, of course. Naturally we'd do that, it's likely. You didn't suppose I went over there and never said nothin' about wages. That would have been foolish. Why, I—"

His partner interrupted.

"Obed Nickerson," he commanded, "what have you got up your sleeve? How much is them wages?"

Obed drew a long breath. "Well," he blurted, "she—she said she'd expect ten dollars a week, anyhow. Of course—"

He did not finish the sentence. He had no opportunity. Captain Elnathan did all the talking for the next five minutes. Then Mr. Nickerson began again. Eventually Elnathan went to bed not entirely convinced but in a much more receptive mood, and Obed retired, hoarse but hopeful.

Next morning the gifted Christine appeared. She was a large woman, with a florid complexion and a prominent jaw. She wore a big hat with red and white plumes and a gorgeous imitation-gold mesh-bag swung at her wrist. With her was a tall man in a black and white check suit, with a loud watch-chain across his waistcoat and short "mutton-chop" whiskers on his cheeks. He looked like a combination barkeeper and Sunday-school superintendent, so Captain Elnathan said to Mr. Nickerson afterward.

The partners received the visitors in the dining-room. The lady regarded them and the apartment with supercilious disdain. The tall man sat in the best armchair, and after a survey of his surroundings, yawned in a bored fashion

behind his hand and looked out the window. Obed did the honors.

"This is my—er—partner, Cap'n Snow, ma'am," he said. "Nate, this is the—er—lady that's goin' to come to work for us."

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," said the Captain.

The "lady" acknowledged the greeting with a nod. Then she said:

"I don't know's I am comin' to work for you, after all. Perhaps I aint."

Mr. Nickerson gasped. "You aint?" he repeated. "Why, why, last night you said—"

"Yes, I know what I said, but I been thinkin' it over since then. Me and Alfred—Mr. Hooker, my husband—thinks we'd better work together—that is, if we work at all until it's time to go South. We'd just about as soon have a vacation, anyhow."

"So you aint comin' to work for us, after all?" inquired Mr. Nickerson sadly.

"No, I guess not—that is, I aint comin' alone. Course if you wanted to hire me and Alfred together for—well, for two or three weeks, say—why then— But not alone, no."

Obed was silent. It was Elnathan who spoke.

"You and him together?" he repeated. "Why, what would we want of him, for the land sakes?"

"Oh, I don't know. He's a butler, and if you're goin' to have the real thing visitin' you, the way Mr. Nickerson said you was, I should think you'd need a butler. The families I work for always have 'em. However, it aint none of my affairs. I aint particular. Come on, Alfred."

They rose to go. The Captain asked another question. "How much would he want a week?" he asked.

Mr. Hooker himself condescended to answer.

"My usual wages is twelve a week and one afternoon hoi," he said. "Owever, as this wouldn't be a permanent situation and we wouldn't think of remainin' 'ere long, I'd make it ten a week, as a favor to you, sir."

Captain Elnathan was apparently struck dumb. He waved one hand in the air, but he did not speak. Obed opened the door leading to the outside world.

"I guess likely you'd better go right along," he said, addressing the Hookers. Then after a glance at his partner's face, he added: "And go quick."

**T**HEY went. As they emerged upon the walk, they barely escaped a collision with Asaph Sparrow's boy, who, out of breath and red-faced, was hurrying into the house with a telegram.

Obed, though tremendously curious concerning the telegram, paused to bid the Hookers farewell. But before he had finished, Captain Elnathan appeared; in one hand a sheet of yellow paper.

"Hold on there!" he shouted. "Wait a minute! You, Mr. Cooker!"

"Say, will— Did I understand you to say you and she would come here and

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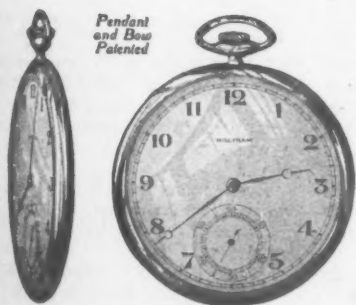
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keep house for us a spell for—for twenty dollars a week?"

Mrs. Hooker answered. "Yes," she said.

"You're hired. Obed Nickerson, come in the house. I want to talk with you."

Obed went in, dazed but obedient.

"Elnathan Cahoon Snow," he demanded, "have you gone plumb loony? Last night you raised hob 'cause I thought of hirin' one hired help at ten a week. And now, by godfrees, you up and hire two of 'em at twenty."

Captain Elnathan turned a glassy eye in his direction.

"Read that," he said.

"That" was the telegram he had just received. Obed took it and read:

Have changed plans. Will arrive Thursday P. M. this week instead of next.  
H. W. BANGS.

Mr. Nickerson understood. He groaned at the understanding dawned upon him.

He groaned many times during the next thirty-six hours. The Hookers arrived that evening, bag and baggage, and they took charge of the house forthwith. Breakfast the following morning was a ceremonious and stately meal. When it was over, Obed entered a complaint.

"Godfrees mighty, Nate!" he exploded.

"Is it goin' to be like that all the time? If 'tis I don't know's I sha'n't clear out and eat in the barn along with the rest of the common critters. The sight of that long-legged Hooker man standin' over me and watchin' every mouthful I take, is enough to drive a Prohibition parson to drink. The fust time I loaded up my knife and started to eat, I looked up at him and—"

"And you never ate with your knife the rest of the meal," put in the Captain.

"That's all right; that's the way it ought to be."

"Hump! Well, I noticed he looked the same way when you stuffed your napkin down inside your collar. And you hauled it out double-quick time, too. Say, what did you think of the grub? Pretty slick, seemed to me."

Captain Elnathan admitted that the food was good enough. "The coffee was a considerable sight stronger than you and me have been used to, Obe," he said. "Hope the tea wont be as strong. If 'tis, I sha'n't sleep none for a week."

But that night at dinner—Mr. Hooker had condescendingly informed them that the midday meal would hereafter be termed "luncheon"—there appeared, not tea, but more coffee. It was nearly three A. M. before Elnathan fell asleep, and his insomnia did not improve his temper.

At half-past three the next afternoon he boarded the depot-wagon and was driven to the Wellmouth Center station to meet the expected guest. The sole passenger to alight from the train was Mr. H. Wellington Bangs of Omaha. He was a dozen years older than at the time of the memorable visit, but the Captain recognized him at once—a short, stout, red-faced man, with bristling gray hair and a hearty, offhand manner.

He recognized Elnathan too, and the pair shook hands.

"You're looking tiptop, Captain," declared Mr. Bangs. "Not a single new wrinkle, I swear. Nothing like this Cape Cod air to keep a fellow young. That's

what I've come here for, to get next to nature if it's only for a few days. Live right and eat right and sleep right and forget all the shams and the foolishness. Eh? That's the program, isn't it?"

"Sartin sure," replied the Captain absently. "Where's all your baggage? Only one little trunk in sight so fur."

"That's all I brought. I'm sick to death of rigging up. Down here I can dress as I blessed please and do as I please. Eh?"

"Eh? Oh, sure! Course you can. Yes, yes. Here's the depot-wagon right over here."

As they moved toward the depot-wagon, Mr. Bangs looked at his friend. "Why, Captain," he said, "you're all dressed up yourself. In black, too! No one dead, is there? You're not in mourning?"

Captain Elnathan was wearing his "Sunday suit." The garments smelled slightly of moth-balls, for they had been packed away all summer. The question flustered him a bit.

"Oh, no—no, no," he stammered hastily, "nobody aint dead. I—I just put this on. It's—it's pretty high supper-time, you know, and—and Obed and me generally change our clothes for dinner."

Mr. Bangs appeared to be surprised. However, all he said was: "Oh, indeed! Conversation during the ride to South Wellmouth dealt mainly with business topics, cranberries and dressed beef."

THE Nebraska gentleman's surprise was not lessened by the appearance of Mr. Hooker, who came down to the gate to take the guest's bag and umbrella and escort their owner to his room. It seemed to be materially increased during dinner, where the urbane Alfred waited deftly and silently. And as soup succeeded oysters and fish succeeded soup, he appeared more and more perplexed and astonished.

"Is this the way you fellows live all the time?" he demanded when Mr. Hooker had left the room.

Elnathan spoke up promptly. "Oh, yes, yes indeed," he said. "Why? Aint you gettin' what you like to eat? 'Cause if you aint, you know, we can get it for you. No trouble at all."

H. Wellington hastened to protest that he was supplied with everything he required.

"Even more," he said. "This is a pretty elaborate dinner, it seems to me. You must have a French cook, haven't you, Captain?"

Captain Elnathan replied that he rather cal'lated she was Irish, in the beginning. Bangs laughed.

"She may speak Irish," he declared, "but she certainly cooks French. And that butler of yours—he's a wonder. Have you had him long?"

Elnathan's reply was as offhand as he could make it. "Eh?" he said. "Had him long? Oh, yes—middlin', middlin'."

"If you don't mind my saying so, I was astonished to find him here. I didn't suppose Cape Codders ran very strong to butlers. They didn't when I was a boy."

Elnathan went bravely on.

"They don't now, most of 'em," he said. "Me and Obed's a little different, especially me. I've been to sea, you



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know, and I've always been used to havin' a steward to wait on me. Shouldn't hardly know how to get along without one, not now, no *sir*."

He was rather proud of this bit of invention, but later in the evening, after Mr. Bangs had retired, and he and his partner were alone, his pride received a shock.

"Say, Obed," he observed contentedly, "we've got through all right, so fur, aint we? That dinner made his eyes stick out, didn't it? And say, didn't I get out of this butler business pretty well when I said you and me couldn't get along without a steward? Eh?"

Mr. Nickerson gloomily shook his head. "I wish you hadn't said it," he declared.

"Wish I hadn't said it? Why?"

"'Cause now we *can't* get along without one, no matter how much it costs. I'd have told you afore, Nate, but I haven't had a chance. Them two dum robbin' cutthroats of Hookers have struck, that Christine thing wants more wages."

"More wages! More wages! Obed Nickerson, either she's crazy or you are, one or t'other."

"Yes, I know. That's what I said in the beginnin'. But she says she thought we had a chambermaid when she agreed to come here for ten a week. If she's got to make beds, she says, she'll have to be paid twelve. Otherwise she and her husband'll leave, right off, now, to-night."

The Captain tossed both fists in the air and began to express his opinion of the situation and of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hooker. When he paused for breath, Mr. Nickerson put in a word.

"Of course we've got to pay it," he said.

"Pay it! Why—"

Obed waited patiently until the second thunderclap had died to a mutter; then he went on:

"We've got to pay it," he said. "We can't do nothin' else. They're here, and H. Wellinton's here and he's got to be cooked for and waited on. We can't get nobody else if they leave. And anyhow, after that yarn of yours about our dyin' of lonesomeness without a steward, we've got to have one, whether or no."

Elnathan groaned.

"But Obe," he wailed, "if we give in this time, it—it— Why, consarn it, what's to hinder their strikin' again to-morrow night? And again the next night? Eh? And every night? What's to hinder?"

"Nothin' that I know of, Nate."

They went to bed soon afterward. Between mental distress and indigestion, the night was distinctly not restful for either. And the days and nights which followed were equally miserable. Once more within the next week did the butler and his talented wife demand an increase of wages. Captain Elnathan and Mr. Nickerson vowed valiantly that they would not yield, but yield they did.

"We might's well give in, fust as last," growled Obed. "They've got us in a clove hitch, and they know it, drat 'em."

The digestions of both were suffering from the "French cooking." As for Mr. Bangs, although his appetite was not at any time alarming, he offered but one suggestion concerning the bill of fare. In

reply to the Captain's request that he name his favorite dish, he admitted a great fondness for clam chowder. "I've been looking forward to a good clam chowder ever since I left home," he said.

Captain Elnathan ventured to ask Mrs. Hooker to prepare a chowder. She did so, a thick, rich, peppered, tomatoed concoction which caused the partners to look at each other and groan inwardly at the certain prospect of nightmare. H. Wellington declared the chowder delicious, but it was noticed that he ate but one plateful and had little appetite next day.

AT the end of a week he suddenly announced his intention of leaving two days later. He felt that he should join his wife at Hot Springs, he said. The partners did not strenuously urge him to remain, although they did express surprise at his going so soon.

They had done their best to give him a good time, as good as the weather permitted, for it had rained at least four of the seven days. They had sailed and fished and been duck-shooting down to the Point. These outdoor excursions he had appeared to enjoy hugely; it was only while in the house that he seemed uncomfortable and restless.

"Well," said Captain Elnathan, "I suppose likely it's no use teasin' you if your mind's made up. But I did think you'd want to go to the time over to Ostable. That's only day after to-morrow, you know."

Ostable, the county seat, was to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its first settlement. There was to be a big celebration. Mr. Bangs had evidently forgotten.

"That's so," he said. "I did want to go to that. Everyone from all over the Cape will be there, I suppose. Perhaps I may strain a point and wait over one more day and go with you to that. I'll see."

The night before the great day, two things happened. The Hookers, who, so their employers had figured, were to remain at home and have dinner ready when the celebration excursionists returned, announced the intention of going to Ostable themselves. Theirs was no request for permission; they were going—that was all.

"But—but—" sputtered Mr. Nickerson, "what are me and the Cap'n goin' to do for supper—dinner, I mean?"

Mr. Hooker was serenely indifferent.

"If I might suggest, sir," he said coolly, "there's a cold joint in the ice-chest, and I 'ave no doubt you could knock together a cold supper that would be quite acceptable. When Colonel Winthrop wished a bit of lunch after 'avin' been out, sir, 'e quite often—"

"Dum Colonel Winthrop!" muttered Obed, and strode away. The "steward" looked after him, grinned, and helped himself to a cigar which Mr. Bangs had left on the dining-room shelf.

The other happening was the return of Elnathan's old enemy, neuralgia. It came on that night, and by morning he was suffering such pain that the journey to Ostable was for him plainly impossible. Obed refused to leave his friend alone in the house.

"If he wants to go," vowed Mr. Nickerson, referring to their guest, "he'll have to go alone. I sha'n't leave you rollin' around the bed and hangin' on to yourself in fourteen different places. No siree! I'll stay to home along with you, if it's only to see that you don't leave a window or door open and spile the family reputation. A deaf man half a mile off could hear you cuss even now, when they're shut tight."

The situation was explained to the Omaha gentleman, and he at first said he too would remain at home. But later on he changed his mind.

"I think I may go, after all," he said. "This is my last day here, you know, and I want to make the most of it. I—er—well, I may go to Ostable, or I may not; but—er—well, at any rate, I won't be home for lunch. Good-by."

"That was a sudden switch around, wa'n't it," observed Obed. "Few minutes ago he hadn't no idee of goin' to Ostable. I see him stidin' out by the gate just now talkin' to— Hello! What are you doin', settin' up in bed?"

His friend had ceased to groan and had raised himself higher upon the pillows. Upon his face was an expression of relief—almost of hope.

"Obe," he said solemnly, "I—I don't hardly dast say it, but I swan to man, I believe this pesky neuralgy's goin' to quit me about as sudden as it come aboard. I aint had a pain—a real, up-and-down, swearin' pain—for most five minutes."

His hopes were realized. By ten he was able to sit up in a chair; by half-past ten he could walk about the room; at eleven he announced himself "all taut and shipshape."

"And hungry, too, by time," he crowed gleefully. "And say, Obe, don't it seem awful good to be alone here again, just you and me? No consarned millionaires nor stewards nor French cooks nor style nor nothin'! We'll eat in solid comfort this noon, eh?"

Obed nodded happily. "You bet we will," he agreed. "Only trouble is there aint such a whole lot to eat. That butler swab said there was a 'cold joint,' whatever that is, on ice, but—"

"Let it stay there," said Elnathan promptly. "I tell you what I'd like; I'd like a clam chowder, a *real* clam chowder, such as you and me can make—not a termater soup peppered and spiced to thunder-and-gone, same as that Christine murderer tried to pisen us with t'other day. Let's have one. Oh, pshaw! I forgot. Tide's too high to get clams now."

"Bethuel Dill's got some at his shanty, most likely," observed Obed. "And he aint gone to Ostable, 'cause I see him less'n two hours ago. That was him Bangs was talkin' to down by our gate."

A few minutes later, Obed carrying a bucket for the clams, the pair set out to walk to the shanty of Mr. Dill, the local dealer in shellfish. Captain Elnathan was now quite himself, and would not hear of being left behind.

As they came in sight of the little house at the top of the bluff above the beach and the shanty, the house where the aged and eccentric Bethuel lived alone, they saw smoke curling from the chimney.

"He's to home, anyhow," declared

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**T**HE ability of our Country adequately to take a prominent place among the nations of the world is due in no small degree to the mineral wealth with which Nature has so richly endowed us. In the dark interiors of our mines and on the scarred sides of our hills are born our freighters and locomotives; our farm tractors and motor trucks; the machinery for our factories and the frame work for our sky scrapers; our light, heat and power; in fact nearly all the implements both of our business industry and our home life.

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The Hercules Powder Co. is glad to call attention to these men and their work. We know them well, for our connections with them have been intimate for years. By far the greater part of our production of Hercules Explosives is used by the miners who are doing so much to provide the implements which are vital for the industrial and social progress of the Nation.

**HERCULES POWDER CO.**

Chicago	St. Louis	New York	Pittsburg, Kan.
Denver	Hazleton, Pa.	San Francisco	Salt Lake City
Joplin	Chattanooga	Pittsburg, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.

★ The advertisement inserted at the upper left hand corner of this page appeared in the national magazines during the darkest days of the war—June, July, and August 1918. The fact that this advertisement can be so closely paraphrased, and still apply to the problems of today, shows that the power of explosives is as vital to the tasks of peace as to the tasks of war.

# HERCULES POWDER CO.

Obed. "Let's go up to the house fust thing."

THE path wound around the back of the house to the kitchen door. Elnathan, who was in the lead, happened to glance in at the kitchen window as he passed. His partner heard him catch his breath.

"What's the matter, Nate?" he whispered.

The Captain was staring in at the window. He did not answer the question. Instead he raised a finger and beckoned eagerly. Mr. Nickerson tiptoed to his side, and he too looked in. And this is what he saw:

The room was small, of course,—all the rooms in the Dill establishment were tiny,—and it had a cookstove in it, a sink, a wooden table and two chairs. In one of the chairs sat Bethuel Dill himself, pipe in mouth, a bucket of clams on the floor at his side, a bowl between his knees and a knife in his hand. He was opening the clams into the bowl. In the other chair, beside the table, sat another man, coatless and with his shirtsleeves rolled up, cutting thin slices from a large onion and dropping the slices into another bowl on the table. He wept as he sliced.

This man—wonder of wonders—was Mr. H. Wellington Bangs, Omaha millionaire.

Mr. Dill puffed and opened clams. Mr. Bangs sliced the onion and wept. And Captain Elnathan and Mr. Nickerson stared and stared.

The Captain was the first to come out of the trance. He turned from the window, strode to the door, threw it open and entered the kitchen. Obed was at his heels. Their appearance created a sensation. Bethuel dropped first his pipe and then the clam he was at work upon. He stopped to pick up the pipe; the clam he left where it was. Mr. Bangs started, stared, gasped and looked embarrassed.

"For the land sakes, Hiram Bangs," demanded Elnathan, "what are you doin' here? Why aint you at Ostable?"

Mr. Bangs' embarrassment seemed to increase. He put down the remnant of the onion and rose slowly to his feet. The tears still dampened his cheeks, but he did not wipe them away.

"I—I changed my mind," he faltered. "I—I decided not to go. But"—as the thought seemed suddenly to come to him—"what are *you* doing here, Cap'n? I thought you were ill."

"I was, but I aint now. But—consarn it, Hiram, I can't make head nor tail of this business! What are you doin' over here at Bethuel Dill's? What are you doin' with that onion? What's it all mean, anyhow?"

Mr. Bangs' face was very red. He fidgeted with the knife.

"Well, you see, I—we—that is—"

And then Bethuel came to the rescue. "I'm making him a chowder, Nate," he said. "I'm a-makin' it, and he's a-helpin' me."

The Captain and Obed looked at each other.

"You're makin' him a—what?" demanded Mr. Nickerson.

"A clam chowder. He hailed me this mornin' as I was goin' by your house with this bucket of clams. Asked me if

I could make a real, genuine old-fashioned Cape Cod clam chowder. I told him I cal'lated I could, if anybody could. So says he—"

BUT the Nebraska gentleman interrupted.

"I suppose I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said. "I did want a clam chowder, one of the old-fashioned kind such as my grandmother used to make when I was a kid. For weeks before I left home, I talked about that chowder and how much of it I was goin' to eat, and so on. Well—it sounds devilishly ungrateful, I'll admit, when you chaps have been so kind; but you see, I—well, that chowder your cook made was—was— It was good of its kind, I suppose, but it wasn't the kind I wanted. I wanted the Cape Cod kind, the home-made Down East kind. Why, I *never* had indigestion after eating my grandmother's chowder, but that Frenchified mess gave me the worst attack I've had in years. How the deuce you chaps stand such rich, highly seasoned fodder as that every day, I don't see. 'Twould kill me, and you're at least as old as I am. Captain, I honestly believe it isn't neuralgia that ails you; it's gout. You live too high; you ought to give it up and live simply, as I do."

Elnathan's eyes and mouth opened wide.

"Simply!" he gasped. "You—you livin' simple! My time! Don't I remember the meals out to your house, and the servants, and—and—"

"Yes, I know. That was when I was younger and a whole lot more foolish. My wife and I gave that up long ago. Even as it is, the life we live is too complicated for me. That's why I counted so much on coming down here. I wanted to have two weeks of the real old Cape life. Go to bed early, get up early, eat home cooking, Cape Cod cooking, chowder and clam fritters, and Cape Cod chicken-stew, and deep-dish cranberry pie. No servants hanging round, no—" He paused, looked confused, and then said: "Well, I've done it, now, I'm afraid. I've said more than I meant to, but—"

Captain Elnathan broke in. The Captain's eyes were shining.

"You aint said enough," he declared sharply. "I want to have you say the rest of it. Do you mean you don't *like* French cookin'?"

"Not very well, I confess."

"And you don't *like* style, nor butlers, nor dinner instead of supper, nor coffee black enough to tar rigin' with? You don't *like* 'em?"

"I came away from home to get rid of 'em. As I told you when I came, I was surprised to find you maintained such an establishment. I thought—"

"Heave to! Wait a minute! And what you do like is just plain home cookin', and waitin' on ourselves, and—and just livin' the way sensible, everyday, common folks like me and Obed here had ought to live? Is that it?"

"Why, yes, Captain, I suppose so. But you mustn't—"

"That's enough! Don't you say another word, Hiram Bangs. You come along home with me this minute. You

want chowder, do you? By time, I'll give you a chowder, and there won't be no termaters nor dyspepsy in it neither! Obed, fetch that bucket of clams and that onion."

AT eight that evening they were still sitting around the supper table. All three were in their shirt-sleeves, all three were smoking. Mr. Bangs had reconsidered his determination to leave the next day; the date of his departure had been indefinitely postponed. Mr. Nickerson had just finished telling, for the third time and with new and killing variations, the tale of the hiring of the Hookers and of the "clove hitch."

From the kitchen came the sound of a door being opened.

The partners looked at each other. "It's them—they've come back," whispered Obed.

"Who? The butler and his wife?" whispered Bangs.

Mr. Nickerson nodded solemnly; he looked a wee bit uneasy. But Captain Elnathan Snow rose deliberately from his chair, rose and smiled.

"You'll excuse me, folks," he said calmly. "I won't be but a minute."

He disappeared into the kitchen. Obed and the guest looked at each other, looked and listened. For a moment they heard only the low murmur of conversation. Then there was a roar (Elnathan's voice), a sound of scuffling, a shrill squeal, (Mr. Hooker's squeal), two bumps, the second more distant than the first, then silence.

Captain Elnathan reentered the dining-room, gently rubbing his hands. His smile was wider than ever.

"Well?" queried Obed and Mr. Bangs in concert.

The Captain nodded. "I'm pretty well myself," he said, "though it's possible some folks aint quite so healthy as they have been. 'Twas the steward, the Reverend Ooker-Hooker that just called. His wife wa'n't with him. He came to say that him and her had decided they wouldn't be back until to-morrow noon and not then unless we stumped up an extra dollar a week apiece."

"The swab!" exclaimed Mr. Nickerson. "What did you say to him, Nate?"

Elnathan slowly opened and shut his right fist.

"I didn't say nothin'," he replied. "Didn't you hear it in here?"

"Why, we heard somethin', a couple of bumps like, and—"

"Yup! The fust bump was my boot hittin' Brother Hooker. T'other one was Brother Hooker hittin' the lower step. Obe Nickerson, for the fust time in a fortnit I've a mite of self-respect."

He strode across the room and struck the laughing H. Wellington Bangs a cheerful but emphatic slap upon the shoulder.

"Now, Hiram," he crowed, "what do you say to Cape Cod clam fritters for breakfast—clam fritters and rye muffins with me and Obed to make 'em? Eh, how's that?" He raised his right hand and pointed in the direction of the kitchen door. "There goes Style," he shouted gleefully. "Comfort's skipper of this craft from now on. Now, by time we'll begin to live!"



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## Jerusalem Regained

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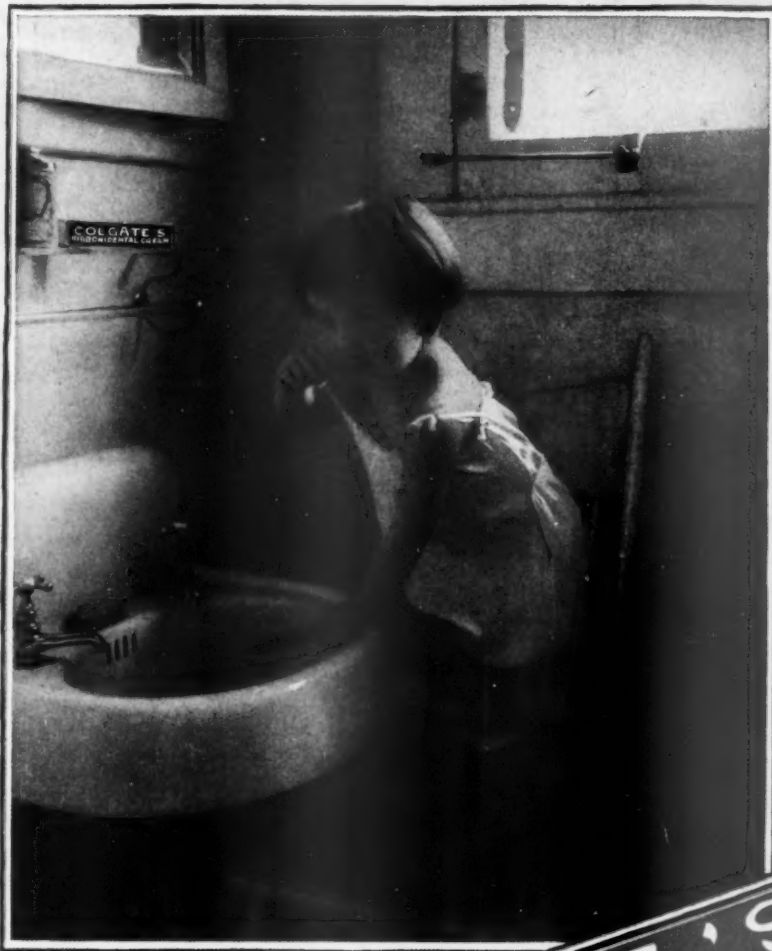
**B**ACK from the Holy Land, home from the Crusade came the adventuring nobles, squires, and men-at-arms, by devious ways, perilous and slow. In castle halls and village inns they told their hero tales of Jerusalem's first capture; and it is from scattered fragments of song and legend that we must piece together our picture of that crowning triumph of mediæval chivalry.

Yesterday a soldier of Britain set the flag of the Empire over the Holy City's temples, mosques and battlements. And close on the heels of the news came photographic confirmation as precise as Allenby's own uncolored reports to the War Office.

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